



822 Foote F Foote, Samuel The dramatic works of Samuel Foote, MM 1343779 The New York Public Library Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations

> The Branch Libraries MID-MANHATTAN LIBRARY Literature & Language Dept. 455 Firth Avenue New York, N.Y. 10016

MM LL

Books and non-print media may be returned to any branch of The New York Public Library. Music scores, orchestral sets and certain materials must be returned to branch from which borrowed.

All materials must be returned by the last date stamped on the card. Fines are charged for overdue items.





Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2007 with funding from Microsoft Corporation

FOOTE'S LIFE

AND

Dramatic Works

IN TWO VOLUMES



DRAMATIC WORKS

O F

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

CONTAINING

TASTE
THE ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS
THE AUTHOR
THE ENGLISHMAN RETURNED FROM PARIS
THE KNIGHTS

THE MAYOR OF GARRAT
THE ORATORS
THE MINOR
THE LYAR
AND
THE PATRON



First Published London, 1809 by Benjamin Blom, Inc., Bronx, New York 10452 and 56 Doughty Street, London W.C. 1

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 68-20223
Printed in the United States of America

T H E

L'IFE

O F

SAMUEL FOOTE, Efq.

Truro in Cornwall, but at what period of time we cannot take upon ourselves to say. His father, John Foote, was member of parliament for Tiverton in Devonshire, and enjoyed the posts of commissioner of the prize-office and fine-contract. His mother was heires of the Dinely and Goodere families. The dreadful consequence of the misunderstanding between her two brothers, Sir John Dinely Goodere, bart. and Samuel Goodere, esq. captain of his majesty's ship the Ruby, is well known; on which a considerable part of the Goodere estate, which was better than sifty thousand pounds per annum, descended to Mr. Foote, her husband.

Our author was educated at Worcester college, in the university of Oxford, which owed its soundation to Sir Thomas Cockes Winford, Bart. a second cousin of our author. On his quitting the university, he commenced student of law in the Temple; but, as the dullness and gravity of this study did not suit the volatile vivacity of his temper and genius, he soon quitted it.

He married a young lady of a good family and some fortune; but, their tempers being very opposite to each other, a perfect harmony did not long subfist between them. He now launched into all the fashionable foibles of the age, gaming not excepted, and in a few years spent his whole fortune. As he had long taken a difgust to the study of the law, he was obliged to have recourse to the stage, and made his first appearance in the character of Othello, but with no great fuccess. He afterwards performed Fondlewife, in which he fucceeded much better; and, indeed, it was one of his favourite characters ever after. He next attempted Lord Foppington, but he listened to the advice of his friends, and prudently gave it up. As Mr. Foote was never a capital actor in the plays of others, his falary of course could not be equal to his gay and extravagant mode of living: he at last contracted so many debts, that he was obliged to take refuge in the verge of the court, to fecure himself from the refentment of his creditors.

A very laughable stratagem at length relieved him from his necessities. Sir Francis Delaval had

had long been his intimate friend, and had diffipated his fortune by fimilar extravagance. A rich lady, an intimate acquaintance of Foote, was fortunately at that time bent upon a matrimonial scheme. Foote strongly recommended to her to confult, on this momentous affair, the conjuror in the Old Bailey, whom he represented as a man of furiprfing skill and penetration. He employed an acquaintance of his own to personate the conjuror, who depicted Sir Francis Delaval at full length, described the time when, the place where, and the drefs in which she should see him. The lady was fo struck with the coincidence of every circumstance, that she married the knight in a few days after. For this fervice Sir Francis fettled an annuity upon Foote, which enabled him once more to appear upon the bufy stage of life.

Mr. Foote now affuming the double character of author and performer, in 1747 opened his Little Theatre in the Haymarket, with a dramatic piece of his own writing, called *The Diverfions of the Morning*. This piece confifted of nothing more than the introduction of feveral well-known characters in real life, whose manner of conversation and expression our author had very happily hit off in the diction of his drama, and still more happily represented on the stage,

stage, by an exact and most amazing imitation, not only of the manner and tone of voice, but even of the very persons, whom he intended to take off. Among these characters there was in particular a certain phyfician, who was much better known from the oddity and fingularity of his appearance and conversation, than from his eminence in the practice of his profession. The celebrated Chevalier Taylor, the oculift, who was at that time in the height of his vogue and popularity, was also another object, and indeed deservedly fo, of Mr. Foote's mimicry and ridicule. the latter part of this piece, under the character of a theatrical director, our author took off, with great humour and accuracy, the feveral stiles of acting of every principal performer on the English stage.

Among those players, with whom Mr. Foote made free, was the facetious Harry Woodward, who returned the compliment in a little piece, called Tit for Tat, of which the following was the beginning:

"Call'd forth to battle, fee poor I appear, "To try one fall with this fam'd auctioneer."

In the very fame piece Mr. Woodward, in the character of Foote, fays,

"They never faw fuch tragedy before."

[&]quot; But when I play'd Othello, thousands fwore

The Diversions of the Morning at first met with some little opposition from the civil magistrates of Westminster, under the fanction of the act of parliament for limiting the number of playhouses; but our author being patronised by many of the principal nobility and gentry, the opposition was over-ruled; and, after altering the title to that of Giving Tea, he proceeded without farther molestation, representing it through a run of upwards of forty mornings to crowded and splendid audiences.

The enfuing feafon he produced another piece of the fame kind, which he called An Authien of Pittures. In this he introduced new and popular characters, all well known, particularly Sir Thomas de Veil, then the acting justice of peace for Westminster; also Mr. Cock, the celebrated auctioneer, and the equally famous orator Henley. This piece was also well received by the public.

Notwithstanding the favourable reception these pieces met with, they have never yet appeared in print, nor would they perhaps give any great pleasure in the perusal; for, consisting principally of characters, whose peculiar singularities could never be perfectly represented in black and white, they might probably appear slat and insipid, when divested of the strong colourings which

which Mr. Foote had given them in his personal representations. It may not be improper here to observe, that he himself represented all the principal characters in each piece, which stood in need of his mimic powers to execute, shifting from one to the other with all the dexterity of a Proteus, to the wender and assonishment of his genteel and numerous auditors.

However, he now proceeded to write pieces with more dramatic accuracy and regularity, his Knights being the produce of an enfuing feason; yet in this also, though his plot and characters seemed less immediately personal, it was apparent, that he kept some particular real personages strongly in his eye in the persormance, and the town took on themselves to fix them where the resemblance appeared to be the most striking.

Mr. Foote continued from time to time to entertain the public, by felecting for their ufe fuch characters, as well general as individual, as feemed most likely to contribute to the exciting our laughter, and best answer the principal end of dramatic writings of the comic kind, such as relax the mind from the fatigue of business or anxiety.

The following is a catalogue of his performances.

1. Taste, a comedy of two acts, acted at Drury-Lane, 8vo. 1752. This piece and its profits were given by its author to Mr. Worldale the painter, who acted the part of Lady Pentweazle in it with great applause. The general intention of it is, to point out the numerous impositions that persons of fortune and fashion daily suffer in the pursuit of what is called taste, or a love of Vertù, from the tricks and confederacies of painters, auctioneers, medal dealers, &c. and to flew the absurdity of placing an inestimable value on, and giving immense prices for a parcel of maimed bufts, erazed pictures, and inexplicable coins, only because they have the mere name and appearance of antiquity, while the more perfect and really valuable performances of the most capital artists of our own age and country, if known to be fuch, are totally despised and neglected, and the artists themselves fuffered to pass through life unnoticed and discouraged. These points our author has in this farce set forth in a very just, and at the same time in a very humorous light; but whether the generality of the audience did not relish, or perhaps did not understand this refined satire, or that, understanding it, they were so wedded to the infatuation infatuation of being imposed upon, that they were unwilling to subscribe to the justice of it, are points we cannot determine; but it met with some opposition for a night or two, and during the whole run of it, which was not a long one, it found at best but a cold and distasseful reception.

2. The Englishman in Paris, a comedy of two acts, 8vo. 1753, performed at Covent-Garden theatre. This piece met with great fuccess; its first appearance was for Macklin's benefit, when that performer acted the part of Buck, and Mifs Macklin Lucinda, which feemed written entirely to give her an opportunity of displaying her various qualifications of mufic, finging, and dancing, in all which she obtained universal applaufe. The author himself afterwards repeatedly performed the part of Buck; yet it is difficult to fay, which of the two did the character the greatest justice. This piece feems defigned to expose the absurdity of sending our vouth abroad, to catch the vices and follies of our neighouring nations; yet there is fomewhat of an inconfishency in the portrait of the Englishman, that scarcely renders the execution answerable to the intention. This little comedy was imagined to be a burlefque on M. de Boiffy's François à Londres. On a comparison, however. there

there does not appear to be the flightest refemblance.

3. The Knights, a comedy of two acts, 8vo. 1754. This piece made its first appearance at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, about the year 1747, and at that time terminated with a droll concert of vocal music between two cats, in burlefque of the Italian comic operas. As this, however, was only temporary, the author, to adapt it more properly to dramatic taste, and render it a more perfect farce, has wound up a conclusion for it, which however, even as it now flands, is fcarcely fo conclusive or fo natural as it could be wished; but this fault is amply made amends for by its possessing, in the highest degree, a much more effential excellence of comedy, which is great strength of character, and the most accurate and lively colouring of nature. His two knights, Sir Penurious Trifle, and Sir Gregory Gazette, the first of which has the strongest passion for perpetually entertaining his friends with a parcel of stale, trite, infignificant stories, and the latter. who is possessed with a most insatiable thirst for news, without even capacity fufficient to comprehend the full meaning of the most familiar paragraph in a public journal, are very strongly painted. The first of them received additional life from the admirable execution of the author

in his representation of the character, in which indeed it has been reported, that he mimicked the manners of a certain gentleman in the west of England; and the other seems to have afforded a hint to Mr. Murphy in his Upholsterer, to expatiate still more largely on this extravagant and absurd kind of folly. His other characters Tim and Miss Suck, with the scene of court-ship introduced between them, though not absolutely new in the first conception, yet are managed after a new manner, and always give great entertainment in their representation. It was afterwards acted at Drury-Lane.

4. The Englishman returned from Paris, a comedy of two acts, 8vo. 1756. Acted at Covent-Garden. This is a fequel to The Englishman in Paris, wherein the Englishman, who before was a brute, is now become a coxcomb: from being abfurdly averse to every thing foreign, he is grown into a detestation of every thing domestic; and rejects the very woman, now possessed of every advantage, whom he before was rushing headlong into marriage with, when destitute of any. This piece is much more dramatic and complete than the other, and has a greater variety of characters in it, two more especially, Crab and Macruthen, which are finely drawn; but the circumstance of the catastrophe catastrophe being brought about by Lucinda's pretending to have poisoned Sir John Buck in a dish of tea, is taken from Mrs. Centlivre's Artifice.

- 5. The Author, a comedy of two acts, 8vo. 1757. Acted at Drury-Lane. This piece was written only for the fake of affording to the writer of it an opportunity of exerting his talents of mimickry, at the expence of a gentleman of family and fortune, Mr. Aprice, whose particularities of character, although entirely inoffensive, were rendered the butt of public ridicule in the part of Cadwallader. The eager fondness which the world ever shew to personal flander, added to the inimitable humour of this writer and performer in the representation, for fome time, brought crowded houses to it; till at length the refemblance appearing too firong, and the ridicule too pungent, not to be feen and felt by the gentleman thus pointed out, occafioned an application for the suppression of the piece, which was therefore forbidden to be any more performed.
- 6. The Diversions of the Morning, a farce, acted at Drury-Lane in 1768, but not printed. This was partly compiled from Taste and Mr. Whitehead's Fatal Constancy.

7. The Minor, a comedy of three acts, 8vo. This piece was first represented in the fummer feafon, at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket; and though it was performed by an entirely young and unexperienced company, it brought full houses for thirty-eight nights in that time of the year. As the principal merit of all our anthor's writings confifts in the drawing of peculiar characters well known in real life, which he heightened by his own manner of perfonating the originals on the stage, it will be necessary to inform posterity, that in the characters of Mrs. Cole and Mr. Smirk, the author represented those of the celebrated Mother Douglas, and Mr. Langford, the auctioneer; and that in the conclusion, or rather epilogue to the piece, spoken by Shift, which the author performed together with the other two characters, he took off, to a great degree of exactness, the manner and even person of that noted preacher, and chief of the Methodists, Mr. George Whitefield. Indeed, fo happy was the fuccess of this piece, in one respect, that it seemed more effectually to open our eyes, those of the populace especially, in regard to the absurdities of that set of enthufiafts, than all the more ferious writings that had ever been published against them.

8. The Lyar, a comedy of three acts, 8vo. 1764. This comedy was originally intended to have been performed during the fummer partnership between Mr. Murphy and the author; but the run of those pieces they had before brought on, and the unexpected necessity of playing the Wishes, having exhausted the time limitted for their representation, this was obliged to be deferred till the enfuing winter, when it was reprefented, for the first time, at the theatre in Covent-Garden. Its success was very indifferent; and indeed it must be confessed, that it was in itself far from equal to the generality of our author's works. Though there were here and there fome strokes of humour in it, which were not unworthy of their author, and fome few touches of temporary fatire, yet the character of the Lyar had certainly neither native originality enough in it to please as a novelty, nor additional beauties sufficient either in his dress or demeanour, to excite a fresh attention to him as a new acquaintance. In fhort, on the whole, it was rather tedious and unentertaining, having neither enough of the vis comica to keep up the attention of an audience through fo many acts as a farce, nor a fufficiency of incident and fentiment to engage their hearts, if confidered under the denomination of a comedy, yet it has fince been often acted as a farce.

- 9. The Orators, a comedy of three acts, 8vo. 1762. This piece, which met with very good fuccess, was performed at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, in the middle of the day, during fome part of the fuminer of 1762. Our author has thrown into the defign of this piece a great variety of characters, fome of which have been fupposed to be drawn from real life, particularly one of a late printer of Ireland, who, with all the disadvantages of age, person, and address, and even the deficiency of a leg, was perpetually giving himself airs of the greatest importance, continually repeating stories of his wit, and boasting of being a favourite of the fair fex. Such a character is furely a genuine object of ridicule, and the stage seems to demand it as a sacrifice at the shrine of common sense.
- 10. The Mayor of Garrat, a comedy of two acts, performed at the theatre in the Haymarket in 1763, and printed in 8vo. in 1769. In this very humorous and entertaining piece, the character of Major Sturgeon, a city militia officer, is entirely new, highly wrought up, and was performed in a most capital stile by Mr. Foote himself.
- 11. The Patron, a comedy of three acts, performed at the Haymarket in 1764. The hint is borrowed

borrowed from one of Marmontel's Tales. The character of the Patron, faid to be Lord Melcombe, is that of a superficial pretender to wit and learning, who, being a man of fashion and fortune, affords his countenance and protection to a fet of contemptible writings, for the fake of the incense offered by them to his vanity. The character of a mere antiquarian, a favourite object of ridicule with Mr. Foote, is here introduced with great pleafantry, Mr. Rust having fallen in love with a fine young lady, because he thought the tip of her ear resembled the Princess Popœa. Sir Peter Pepperpot, a rich West India merchant, comes in likewise, with his account of barbecues and turtle feasts; and a miserable poet, with a low Moorfields bookfeller, ferve to complete the entertainment.

- 12. The Commissary, a comedy, acted with great success, at the Haymarket in 1765. Among other real characters drawn from life, the late celebrated Dr. Arne was ridiculed in this comedy.
 - 13. Prelude on opening the Theatre, 1767.
- 14. The Devil upon two Sticks, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket in 1768, printed in 8vo. in 1778. This was one of the most successful of our author's performances; but though it abounds with wit, humour, and satire of the most pleasant

and inoffensive kind, yet it feems to have lost its existence with its parent.

- 15. The Lame Lover, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket in 1770. Though this piece was by no means inferior to any other of his writing, yet it did not meet with the deferved fuccess. Sir Luke Limp, the Serjeant, and his son, are admirably drawn characters.
- 16. The Maid of Bath, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket in 1771, and printed in 8vo. in 1778. The ground-work of this very interesting performance is taken from a transaction which happened at Bath, in which a person of fortune was faid to have treated a young lady celebrated for her mufical talents in a very ungenerous manner. The delinquent is here held up to ridicule under the name of Hint, and it will be difficult to point out a character drawn with more truth and accuracy than this, especially in the fecond act. The parts of Lady Catherine Coldstream, Sir Christopher Cripple, and Billy Button, are all highly finished, and render this piece one of the most pleasing of all our author wrote.
- 17. The Nabob, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket in 1772, and printed in 8vo. in 1778. This piece is a fevere fatire on the greater part

of those gentlemen who have acquired wealth in the East Indies. At the time this play was produced, a general odium had been excited against the members of the East India company, which was kept alive by every art that virulence and party could suggest. Mr. Foote, ever attentive to avail himself of popular subjects, seized the present occasion to entertain the town at the exexpence of some individuals. The character of Sir Matthew Mite was intended for a gentleman who had risen from the low situation of a cheese-monger.

- 18. Piety in Pattens, a farce, acted at the theatre in the Haymarket in 1773; but never printed.
- 19. The Bankrupt, acted at the Haymarket in 1776. This piece, like most others written by our author, contains little else than detached scenes without any plot. It exhibits, however, some strong delineations of character, and is by no means a bad performance.
- 20. The Cozeners, a comedy of three acts, acted at the Haymarket in 1774, and printed in 8vo. in 1778. The character of Simony in this piece was designed as a vehicle for satire on the late Dr. Dodd. It may be observed, as some apology for our author's stage ridicule, that he rarely pointed

pointed it at any persons who met with public respect, or deserved to meet with it.

- 21. The Capuchin, a comedy, acted at the Hay-market in 1776, and printed in 8vo. in 1778.
- 22. A Trip to Calais, a comedy, intended for representation in 1776, at the Haymarket; but containing a character defigned for a lady of quality, she had interest enough to prevent its obtaining a licence.

Mr. Foote, after having written these pieces, suffered his name to be put to a work, entitled, The Comic Theatre, in sive volumes, 12mo. being a translation of a number of French comedies. Of these, however, we are assured, the first only, The Young Hypocrite, is to be attributed to him.

All Mr. Foote's works are to be ranked only among the petites pièces of the theatre. In the execution they are fomewhat loofe, negligent, and unfinished; the plans are often irregular, and the catastrophes not always conclusive; but, with all these deficiencies, they contain more strength of character, more strokes of keen satire, and more touches of temporary humour, than are to be found in the writings of any other modern dramatist. Even the language spoken by

his characters, incorrect as it may fometimes appear, will, on a close examination, be found entirely dramatical, as it abounds with those natural minutiæ of expression, which frequently form the very basis of character, and which render it the true mirror of the conversation of the times in which he wrote and published them.

Being on a party of pleasure, in the year 1766, with the late Dake of York, Lord Mexborough, and Sir Francis Delaval, Mr. Foote had the missortune to break his leg, by a sall from his horse, in consequence of which he was obliged to undergo an amputation. This accident so sensibly affected the Duke, that he made a point of obtaining for Mr. Foote a patent for life, whereby he was allowed to perform, at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, from the 15th of May to the 15th of September every year.

Our author now became a greater favourite of the town than ever; his very laughable pieces, with his more laughable performances, constantly filled his house, and his receipts were some seafons almost incredible. Parsimony was never a vice to be ascribed to Mr. Foote; his hospitality and generosity were ever conspicuous; he was visited by the first nobility, and he was sometimes honoured even by royal guests.

In 1766, the Duchess of K-, who had long been a general topic of conversation, our wit thought would furnish a good subject for a three-act piece; he fet about it, and during the time of writing it, often mentioned it to his friends, to some of whom he read the chaarcter of Lady Kitty Crocodile, which was intended for her grace. We are told, that the fatire was highly feafoned, and the play one of the best he ever wrote. Her grace hearing of her being intended as a principal character in Foote's piece preparing for reprefentation, applied by her friends to the Lord Chamberlain; and when the play came before his lordship for his approbation, it was critically fcanned, and a permission refused. Mr. Foote, however, certain that no objection could be laid to it on her grace's part, fent her the manuscript to read; but she was inexorable. Upon this, a paper war commenced between her grace and the wit, to the no small entertainment of the town.

The attack made upon his character by one of his domestics, whom he had dismissed for his misbehaviour, is too well known to need being mentioned here. It may be sufficient to say he was honourably acquitted of that charge. It is, however, believed by some, that the shock he received from it accelerated his death, particularly

the very active part the agents of a certain duches took in that criminal prosecution. It is more probable, that his natural volatility of spirits would support him against all impressions from attacks of that nature.

Our author, finding his health decline, entered into an agreement with Mr. Colman for his patent of the theatre, according to which he was to receive from that gentleman 1600l. per annum, befides a stipulated sum whenever he chose to perform. Mr. Foote, afterwards made his appearance in two or three of his most admired characters; but being suddenly seized with a paralytic stroke one night whilst upon the stage, he was compelled to retire, and from that time the public lost their justly-admired Aristophanes. He was advised to bathe, and accordingly went down to Brighthelmstone, where he seemed to recover his former health and spirits.

A few weeks before his death he returned to London; but, with the advice of his physicians, set out with an intention to spend the winter at Paris, and in the south of France. He had got no farther than Dover, when he was suddenly attacked by another stroke of the palsy, which in a few hours terminated his existence. He died on the 21st of October, 1777, about the 56th

year of his age, and was privately interred in the cloisters of Westminster-abbey. He left a natural son, a minor, to whom he bequeathed most of his fortune.

We have very good authority for faying, that the day on which Mr. Foote fet out for Dover, about an hour before he went into his chaise, he walked into every room in his house, and examined, with an accuracy not usual to him, every article of furniture he had, but more particularly his pictures, of which he had a large and elegant collection. When he came to the portrait of Weston, he made a full stop, as if by fome fecret impulse, and rivetted his eyes upon the countenance of his old acquaintance for above ten minutes, without uttering a fyllable. Then turning away, with a tear in his eye, he exclaimed, "Poor Weston." But the words had fcarce dropped from his lips, when, with a tone as it were of reproach for his feeming fecurity, he repeated, " Poor Weston! It will be very " fhortly, Poor Foote, or the intelligence of " my fpirits deceive me!"

As a private man, Mr. Foote was fincere, generous, and humane. As no man ever contributed more to the entertainment of the public, fo no man oftener made the minds of his companions

panions expand with mirth and good humour; and, in the company of men of high rank and fuperior fortune, who courted his acquaintance, he always preferved an eafy and noble independency. That he had his foibles and caprices, no one will pretend to deny; but they were amply counterbalanced by his merit and abilities, which will transmit his name to posterity with distinguished reputation.

There are in print many fmart fayings and repartees attributed to Mr. Foote; but, as we cannot vouch for their authority, we shall not insert them here. The two following lines are among the verses that have been written on his death:

FOOTE from his earthly stage, alas! is hurl'd; Death took him off, who took off all the world.



1 Head from Herculaneum, whether Jupiter Tonans, or Venus of Paphos, doubted..
2 The Foot with the Toes entire, of Juno Lucina. 3 The Hand of the Apollo of Delphos 4 The Calf of the left Leg of the Infant Hercules. 5 The Caduceus of Mercurius Infernals.

TASTE

A

COMEDY

IN TWO ACTS:

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE:

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

SAMUEL FOOTE, E/q.

Be rich in ancient Brass, tho not in Gold, And keep his Lares, tho' his House be fold; To heedless Phæbe his fair Bride postpone, Honour a Syrian Prince above his own; Lord of an Otho, If I vouch it true, Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two.

POPES'S DUNCIAD.

LONDON:

Printed for W. Lowndes, J. BAKKER and H. LOWNDES.

1799.

Price One Shilling,



T O

Francis Delaval, Esq.

SIR,

HEN I consider the long Intimacy that has subsisted betwixt us, the obligations I owe to your generous, difinterested Friendship, and the Protection and Encouagement I received both from you and your Brother, when Necessity listed me in the Service of the Public; there is no Man to whom with equal Propriety and Pleasure I can address the following Work. It would be paying a bad Compliment to the Town, where I to trouble you with an Apology for the Inconfiderableness of the present. I thought it worthy their Attention, and confequently not beneath the Accetance of my Friend. With the Aid of a Love-plot I could have soun out the Piece to the extent of Five Acts; but be fides that I wanted to confine the Eye to the fingle object of my Satire, I declare myfelf a Rehal

Rebel to this universal Tyrant, who, not contented with exciting all that is pitiful or terri-ble in human Nature, has claimed the privilege of occasioning every thing that is ridiculous or contemptible in it; and thus, from the abject Submission of our dramatic *Poets*, is both Tragedy and Comedy subjected to the Power of Love. It may be thought presumptuous in me to have dignified so short a Performance with the Name of a Comedy; but when my Reasons why it cannot be called a *Farce* are considered, the Critics must indulge me with the Use of that Title; at least till they can furnish me with a better. As the Follies and Absurdities of Men are the sole Objects of Comedy, so the Powers of the Imagination (Plot and Incident excepted) are in this Kind of Writing greatly restrained. No unnatural Assemblages, no Creatures of the Fancy, can procure the Protection of the Comic Muse; Men and Things must appear as they are. It is employed either in debasing lofty Subjects, or in raising humble Ones. Of the two Kinds we have Examples in the Tom Thumb of Mr. F-, and a Travestie of the Ulysses, where Penelope keeps an Ale-house, Telemachus is a Tapster, and the Heroe a Recruiting Serjeant. In both these Instances you see Nature is reversed; but as I flatter myself in the following Sheets her Steps have been trod with

with an undeviating Simplicity, give me leave to hope, that though I have not attained the Togata, yet I have reached the Tabernaria of the Romans. I once intended to have thrown into this Address, the Contents of many of our Conversations on the Subject of Comedy; for in whatever Diffipations the World may suppose our Days to have been consumed, many, many Hours have been confecrated to other Subjects than generally employ the Gay and the Giddy. I hope the present Occasion will demonstrate, that pleasure has not been always my Pursuit; and unless I am greatly mistaken, it will foon be discovered, that, joined to the acknowledged best Heart in the World, Mr. Delaval has a Head capable of directing it. As I am now above the reach of common Obligations, an Acknowledgement of these Qualities, in the Person of a Man who has honoured me with his Friendship, is the sole Cause of the Trouble you now receive. Long has been our Union, may it never be divided till the fatal Stroke, that demolishes all sublunary Connections, shall reach One of us, which One will, I hope, be

Your obliged, and

affectionate Servant,

SAMUEL FOOTE.

PREFACE.

I Was always apprehensive that the Subject of the following Piece was too abstracted and singular for the Comprehension of a mix'd Assembly. Juno, Lucina, Jupiter, Tonans, Phidias, Praxiteles, with the other Gentlemen and Ladies of Antiquity, were, I dare say, utterly unknown to my very good Friends of the Gallery; nor, to speak the Truth, do I believe they had many Acquaintances in the other Parts of the House. But the I despair of gratifying the Populum Tributim of the Theatre, yet I flatter myself the Primores Populi will find me no disagreeable Companion in the Closet, et satis magnum Theatrum mihi estis.

I was neither prompted by a lucrative, nor an ambitious Motive to this Undertaking. My Design was to serve a Man, who had ever great Merit with his Friends, and to whom, on the Score of some late Transactions, I think the Public vastly indebted. That my good Intentions for Mr. Worsdale have proved successful, is entirely owing to the Generosity and Humanity of the Managers of Drury-Lane Theatre; they have given him a Benesit, and

and are jointly entitled to my Thanks; but as to Mr. GARRICK, I have more personal Obligations. I take this Opportunity of assuring him, that I shall ever retain the most grateful Remembrance of his Assistance, Assistance, and untimely End of this my last and favourite off-

spring.

The Objects of my Satire were such as I thought, whether they were considered in a moral, a political, or a ridiculous Light, deserved the Notice of the Comic Muse. I was determined to brand those Goths in Science, who had prostituted the useful Study of Antiquity to trifling Superficial Purposes; who had blasted the Progress of the clegant Arts amongst us, by unpardonable Frauds and absurd Prejudices; and who had corrupted the Minds and Morals of our Youth, by persuading them, that what only serves to illustrate Literature was true Learning, and active Idleness real Business. How far this End has been obtained, is now, in the following Sheets, more generally submitted to the Public.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK,

And spoken by him in the Character of an Auctioneer.

BEFORE this Court, I PETER PUFF appear,
A Briton born, and bred an Auctioneer;
Who for myself, and eke a bundred others,
My useful, honest, learned bawling Brothers,
With much Humility and Fear implore ye,
To lay our present desp'rate Case before ye.
'Tis said this Night a certain Wag intends

'Tis faid this Night a certain Wag intends
To laugh at us, our Calling, and our Friends:
If Lords and Ladies, and Juch dainty Folks,
Are cur'd of Auction-hunting by his Jokes!
Should this odd Doctrine spread throughout the
Land,

Before you buy, be fure to understand.

Oh! think on us what various Ills will flow,

When great Ones only purchase—what the know.

Why laugh at TASTE? It is a harmless Fashion,

And quite subdues each detrimental Passion;

The Fair Ones Hearts will ne'er incline to Man,

While thus they rage for—China and Japan.

The Virtuoso, too, and Connoisseur,

Are ever decent, delicate, and pure;

The smallest Hair their looser Thoughts might hold,

Just

Just warm when single, and when married cold: Their Blood at Sight of Beauty gently flows; Their Venus must be old, and want a Nose! No am'rous Passion with deep Knowledge thrives; 'Iis the Complaint, indeed, of all our Wives! Tis said Virtù to such a height is grown, All Artists are encourag'd—but our own. Be not deceiv'd, I here declare on Oath, Inever yet fold Goods of foreign growth: Ne'er sent Commissions out to Greece or Rome; My best Antiquities are made at Home. I've Romans, Greeks, Italians near at hand, True Britons all-and living in the Strand. Ine'er for Irinkets rack my Pericranium, They furnish out my Room from Herculaneum. But bush -Should it be known that English are employ'd, Our Manufacture is at once destroy'd; No matter what our Countrymen deserve, They'llthrive as Ancients, but as Moderns flarve If we should fall—to you it will be owing; Farewell to Arts-they're going, going, going; The fatal Hammer's in your Hand, oh Town! Then fet Us up—and knock the POET down.

Dramatis Personæ.

Carmine, Mr. Palmer.

Puff, Mr, Yates.

Brush, Mr. Cross.

Novice, Mr. Blake.

Lord Dupe. Mr. Shuter.

Alderman Pentweazle, Mr. Taswell.

Caleb, Mr. Costollo.

Boy, Master Cross.

Lady Pentweazle, Mr. Worldale.

TASTE.

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A Painting Room.

Enter CARMINE, followed by the Boy:

CARMINE. LAY these Colours in the Window, by the Pallet. Any Visitors or Messages?

by the Pallet. Any Visitors or Messages?

Boy. 'Squire Felltree has been here, and insists upon Miss Racket's Pictures being immediately finish'd, and carry'd Home——As to his Wise and Children, he says, you may take your own Time.

Carm. Well-

Boy. Here has been a Message-too, from my Lady Pen—— I can't remember her Name, but 'tis upon the Slate. She desires to know if you will be at Home about Noon.

Carm. Fetch it. (Exit. Boy, Was the Whole of our Profession confined to the mere Business of it, the Employment would be pleasing as well as profitable; but as matters are now

now managed, the Art is the last Thing to be regarded. Family Connections, private Recommendations, and an easy, genteel Method of Flattering, is to supply the Delicacy of a Guido, the colouring of a Rubens, and the Design of a Raphael—all their Qualities centring in one Man, without the first Requisites, would be useless; and with these, one of them is necessary.

Enter Boy with the Slate.

Carm. Let's fee—Oh! Lady Pentweazel from Blowbladder-street—Admit her by all Means; and if Puff or Varnish should come, I am at home.

(Exit Boy. Lady Pentweazel! ha! ha! Now here's a Proof that Avarice is not the only, or last Passion old Age is subject to—this superannuated Beldame gapes for Flattery, like a Nest of unstedged Crows for Food; and with them, too, gulps down every Thing that's offer'd her—no Matter how coarse; well, she shall be fed; I'll make her my introductory Key to the whole Bench of Aldermen.

Enter Boy with Puff.

Boy. Mr. Puff, Sir.

Carm. Let us be private. What have you there? Puff. Two of Rembrandt's Etching by Scrape, In May's Buildings; a paltry Affair, a Poor Ten Guinea Job; however, a small game—you know the Proverb—What became of you Yesterday?

Carm. I was der ined by Sir Positive Bubble. How went the Pictures? The Guido, what did

that fetch?

Puff.

Puff. One Hundred and Thirty.

Carm. Hum! Four Guineas the Frame, Three the Painting; then we divide just One Hundred and Twenty three.

Puff. Hold --- not altogether so fast --- Varnish had Two Pieces for bidding against Squander; and Brush Five for bringing Sir Tawdry Trisse.

Carm. Mighty well; look ye, Mr. Puff, if these people are eternally quarter'd upon us, I declare off, Sir; they eat up the Profit. There's that damn'd Brush——but you'll find him out. I have upon his old Plan given him Copies of all the Work I executed upon his Recommendation; and what was the Consequence? He clandestinely fold the Copies, and I have all the Originals in my Lumber-Room.

Puff. Come, come, Carmine, you are no great Lofer by that. Ah! that Lumber-Room! that Lumber-Room out of repair, is the best conditioned Estate in the County of Middlesex. Why now there's your Susannah; it could not have produced you above Twenty at most, and by the Addition of your Lumber Room Dirt, and the falutary Application of the Spaltam Pot, it became a Guido, worth a Hundred and Thirty Pounds; besides, in all Traffic of this Kind, there must be Combinations. Varnish and Brush are our Jackalls, and it is but fair they should partake of the Prey. Courage, my Boy! never fear! Praise be to Foliy and Fashion, there are, in this Town, Dupes enough to gratify the Avarice of us all.

Carm. Mr. Puff, you are ignorant and Scurrilous, and very impertinent Mr. Puff; and Mr. Puff. I have a strange Mind to leave you to yourselves, and then see what a Hand you would make of it—Sir, if I do now and then add some Tinets of Antiquity to my Pictures, I do it in Condescension to the Foible of the World; for, Sir, Age, Age, Sir, is all my Pictures want to render 'em as good Pieces as the Masters from whom they are taken; and let me tell you Sir, he that took my Susannah for a Guido, gave no mighty Proofs of his Ignorance, Mr. Puff.

Puff. Why, thou Post-painter, thou Dauber, thou execrable White-washer, thou—Sirrah, have you so soon forgot the wretched State from whence I dragg'd you. The first Time I set eyes on you, Rascal! what was your Occupation then? Scribbling, in scarce legible Letters, Cossee, Tea, and Chocolate on a Bawdy-house Window in Goodman's

Fields.

Carm. The Meanness of my Original demon-

strates the greatness of my Genius.

Puff. Genius! Here's a Dog. Pray, how high did your Genius foar? To the daubing diabolical Angels for Alehouses, Dogs with Chains for Tanner's Yards, Rounds of Beef and roasted Pigs for Porridge Island.

Carm. Hanibal Scratchi did the same.

Puff. From that contemptible State did not I raise you to the Cat and Fiddle in Petticoat-lane; the Goose and Gridiron in Paul's Church-yard; the first live Things you ever drew, Dog?

Carm. Pox take your Memory. Well, but,

Mr. Puff-you are fo-

Puff. Nor did I quit you then: Who Sirrah, recommended you to Prim Stiff, the Mercer upon Ludgate-bill; how came you to paint the Queen there? (Loud Knocks at the Door.

Carm.

Carm. Mr. Puff, for Heaven's fake! dear Sir, you are so warm, we shall be blown—

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lady Pen-

Carm. Send her to the—Show her up Stairs. Dear Puff——

Puff. Oh! Sir, I can be calm; I only wanted to let you fee I had not forgot, though perhaps you may.

Carm. Sir, you are very obliging. Well, but now as all is over, if you will retreat a small Time—Lady Pentweazel sits for her Picture, and she's—

Puffit I have some Business at next Door; I

suppose in half an Hour's Time-

Carm. I shall be at Leisure. Dear Puff-

Puff. Dear Carmine—— (Exit Puff. Carm. Son of a Whore——Boy, shew the Lady up Stairs.

Enter Lady Pentweazel.

Lady. Fine Pieces!—very likely Pieces! and, indeed, all alike. Hum! Lady Fuffock—and, ha! ha! ha! Lady Glumstead, by all that's ugly—Pray now, Mr. Carmine, how do you Limners contrive to overlook the Ugliness, and preserve the Likeness?

Carm. The Art, Madam, may be convey'd in two words; where nature has been severe, we soften;

where she has been kind, we aggravate.

Lady. Very ingenus, and very kind, truly. Well, good Sir, I bring you a Subject that will demand the whole of the first Part of your Skill; and if you are at Leisure, you may begin directly.

Carm.

Carm. Your Ladyship is here a little ungrateful to Nature, and cruel to yourself; even Lady Pent-weazel's Enemies (if such there be) must allow she is a fine Woman.

Lady. Oh! your Servant, good Sir. Why I have had my Day, Mr. Carmine; I have had my

Day.

Carm. And have still, Madam. The only Difference I shall make between what you were, and what you are, will be no more than what Rubens has distinguished between Mary de Medicis, a Vir-

gin and a Regent.

Lady. Mr. Carmine, I vow you are a very judicious Person. I was always said to be like that Family. When my Piece was first done, the Limner slid me after Venus de Medicis, which I suppose might be one of Mary's Sisters; but Things must change; to be sitting for my Picture at this Time of Day; ha! ha! but my Daughter Sukey, you must know, is just married to Mr. Deputy Dripping of Candlewick-Ward, and would not be said nay; so it is not so much for the Beauty as the Similitude. Ha! ha!

Carm. True, Madam; ha! ha! but if I hit the Likeness, I must preserve the Beauty,—Will your Ladyship be seated?

(She sits.

Lady. I have heard, good Sir, that every Body has a more betterer and more worserer Side of the Face than the other—now which will you chuse?

Carm. The Right Side, Madam—the Left—now, if you please, the Full—Your Ladyship's Countenance is so exactly proportion'd, that I must have it all; no Feature can be spared?

Lady.

Lady. When you come to the Eyes, Mr. Carmine, let me know, that I may call up a Look.

Carm. Mighty well, Madam—Your Face a little nearer to the Left, nearer me—your Head more up—Shoulders back—and Chest forward.

Lady. Bless me, Mr. Carmine, don't mind my Shape this Bout; for I am only in Jumps.——Shall

I fend for my Tabbys?

Carm. No, Madam, we'll supply that for the present—Your Ladyship was just now mentioning a Daughter—Is she—your Face a little more towards me—Is she the sole Inheritor of her Mo-

ther's Beauty; Or-have you-

Lady. That? ha! ha! ha!—why that's my youngest of all, except Caleb. I have had, Mr. Carmine, live born, and christen'd—stay—don't let me lye now—One—Two—Three—Four—Five—Then I lay fallow—but the Year after I had Twins—they came in Mr. Pentweazel's Sheriffalty; then Roger, then Robin, then Reuben—in short, I have had Twenty as fine Babes as ever trod in Shoe of Leather.

Carm. Upon my Word, Madam, your Ladyship is an admirable Member of the Commonwealth;
'tis a thousand Pities that, like the Romans, we have
not some Honours to reward such distinguished
Merit.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr. Carmine, if Breeding amongst Christians was as much encouraged as amongst Dogs and Horses, we need not be making Laws to let in a Parcel of outlandish Locuis to eat us all up.

Carm. I am told, Madam, that a Bill for some such Purpose is about to pass, and that we begin now

to have almost as much Regard for the Propogation of the Species, as the Preservation of the Game in these Kingdoms—Now, Madam, I am come to the Eyes—Oh! that Look, that, that, I

must despair of imitating.

Lady. Oh! Oh! good Sir, have you found out that? Why all my Family by the Mother's Side were famous for their Eyes: I have a Great Aunt among the Beauties at Windsor; she has a Sister at Hampton-Court, a perdigious fine Woman—she had but one Eye, indeed, but that was a Piercer; that one Eye got her three Husbands—we were called the gimlet-eyed Family. Oh! Mr. Carmine, you need not mind these Heats in my Face; they always discharge themselves about Christmas—my true Carnation is not seen in my Countenance. Thats Carnation! here's your Flesh and Blood!

(Shewing ber Arm.

Carm. Delicate, indeed! finely turn'd, and of

a charming Colour.

Lady. And yet it has been employed enough to fpoil the best Hand and Arm in the World.—
Even before Marriage never idle; none of your galloping, gossiping, Ranelagh Romps, like the forward Minxes of the present Age. I was always employed either in painting your Lamskips, playing upon the Haspicols, making Passe, or something or other—All our family had a Geno; and then I sung! Every Body said I had a monstrous sine Voice for Music.

Carm. That may be discern'd by your Ladyship's Tones in Conversation.

Lady. Tones—you are right, Mr. Carmine; that was Mr. Purcel's Word. Miss Molly Griskin, said he (my maiden Name) you have Tones.

Carm.

Carr. As your Ladyship has preserved every Thing else so well, I dare swear you have not lost your Voice. Will you savour me with an Air!

Lady. Oh! Sir, you are so polite, that it's impossible—But I have none of your new Playhouse Songs—I can give you one that was made on myself by Lawrence Lutestring, a Neighbour's Son.

Carm. What you please, Madam.

Lady.

As I was a walking by the Side of a River, I met a young Damsel so charming and clever; Her Voice to please could not fail,

She sung like any Nightingale.

Fal de rol; bugh, bugh, &c.

Bless me! I have such a Cough; but there are Tones.

Carm. Inimitable ones.

Lady. But, Mr. Carmine, you Limners are all

ingenus Men-you fing.

Carm. A Ballad, or fo, Madam; Music is a Sister Art; and it would be a little unnatural not to cultivate an Acquaintance there.

Lady. Why truly we ought not to be ashamed of our Relations, unless they are poor; and then,

you know----

Enter Boy.

Boy Alderman Pentweazle and Mr. Puff.

Lady. Oh! he was to call upon me; we go to the Auction. Defire him to walk up—Mr. Pentweazle, you must know, went this Morning to meet Caleb, my youngest Boy, at the Bull and Gate. The Child has been two Years and three Quarters

Quarters at School with Dr. Jerk, near Deneafter, and comes To-day by the York Waggon; for it has always been my Maxum, Mr. Carmine, to give my Children Learning enough; for, as the old Saying is,

When House and Land are gone and spent,

Then L arning is most excellent.

Carm. Your Ladyship is quite right. Too much Money cannot be employed in so material an Article.

Lady. Nay, the Cost is but small; but poor sourteen Pounds a Year for Head, Back, Books, Bed, and Belly; and they say the Children are all wonderful Latiners, and come up, lack-a-day, they come up as sat as Pigs—Oh! here they are; Odds me! he's a Thumper. You see, Mr. Carmine, I breed no Starvelings Come hither, Child. Mind your Haviours. Where's your best Bow? Turn out your Toes. One would think he had learnt to dance of his Father. I'm sure my Family were none so awkward. There was my Brother George, a perfect Picture of a Man; he danced, Lud! But come, all in good Time—Hold up thy Head, Caleb.

Ald. Prythee, fweet Honey, let the Child alone. His Master says he comes on wonderful in his Learning; and as to your Bows and your Congees, never sear, he'll learn them sast enough at

Home.

Lady. Lack-a-day! well faid—We now—If he does, I know who must teach him. Well, Child, and dost remember me? Hey? Who am I?

Caleb. Anon!

Lady. Dost know me?

Caleb. Yes; you be Mother.

Lady. Nay, the Boy had always a good Memory. And what hast learnt, Caleb, hey?

Caleb. I be got into Æsop's Fables, and can fay

all As in præsenti by Heart.

Lady. Upon my Word-that's more than ever

thy Father could.

Ald. Nay, nay, no Time has been loft; I questioned the Lad as we came along; I ask'd him himself--

Lady. Well, well, speak when you are spoken to, Mr Alderman. How often must I——Well, Caleb, and hadst a good deal of Company in the Waggon, Boy?

Caleb. O Law! Powers of Company. Mother. There was Lord Gorman's fat Cook, a Blackamore Drumming Man, two Actor People, a Recruiting

Serjeant, a Monkey and I:

Lady. Upon my Word, a pretty Parcel.

Caleb. Yes, indeed; but the——the fat Cook got drunk at Coventry, and fo fell out at the tail of the Waggon; so we left she behind. The next Day the Serjeant ran away with the Showman's Wife; the t'other two went after; so only the Monkey and I came to Town together.

Carm. Upon my Word, the young Gentleman

gives a good Account of his Travels.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr. Carmine, he's all over the blood of the Griskins. I warrant the Child will make his Way. Go, Caleb, go and look at them pretty Paintings-Now, Mr. Carmine, let us fee if my good Man can find me out.

Ald. Lack-a-day; well, I profess they are all so handsome, that I am puzzled to know which is thine, Chuck.

Puff. I am surprized at your Want of Discernment, Mr. Alderman; but the possession of a Jewel destroys its Value with the Wearer; now to me it seems impossible to err; and tho' Mr. Carmine is generally successful, in this Instance he is particularly happy. Where can you meet with that Mixture of Fire and Sostness, but in the Eyes of Lady Pentweazle?

Lady. Oh, Sir!

Puff. That Clearness and Delicacy of Complexion, with that Flow of Ruddiness and Health.

Lady. Sir! Sir! Sir!

Puff. That Fall of Shoulders, Turn of Neck, fet on Head, full Chest, taper Waist, plump—

Lady. Spare me, fweet Sir!——You fee Mr. Pentweazle, other People can find out my Charms, tho' you overlook them—Well, I profess, Sir, you are a Gentleman of great Discernment; and if Business should bring you into the City; for alas! what Pleasure can bring a Man of your refined Taste there?——

Puff. Oh! Ma'am!

Lady I say, Sir, if such an Accident should happen, and Blowbladder-street has any Charms-

Puff. Oh! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am— Lady. It is not impossible but we may receive you, tho' not equal to your Merits——

Puff. Ma'am!

Lady. Yet in fuch a Manner as to shew our Sense of them. Sir, I'm your very obedient.

Puff. Your Ladyship's most-

Lady. Not a Step. Puff. Ma'am.

Lady

Lady. Sir-Mr. Alderman, your Bow to the Gentlemen. The very finest.

Puff. Ma'am!

Lady. Sir—Your most obedient.
Puff. Your devoted. (Ex. Ald. and Wise.

Carm. Ha! ha! Well faid, Puff. What a Calamity thou hast drawn upon the Knight! Thou hast so tickled the Vanity of the Haradan, that the poor Helpmate will experience a double portion of her Contempt.

Puff. Rot them.

Carm. Come, Puff, a matrimonial Assistant to a rich Alderman is no contemptible Employment.

Puff. Ay, if it were a Sine-cure.

Carm. No, that you must not expect; but unless I am greatly mistaken in the Language of the Eyes, her Ladyship's were address'd to you with most

persuasive Tenderness.

Puff. Well, of that hereafter—But to our Business. The Auction is about beginning; and I have promised to meet Mr. David Dusledorpe, Sir Positive Bubble, and Lord Dupe, to examine the Pictures, and fix on those for which they are to bid-But fince we have fettled the German Plan; fo Varnish or Brush must attend them.

Carm. Oh! by all means purfue that. You have no Conception how the dear Foreign Accent is to your true Virtuoso; it announces Taste, Knowledge, Veracity, and in short, every Thing-But can you enough disguise the Turn of your Face, and Tone of your Voice? a Discovery of Mr. Puff

in Mynheer Groningen blasts us at once.

Puff. Never fear me. I wish you may have equal Success in the Part of Canto.

Carm.

Carm. Pho! mine's a Trifle. A man must have very slender Abilities indeed, who can't for ten Minutes imitate a Language and Deportment that

he has been Witness to for ten Years.

Puff. But you must get their Tones, their Tones; 'tis easy enough. Come, hand up here that there Corregio; an inimitable Piece. Gentlemen and Ladies: the very best Work of the best Master, Subject agreeable, highly finished, and well preferved;—a Seat for the Ladies;—hand it to Sir Positive: a going for Fifty: speak, or it's gone for Fifty: Joy to your Ladyship. Come the next; but remember, let your Bob be bushy, and your Bow low.

Carm. Enough, enough; we are Strangers to each other, you know.

Puff. Absolute. Oh! but what Pictures of yours

are in the Sale?

Carm. There's my Holy Family by Raphael; the Marriage in Cana by Reuben Rouge; Tom Jack-fon's Teniers; and for Busts, Taylor's Head without a Nose from Herculaneum.

Puff. Are the Antique Seals come Home?

Corm. No; but they will be finish'd by next Week.

Puff. You must take care of Novice's Collection of Medals he'll want them by the End of the Month.

Carm. The Coins of the first Emperor are now steeping in Copperas; and I have an Otho, a Galba, Nero, and two Dumitians reeking from the Dunghill---The Kest we can have from Doctor Mummy; a seever failing Chap, you know.

Puj. Adieu

Carm. Yours, Sir — a troublesome Fellow, this-confounded Memory----useful, tho'----Rounds of Beef and roasted Pigs !---must get rid of him-----Ay, but when ?----Why when ?----when I have gain'd my Point. But how, how then?---Oh, then it does not fignify Two Pence.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

Enter Puff, as Monsieur Baron de Groningen, Carmine as Canto, and Brush.

CANTO. OME, bustle, bustle. Brush you introduce Puff, Puff, how are you in your German?

Puff. I canno speak for Englandt, but I can mak understand very mightily. Will that do?

Brush. To a Hair. Remember you are come hither to purchase Pictures for the Elector of Bavaria. Carmine, you must clap Lord Dupe's Coat of Arms on that Half Length of Erasmus; I have fold it him, as his Great Grandfather's third Brother, for Fifty Guineas.

Canto. It shall be done --- Be it my Province to establish the Baron's Reputation as a Connoisseur .--

Brulh

Brush has feen you Abroad at the Court of the reigning Prince of Blantin.

Puff. Yes; I was do Business mightily for Prince

Blantin.

Brush. Your Portraits go first, Carmine, Novice, Sir Positive Bubble, Jack Squander, Lord Dupe, and Mordecai Lazarus, the Jew Broker, have appointed me to examine with them the History Pieces.---Which are most likely to stick?

Canto. Here's a List.

Brush. Hush, hide the Erasmus, I hear the Company on the Stairs,

(Exit Carmine, and re-enters anon.

Enter Lord Dupe, Bubble, Squander, &c.

Lord. Mr. Bruso. I am your devoted Servant.

You have procured my Ancestor.

Brush. It is in my Possession, my Lord; and I have the Honor to assure your Lordship, that the Family Features are very discernable; and allowing for the Difference of Dress, there's a strong likeness between you and your Predecessor.

Lord. Sir, you have obliged me. All these you

have mark'd in the Catalogue are Originals?

Brush. Undoubted. But my Lord, you need not depend solely on my Judgement; here's Mynheer Baron de Groningen, who is come hither to survey, and purchase for the Elector of Bavaria; an indisputable Connoisseur; his Bidding will be a Direction for your Lordship. 'Tis a Thousand Pities that any of these Masters should quit England. They were conducted hither at an immense Expence. and if they now leave us, what will it be but a public

public Declaration, that all Taste and liberal know-ledge is vanish'd from amongst us?

Lord. Sir---leave the Support of the National Credit to my Care. Could you introduce me to

Mynheer?---Does he speak English?

Brush. Not fluently, but so as to he understood. Mynheer, Lord Dupe—the Patron of Arts, the Petronius for Taste, and for well-timed Generosity, the Leo—and the Mecanas—of the present Age, desires to know you.

Puff. Sir, you honour me very mightily. I was hear of Lord Dupes in Hollandt. I was tell he was one Delatant, one Curieuse, one Precieuse of his

Country.

Lord. The Dutch are an obliging, civilized, well-bred, pretty Kind of People. But, pray Sir, what occasions us the Honour of a Visit from you?

Puff. I was come to bid for Paints for de Elector

of Bavaria.

Lord. Are there any here that deferve your Attention?

Puff. O! dare are good Pieces; but dare is one I likes mightily; the off Sky, and Home Track is fine, and the Maister is in it.

Lord. What is the Subject?

Puff. Dat I know not; vat I minds, vat you call the Draws and the Colors.

Lord. Mr. Canto, what is the Subject?

Canto. It is, my Lord St. Anthony of Padua exercifing the Devil out of a Ram-cat; it has a Companion somewhere---Oh! here, which is the same Saint in a Wilderness, reading his Breviary by the Light of a Glow-worm.

Bruso.

Brush. Invaluable Pictures, both! and will match your Lordship's Corregio in the Saloon.

Lord. I'll have them. What Pictures are those,

Mr. Canto?

Canto. They are not in the Sale; but I fancy I

could procure them for your Lordship.

Lord. This, I prefume, might have been a Landskip; but the Water, and the Men, and the Trees, and the Dogs, and the Ducks, and the Pigs, they are obliterated, all gone.

Brush. An indisputable Mark of its Antiquity; its very Merit; besides a little Varnish will fetch the

Figures again.

Lord. Set it down for me—The next.

Canto. That is a Moses in the Bulrushes. The blended Joy and Grief in the Figure of the Sister in the Corner, the Distress and Anxiety of the Mother here, and the Beauty and Benevolence of Pharoah's Daughter, are Circumstances happily imagined, and boldiy express'd.

Brush. Lack-a-day, 'tis but a modern Perform-

ance; the master is alive, and an Englishman.

Lerd. Oh! then I would not give it House-room. Puff. Here is a pretty Piece I find stick up here in de Corner: I was see in Housandt, at Loo, a Piece mighty like; there was little Mices, that was nibble, nibble, nibble, upon vat you call Frumage, and sittle Shurets all with Brush tails ran up the trees; and there was great things vat you call—Pshaw, that have long Bearts, and cry Ba.

Brush. What Goats;

Puff. Ay, dat was de name.

Lord. I should think, by the Cheese and the Goats, Mynheer, yours was a Welch Piece, instead of a Dutch.

Puff.

Puff. Ah, 'twas good Piece. I wish to my Heart Lord Dupes was have that Piece.

Enter Novice.

Novice. Where's Mr. Brush? My dear Brush, am I too late?

Bruso. In pretty good Time.

Nov. May I lose my Otho, or be tumbled from my Phaëton the first I ime I jehup my Sorrels, if I have not made more Haste than a young Surge on to his first Labour. But the Lots, the Lots, my dear Brush, what are they? I'm upon the Rack of Impatience till I see them, and in a Fever of Desire till I possess them.

Brush. Mr. Canto, the Gentleman would be glad to fee the Busts, Medals, and precious Reliques of

Greece and ancient Rome.

Canto. Perhaps, Sir, we may show him som thing of greater Antiquity—Bring them forward The first Lot consists of a Hand without an Arm, the first joint of the Fore-Finger gone, supposed to be a Limb of the Apollo Delphos—The second, Half a Foot, with the Toes entire, of the Juno Lucina—The third, the Caduceus of the Mercurius Infernalis—The sourch, the Half of the Leg of the Infant Hercules—all indisputable Antiques, and of the Memphian Marble.

Puff. Let me see Juno's Half Foot. All the

Toes entire?

Canton. All.

Puff. Here is a little Swelt by this Toe, that looks bad Proportion.

All. Hey, hey.

Puff. What's dat?

Canto. That! Pshaw! that! Why that's only a

All. Oh!

Puff. Corn! dat was extreme natural; dat is fine; the Maister is in it.

All. Very fine! Invaluable!

Puff. Where is de Hercules' Calf? Upon my Word 'tis a very large Calf; big, big, big, all de Way up, all de Way down.

Lord. believe this Hercules was an Irish Man. Nev. But where are your Busts? Here, here; Gentlemen; here's a Curiosity; a Medal of Oriuna, got for me by Doctor Mummy; the only one in the visible World; there may be some under Ground!

Lord. Fine, indeed! Will you permit me to taste it? It has the Relish. (All taste.

Nov. The Relish! 'Zooks it cost me a hundred Guineas.

Puff. By Gar, it is a dear Bit tho'.

Nov. So you may think; but three Times the Money should not purchase it.

Lord. Pray, Sir, whose Bust is it that dignifies

this Coin?

Nov. The Empress Oriuna, my Lord.

Lord. And who, Sir, might she be? I don't re-

collect to have heard of the Lady before.

Nov. She, my Lord? Oh! she was a kind of a What-dy'e-call'em—a Sort of a Queen, or Wise, or something or other to somebody, that liv'd a damn'd while ago—Mummy told me the whole Story; but before Gad, I've forgot it. But come, the Busts.

Canto.

Canto. Bring forward the Head from Herculaneum. Now Gentlemen, here is a Jewel.

All. Ay, ay, let's see.

Canto. 'Tis not entire, tho'. Nov. So much the better.

Canto. Right, Sir—the very Mutilations of this Piece are worth all the most perfect Performances of modern Artists—Now, Gentlemen, here's a

Touchstone for your Taste!

All. Great! great, indeed!

Nov. Great! Amazing! Divine! Oh, let me embrace the dear difmember'd Bust! a little farther off. I'm ravished! I am transported! What an Attitude! But then the Locks! How I adore the Simplicity of the Antients! How unlike, the present priggish, prick-ear'd Puppets! How gracefully they fall all adown the Cheek! so decent, and so grave, and—Who the Devil do you think it is, Brush? Is it a Man or a Woman?

Canto. The Connoisseurs differ. Some will have it to be the Jupiter Tonans of Phidias, and others the Venus of Paphos from Praxiteles; but I don't think it fierce enough for the first, nor handsome

enough for the last.

Nev. Yes, handsome enough.

All. Very handsome; handsome enough.

Canto. Not quite—therefore I am inclined to join with Signor Julio de Pampedi!lo, who, in a Treatife dedicated to the King of the Two Sicilies, calls it the Serapis of the Ægyptians, and supposes it to have been fabricated about Eleven Hundred and Three Years before the Mosaic Account of the Creation.

Nov. Prodigious! and I dare swear true.

All. Oh, true, very true.

Puff. Upon my Honour, 'tis a very fine Bust; But where is de Nose?

Nov. The Nose, what care I for the Nose; Where is de Nose? Why, Sir, if it had a Nose I would not give Sixpence for it—How the Devil should we distinguish the Works of the Antients, if they were perfect?—The Nose, indeed! Why I don't suppose now, but, barring the Nose, Roubiliac could cut as good a Head every Whit—Brush, who is this man with his Nose? The Fellow should know something of something too, for he speaks broken English.

Brush. It is Mynheer Groningen, a great Con-

noisseur in Painting.

Nov. That may be, but as to Sculpture, I am his very humble Servant. A Man must know damn'd little of Statuary, that dislikes a Bust for want of a Nose.

Canto. Right, Sir—The Nose itself without the Head, nay, in another's Possession, would be an Estate—But here are behind Gentlemen and Ladies, an Equestrian Statue of Marcus Aurelus without the Horse; and a complete Statue of the Emperor Trajan, with only the Head and Legs missing; both from Herculaneum.—This Way, Gentlemen and Ladies.

Enter Lady Pentweazel, Alderman, and Caleb.

Lady. Now, Mr. Pentweazel, let us have none of your Blowbladder Breeding. Remember you are at the Court end of the Town. This is a Quality Auction.

Ald. Where of Course nothing is fold that is useful—I am tutor'd, sweet Honey.

Lady.

Lady. Caleb, keep behind, and dor't be medling. Sir——— (10 Brush.

Brush. Your Pleasure, Ma'am.

Lady. I should be glad you would inform me if there are any Lots of very fine old China. I find the Quality are grown infinitely fond of it; and I am willing to show the World, that we in the City have Taste.

Brush. 'Tis a laudable Resolution, Ma'am, and, I dare say, Mr. Canto can support—Bless me what's that? (Caleb throws down a china Dish.

Lady. That Boy, I suppose! Well, if the mischievous Brat has not broke a—and look how he stands—Sirrah, Sirrah, did I not bid you not meddle?—Leave sucking your Thumbs. What, I suppose you learnt that Trick of your Friend the Monkey in the Waggon?

Caleb. Indeed I did not go to do it, Mother.

Ald. Pr'ythee, sweet Honey, don't be so passionate. What's done can't be undone. The Loss is not great; come, come.

Brush. Mr. Alderman is in the Right. The Affair

is a Trifle, but a Twenty Guinea Job.

Lady. Twenty Guineas! You should have twen-

ty of my Teeth as-

Canto. You mean if you had them—Your Lady-ship does not know the Value of that Piece of China. It is the right old Japan of the Peagreen Kind. Lady Mandarin offer'd me, if I could match it, Fourscore Guiness for the Pair.

Lady. A fine Piece, indeed!

Puff. 'Tis ver fine.

Cateb. Indeed, Father, I did not break it. 'Twas crack'd in the Middle, and so fell a two in my Hand.

Lady. What, was it crack'd? Caleb. Yes indeed, Mother.

Lady. There, Gentlemen!

Lird. Ma'am, I would willingly fet you right in this Affair; you don't feem acquainted with these Kind of Things; therefore I have the Honour to tell you, that the Crack in the Middle is a Mark of its Antiquity, and enhances its Value; and these Gentlemen are, I dare say, of the same Opinion.

All. Oh, entirely.

Lady. You are all of a Gang, I think. A broken

Piece of China better than a whole one.

Lerd. Ma'am, I never dispute with a Lady; but this Gentleman has Taste; he is a Foreigner, and so can't be be thought prejudiced; refer it to him: the Day grows late, and I want the Auction to begin.

Ald. Sweet Honey, leave it to the Gentleman.

Lady. Well, Sir?

Puff. Ma'am, I love to serve de Lady. 'Tis a ver fine Piece of China. I was see such another Piece sell at Amsterdam for a hundred Ducats. 'Tis

ver well worth twenty Guinea.

Caleb. Mother!—Father! Never stir if that Gentleman ben't the same that we saw at the Painting Man's, that was so zivil to Mother only he has got a black Wig on, and speaks outlandish. I'll be fur enough if it e'nt a May-game.

Lady. Let me die but the Boy's in the Right. My Dear, as I'm alive, Mr. Puff, that we saw at the Limner's. I told you he was a more cleverer Man than I ever saw. Calch is right; some Matter of

Merriment, I warrant.

Puff. I wish it was. (Aside.) I no understand.

Canta.

Canto. So, Master Puff, you are caught. (Aside. Lord. This is a most unfortunate old Lady.—Ma'am, you are here under another mistake. This is Mynheer Baron de———

Lady. Mynheer Figs-ends. Can't I believe my own Eyes? What, do you think, because we

live in the City, we can't see?

Nov. Fire me, my Lord, there may be more in this than we can guess. It's worth examining into. Come, Sir, if you are Mynheer, who the Devil knows you?

Puff. I was now maister Canto mightily. Nov. Mr. Canto. do you know this Baron?

Canto. I fee the Dog will be detected, and now is my time to be even with him for his Rounds of Beef and roafting Pigs. (Afide.) I can't fay I ever faw the Gentleman before.

Nov. Oh! oh!

Lord. The Fellow is an Impostor; a palpable Cheat. Sir, I think you came from the Rhine; pray, how should you like walking into the Thames?

Nov. Or what think you, my Lord? The Rascal complain'd but now that the Bust wanted a Nose; suppose we were to supply the Deficiency with his?

Lord. But Justice, Mr. Novice.

Canto. Great Rascal, indeed, Gentlemen. If Rogues of this Stamp get once a Footing in these Assemblies, adieu to all moral Honesty. I think an Example should be made of him. But, were I to advise, he is a properer Subject for the Rabble to handle than the present Company.

All. Away with him-

Puff. Hands off. If I must suffer, it shall not be singly. Here is the obsequious Mr. Brush, and the very courtly Mr. Canto, shall be the Partners of my Distress. Know then, we all are Rogues, if the taking Advantage of the Absurdities and Follies of Mankind can be call'd Roguery. I own I have been a Cheat, and I glory in it. But what Point will you Virtuosi, you Connoisseurs, gain by the Detection? Will not the publishing of our Crimes trumpet forth your Folly?

Lord. Matchless Impudence!

Puff, My noble Lord here the Dilettanti, the Curieu, the Precieu of this Nation, what Infinite Glory will he acquire from this Story, that the Leo, the Mecænas, the Petronius, notwithstanding his exquisite Taste, has been drawn in to purchase, at an immense Expence, a Cart-load of—Rubbish!

Lord. Gentlemen and Ladies—I have the

Honour to take my leave.

Puff. Your Lordship's most obedient—When shall I send your Corregio, your St. Anthony of Padua, your Ram Cat, my good Lord?

Lord. Rascal! (Exit.

Nov. This won't do, Sir.—Tho, my Lord has

not Spirit enough. damn me if I quit you.

Puff. What, my sprightly Squire! Pray favour me with a Sight of your Oriuna.—It has the Relish; an Indisputable Antique; being a Bristol Fathing, coin'd by a Soap-boiler to pay his Journeymen in the Scarcity of Cash, and purchased for Twopence of a travelling Tinker by, Sir, your humble Servant, Timothy Puff. Ha, ha, ha!

Nov. My Oriuna a Bristol Farthing!

Puff. Most affuredly.

Nov. I'll be reveng'd Going

Puff. Stay, stay, and take your Bust, my sweet Squire; your Serapis. Two Heads, they say, are better than one; lay them together. But the Locks! how gracefully they fall all adown! so decent, and so—ha, ha, ha!

Nov. Confound you!

Puff. Why, Sir, if it had a Nose, I would not give Sixpence for it—Pray, how many Years before the Creation was it sabricated, Squire?

Nov. I shall live to see you hang'd, you Dog.

(Exit.

Puff. Nay, but, Squire; ha, ha, ha!—Now, Madam, to your Ladyship I come; to whose Discernment, aided by the Sagacity of your Son Caleb, I owe my Discovery.

Ald. Look you, don't think to abuse my Lady.

I am one of the—

Puff. Quorum—I know it, Mr. Alderman; but I mean to serve your Worship by humbling a little the Vanity of your Wife.

Lady. Come along, Chuck. I'll not stay to

hear the rafcality of the Fellow.

Puff Oh, my Lady Pentweazle, correct the Severity of that Frown, lest you should have more of the Medusa than the Medicis in your Face.

Lady. Saucy Jackanapes!

Puff. What, then, I have quite lost my City Acquaintance; why, I've promised all my Friends Tickets for my Lord Mayor's Ball, through your Ladyship's Interest.

Lady. My interest, indeed, for such a-

Puff. If Blowbladder-street has any Charms—Sir—Ma'am—Not a step—The finest Gentleman!
ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha!—And what can you fay for yourfelf, you cowardly ill-looking Rascal? (to Canto.) Desert your Friend at the first Pinch—your Ally—your Partner—No Apology, Sir—I have done with you. From Poverty and Shame I took you; to that I restore you. Your Crime be your Punishment. (Turning to the Audience.) Could I be as secure from the Censure of this Assembly as I am safe from the Resentment of Dupe, Novice, Squander; from the alluring Baits of my amorous City Lady; and the dangerous Combination of my salse Friend I should be happy.

'Tis from your Sentence I expett my Fate; Your Voice alone my Triumph can complete.

FINIS.

ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.

Α

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

WRITTEN BY

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, 38, BEDFORD STREET.

1808.



MY Bookseller informs me, that the bulk of his Readers, regarding in a work of this kind the Quantity more than the Quality, will not be contented without an additional half-sheet; and he apprehends that a short Dedication will answer the purpose.

But as I have no obligations to any great man or woman in this country, and as I will take care that no production of mine shall want their patronage, I don't know any person whose good offices I so much stood in need of as my Bookseller's: Therefore, Mr. Vaillant, I think myself obliged to you for the correctness of the Press, the beauty of the Type, and the goodness of the Paper, with which you have decorated this work of

Your humble Servant,

SAM. FOOTE.

Pall-Mall, April 21, 1753.

PROLOGUE,

BETWEEN

Mr. MACKLIN AND HIS WIFE.

She.

To contradict me!—Blockhead! Ideot! Fool! Sot!

He. But amidst these hard names, our dispute is forgot.

To contradict you I know is high-treason;

For the will of a wife is always her reason.

She. No, sir, for once, I'll give up my pretension, And submit to the Pit our cause of dissention.

He. I agree; for the Pit is our natural lord.

She. —Hey! How come you to claim the first word? Gentlemen, my husband and I have had a dispute, Where the difference lies 'twixt a man and a brute; Which we beg, whilst the folks for the farce are preparing, You would please to decide, and give us the hearing. —Hem! Hem!—

After Plutarch of Rome! and Virgil of Greece! And Iliads, and Eniends, and authors like these; I boldly affirm, deny it who can, That in laughter consists the true essence of man: Whilst my husband—

He. ——— Nay, pray let me state my own case, And I'll make it as clear as the nose in your face, That hissing in man preserves the first place.

To begin then with Critics:—'Tis their capital bliss, Than to laugh—don't you find it more pleafing to hiss? In this all agree;—Jews! Infidels! Turks!

She. I grant it, sweet sir,—if you mean at your works.

Yet even 'gainst that I've a potent objection;
For every rule still has its exception:
Tho' they hiss'd at your farces, your Pasquin, and stuff,
At your Tragedy sure they laugh'd hearty enough.
And again, Mr. Wiseman, regard the world round,
'Tis in mankind alone that laughter is found;
Whilst your favourite hissing, sage sir, if you please,
You enjoy but in common with serpents and geese.

She. And arn't you ashamed—('tis no time to dissemble,)
O Critics! these creatures in this to resemble?

He. Not a jot; in this place 'tis of singular use,
Of bad poets and players to reform the abuse.
In the practice, kind sirs! were I fit to advise,
The hissing like geese I would have you despise,
And copy the serpent,—be subtle and wise,
But free from his venom.—Well, sirs! what d'ye say?
Is your judgment—

She. Let us wait 'till the end of the play: In the progress of that we shall easily find, Whether laughing or hissing is most to their mind.

He. I'm sure they will hiss.

She. And I hope they'll be kind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BUCK,
SIR JOHN BUCK,
SUBTLE,
CLASSIC,
MARQUIS,
DANCING-MASTER,
ROGER,

MRS. SUBTLE, LUCINDA, Mr. Palmer.
Mr. Wrighten,
Mr. Waldron.
Mr. Packer.
Mr. Lamash.
Mr. R. Palmer.
Mr. Griffith.

Mrs. Love. Miss Collet

Servants, &c.

ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mr. Subtle and Mr. Classic.

Mr. Subtle.

WELL, well, that may be; but still I say that a Frenchman—

Classic. Is a fop; it is their national disease; not one of the qualities for which you celebrate them, but owes its origin to a foible; their taste is trifling, their gaiety grimace, and their politeness pride.

Mr. Sub. Hey-dey! Why what the duce brings

you to Paris then?

Class. A debt to Friendship; not but I think a short residence here a very necessary part in every man of fashion's education.

Mr. Sub. Where's the use?

Class. In giving them a true relish for their own domestic happiness, a proper veneration for their national liberties; a contempt for adulation; and an honour for the extended, generous commerce of

their country.

Mr. Sub. Why there, indeed, you have the preference, master Classic; the traders here are a sharp set; cozening people; foreigners are their food; civilities with a—Aye! aye! a congee for a crown, and a shrug for a shilling; devilish dear, master Classic, devilish dear.

Class. To avoid their exactions, we are, Mr.

Subtle, recommended to your protection.

Mr. Sub. Aye! and wisely they did who recommended you: buy nothing but on mine or my lady's recommendation, and you are safe. But where was your charge? Where was Mr. Buck last night? My lady made a party at cards on purpose for him, and my ward Lucinda is mightily taken with him; she longs to see him again.

Class. I am afraid with the same set his father sent him hither to avoid; but we must endeavour to inspire him with a taste for the gallantries of this court, and his passion for the lower amusements of

ours will diminish of course.

Mr. Sub. All the fraternity of men-makers are for that purpose without; taylors, peruquiers, hatters, hosiers—Is not that Mr. Buck's English servant?

Enter Roger.

Class. Oh! aye, honest Roger. So, the old doings, Roger; what time did your master come home?

Rog. Between five and six, pummell'd to a jelly: Here been two of his old comrades follow'd un already; I count we shall ha' the whole gang in a se'nnight.

Class. Comrades, who?

Rog. Dick Daylight and Bob Breadbasket the bruisers: They all went to the shew together, where they had the devil to pay; belike they had been sent to Bridewell, hadn't a great gentleman in a blue string come by and releas'd them.—I hear master's bell; do, master Classic, step up and talk to'un; he's now sober, and may hearken to reason.

Class. I attend him. Mr. Subtle, you won't be out of the way.

Mr. Sub. I shall talk a little with the trades-

men. A smoaky fellow this Classic; but if Lucinda plays her cards well, we have not much to fear from that quarter: contradiction seems to be the life and soul of young Buck.—A tolerable expedition this, if it succeeds — Fleece the Younker!—Pshaw, that's a thing of course!—but by his means to get rid of Lucinda, and securely pocket her patrimony;—aye! that indeed—

Enter Mrs. Subtle.

Oh! wife! Have you open'd the plot? Does the

girl come into it greedily, hey?

Mrs. Sub. A little squeamish at first; but I have opened her eyes. Never fear, my dear, sooner or later women will attend to their interest.

Mr. Sub. Their interest! aye, that's true; but consider, my dear, how deeply our own interest is

concern'd, and let that quicken your zeal.

Mrs. Sub. D'ye think I am blind? But the girl has got such whimsical notions of honour, and is withal so decent and modest: I wonder where the duce she got it; I am sure it was not in my house.

Mr. Sub. How does she like Buck's person.

Mrs. Sub. Well enough! But prythee, husband, leave her to my management, and consider we have more irons in the fire than one. Here is the Marquis de Soleil to meet Madam de Farde tonight,—and where to put 'em, unless we can have Buck's apartment—Oh! by the bye, has Count Cog sent you your share out of Mr. Puntwell's losings a Thursday?

Mr. Sub. I intend calling on him this morning. Mrs. Sub. Don't tail! He's a slippery chap you

know.

Mr. Sub. There's no fear. Well, but our pretty countrywoman lays about her handsomely! Ha!—Hearts by hundreds! Hum!

Mrs. Sub. Aye! that's a noble prize, if we could but manage her; but she's so indiscreet, that she'll

be blown before we have made half our market. I am this morning to give audience on her score, to two counts and a foreign minister.

Mr. Sub. Then strike whilst the iron's hot: but they'll be here before I can talk to my people; send

'em in prythee.

Enter Tradesmen.

Mr. Sub. So, gentlemen; Oh! hush! we are interrupted: if they ask for your bills, you have left them at home.

Enter Buck, Classic, and Roger.

Buck. Ecod, I don't know how it ended, but I remember how it begun. Oh! master Subtle, how do'st, old buck, hey? Give's thy paw! And little Lucy, how fares it with she? Hum!

Mr. Sub. What has been the matter, squire?

Your face seems a little in deshabille.

Buck. A touch of the times, old boy! a small skirmish; after I was down tho', a set of cowardly sons of —; there's George and I will box any five for their sum.

Mr. Sub. But how happen'd it? The French

are generally civil to strangers.

Buck. Oh! damn'd civil! to fall seven or eight upon three: seven or eight! Ecod we had the whole house upon us at last.

Mr. Sub. But what had you done?

Buck. Done! Why nothing at all! But wounds! how the powder flew about, and the monsieurs scour'd.

Mr. Sub. But what offence had either they or

you committed?

Buck. Why I was telling domine last night; Dick Daylight, Bob Breadbasket, and I, were walking through one of their rues I think they call them here, they are streets in London; but they have such devilish out-of-the-way names for things,

that there is no remembering them: so we see crowds of people going into a house, and Comedy pasted over the door; in we troop'd with the rest, pay'd our cash, and sat down on the stage: presently they had a dance; and one of the young women with long hair trailing behind her, stood with her back to a rail just by me: ecod what does me! for nothing in the world but a joke, as I hope for mercy, but ties her locks to the rail; so when 'twas herturn to figure out, souse she flapp'd on her back; 'twas devilish comical, but they set up such an uproar, one whey-fac'd son of a bitch, that came to loose the woman, turn'd up his nose, and call'd me bête; ecod, I lent him a lick in his lanthorn jaws, that will make him remember the spawn of old Marlborough, I warrant him. Another came up to second him, but I let drive at the mark, made the soup-maigre rumble in his bread-basket, and laid him sprawling. Then in pour'd a million of them; I was knock'd down in a trice; and what happen'd after I know no more than you. But where's Lucy? I'll go see her.

Class. Oh fie! Ladies are treated here with a little more ceremony: Mr. Subtle too has collected these people, who are to equip you for the conver-

sation of the ladies.

Buck. Wounds! all these! What, Mr. Subtle,

these are Mounseeres too I suppose?

Mr. Sub. No! squire, they are English-men. Fashion has ordain'd, that as you employ none but foreigners at home, you must take up with your own countrymen here.

Class. It is not in this instance alone we are particular, Mr. Subtle; I have observ'd many of our pretty gentlemen, who condescend to use entirely their native language here, sputter nothing but bad French in the side-boxes at home.

Buck. Look you, sir, as to you, and your wife, and miss Lucy, I like you all well enough; but the

devil a good thing else have I seen since I lost sight of Dover; the men are all puppies, mincing and dancing, and chattering, and grinning; the women a parcel of painted dolls: their food's fit for hogs; and as for their language, let them learn it that like it, I'll none on't; no, nor their frippery neither: so here you may all march to the place from whence you—Harkee! What are you an Englishman?

Barber. Yes, sir.

Buck. Domine! look here, what a monster the monkey has made of himself! Sirrah, if your string was long enough, I'd do your business myself, you dog, to sink a bold Briton into such a sneaking, snivelling—the rascal looks as if he had not had a piece of beef and pudding in his paunch these twenty years; I'll be hang'd if the rogue ha'nt been fed upon frogs ever since he came over. Away with your trumpery!

Class. Mr. Buck, a compliance with the customs of the country in which we live, where neither our religion or morals are concern'd, is a duty we owe

ourselves.

Mr. Sub. Besides, squire, Lucinda expects that you should usher her to public places, which it would be impossible to do in that dress.

Buck. Why not?

Mr. Sub. You'd be mobb'd.

Buck. Mobb'd! I should be glad to see that—No! no! they ha'nt spirit enough to mob here; but come, since these fellows here are English, and it is the fashion, try on your fooleries.

Mr. Sub. Mr. Dauphine, come produce — Upon my word, in an elegant taste, sir: this gentleman

has had the honour-

Dauph. To work for all the beaux esprits of the court. My good fortune commenc'd by a small alteration in a cut of the corner of the sleeve for count Crib; but the addition of a ninth plait in the skirt of marshal Tonerre, was applauded by madam la

duchess Rambouillet, and totally establish'd the reputation of your humble servant.

Buck. Hold your jaw and dispatch.

Mr. Sub. A word with you—I don't think it impossible to get you acquainted with madam de Rambouillet.

Buck. An't she a papist? Mr. Sub. Undoubtedly.

Buck. Then I'll ha' nothing to say to her.

Mr. Sub. Oh! fie! Who minds the religion of a pretty woman? Besides, all this country are of the same.

Buck. For that reason I don't care how soon I get out of it: come, let's get rid of you all as soon as we can. And what are you, hey?

Barb. Je suis peruquier, monsieur.

Buck. Speak English, you son of a whore.

Barb. I am a periwig-maker, sir.

Buck. Then why could not you say so at first? What are you asham'd of your mother tongue? I knew this fellow was a puppy by his pig-tail. Come

let's see your handy work.

Barb. As I found you were in a hurry, I have brought you, sir, something that will do for the present: but a peruque is a different ouvrage, another sort of a thing here, from what it is en Angleterre; we must consult the colour of the complexion, and the tour devisage, the form of the face; for which end, it will be necessary to regard your countenance in different lights:—A little to the right, if you please.

Buck. Why you dog, d'ye think I'll submit to be

exercised by you?

Barb. Oh mon Dieu! monsieur, if you don't, it will be impossible to make your wig comme il faut.

Buck. Sirrah, speak another French word, and

I'll kick you down stairs.

Barb. Gad's curse! Would you resemble some of your countrymen, who at their first importation

with nine hairs of a side to a brawny pair of cheeks, look like a Saracen's head! Or else their water-gruel jaws, sunk in a thicket of curls, appear, for all the world, like a lark in a soup-dish!

Mr. Sub. Come Squire, submit; 'tis but for

once.

Buck. Well, what must I do?

[Places him in a chair.

Barb. To the right, sir;—now to the left;—now your full;—and now, sir, I'll do your business.

Mr. Sub. Look at yourself a little; see what a revolution this has occasion'd in your whole figure.

Buck. Yes! a bloody pretty figure indeed! But 'tis a figure I am damnably asham'd of: I would not be seen by Jack Wildfire or Dick Riot for fifty pounds, in this trim, for all that.

Mr. Sub. Upon my honour, dress greatly im-

proves you. Your opinion, Mr. Classic.

Class. They do mighty well, sir; and in a little

time Mr. Buck will be easy in them.

Buck. Shall I! I am glad on't, for I am damnably uneasy at present, Mr. Subtle. What must I do now?

Mr. Sub. Now, sir, if you'll call upon my wife, you'll find Lucinda with her, and I'll wait on you

presently.

Buck. Come along, domine! But harkee, Mr. Subtle, I'll out of my tramels, when I hunt with the king.

Mr. Sub. Well! Well!

Buck. I'll on with my jemmys; none of your black bags and jack boots for me.

Mr. Sub. No! No!

Buck. I'll shew them the odds on't! old Silvertail! I will! Hey!

Mr.Sub. Ay! ay!

Buck. Hedge, stake, or stile! over we go!

Mr. Sub. Ay! but Mr. Classic waits. Buck. But d'ye think they'll follow?

Mr. Sub. Oh no! impossible!

Buck. Did I tell you what a chace she carry'd me last Christmas Eve? We unkennell'd at ---

Mr. Sub. I am busy now; at any other time.

Buck. You'll follow us. I have sent for my hounds and horses.

Mr. Sub. Have you?

Buck. They shall make the tour of Europe with me: and then there's Tom Atkins the huntsman, the two whippers-in, and little Joey the groom comes with them. Dammy, what a strange place they'll think this? But no matter for that; then we shall be company enough of ourselves. But you'll follow us in?

Mr. Sub. In ten minutes!—An impertinent jackanapes! But I shall soon ha' done with him. So, gentlemen; well, you see we have a good subject to work upon. Harkee, Dauphine, I must have more than 20 per cent. out of that suit.

Dauph. Upon my soul, Mr. Subtle, I can't. Mr. Sub. Why I have always that upon new. Dauph. New! sir! Why as I hope to be—

Mr. Sub. Come, don't lie; don't damn yourself, Dauphine; don't be a rogue; did not I see at madam Fripon's that waistcoat and sleeves upon colonel Crambo?

Dauph. As to the waistcoat and sleeves, I own —but for the body and lining—may I never see— Mr. Sub. Come, don't be a scoundrel; five and

thirty, or I've done.

Dauph. Well, if I must, I must.

Mr. Sub. Oh! Solitaire! I can't pay that draft of Mr. — these six weeks; I want money.

Soli. Je suis dans le meme cas— Je—

Mr. Sub. What d'ye mutiny, rascal? About your Exeunt. business, or— I must keep these fellows under, or I shall have a fine time on't; they know they can't do without me.

Enter Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. Sub. The Calais letters! my dear.

Mr. Sub. (reads) Ah! ah! Calais—the Dover packet arrived last night, loading as follows: six taylors, ditto barbers, five milliners, bound for Paris to study fashions; four citizens come to settle here for a month by way of seeing the country; ditto their wives; ten French valets, with nine cooks, all from Newgate, where they had been sent for robbing their masters; nine figure-dancers, exported in September ragged and lean, imported well clad and in good case: twelve dogs, ditto bitches, with two monkies, and a litter of puppies, from mother Midnight's in the Haymarket: A precious cargo!-Postscript. One of the coasters is just put in with his grace the duke of ----, my lord ---, and an old gentleman, whose name I can't learn. Gadso! well, my dear, I must run, and try to secure these customers; there's no time to be lost: mean while-

Enter Classic.

So, master Classic; what, have you left the young

couple together?

Class. They want your ladyship's presence, madam, for a short tour to the Tuilleries. I have received some letters which I must answer immediately.

Mr. Sub. Oh! Well! Well! no ceremony; we are all of a family you know. Servant. [Exit.

Class. Roger!

Enter Roger.

Rog. Anon!

Class. I have just received a letter from your old master; he was landed at Calais, and will be this evening at Paris. It is absolutely necessary that this circumstance should be conceal'd from his son; for which purpose you must wait at the Piccardy

gate, and deliver a letter I shall give you, into his own hand.

Rog. I'll warrant you.

Class. But, Roger, be secret.

Rog. Oh! lud! Never you fear!

Class. So, Mr. Subtle, I see your aim. A pretty lodging we have hit upon; the mistress a commode, and the master a—But who can this ward be? Possibly the neglected punk of some riotous man of quality. 'Tis lucky Mr. Buck's father is arriv'd, or my authority would prove but an insufficient match for my pupil's obstinacy. This mad boy! How difficult, how disagreeable a task have I undertaken? And how general, yet how dangerous an experiment is it to expose our youth, in the very fire and fury of their blood, to all the follies and extravagance of this fantastic court? Far different was the prudent practice of our forefathers:

They scorn'd to truck, for base, unmanly arts,
Their native plainness, and their honest hearts;
Whene'er they deign'd to visit haughty France,
'Twas arm'd with bearded dart, and pointed lance.
No pompous pageants lur'd their curious eye,
No charms for them had fops or flattery;
Paris they knew, their Streamers wav'd around,
There Britons saw a British Harry crown'd.
Far other views attract our modern race,
Trulls, toupees, trinkets, bags, brocades, and lace;
A flaunting form, and a fictitious face.
Rouse! re-assume! refuse a Gallic reign,
Nor let their arts win that their arms could never gain.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

Enter Mr. Classic and Roger.

Roger.

OLD maister's at a coffee-house next street, and

will tarry till you send for 'un.

Class. Bye and bye, in the dusk, bring him up the back stairs. You must be careful that nobody sees him.

Rog. I warrant you.

Class. Let sir John know, that I would wait on him myself, but I don't think it safe to quit the house an instant.

Rog. Ay, ay. [Exit Roger.

Class. I suppose, by this time, matters are pretty well settled within, and my absence only wanted to accomplish the scene; but I shall take care to Oh! Mr. Subtle and his lady.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! delightfully! Now, my dearest, I hope you will no longer dispute my abilities for forming a female.

Mr. Sub. Never, never: How the baggage

leer'd!

Mrs. Sub. And the booby gap'd!

Mr. Sub. So kind, and yet so coy; so free, but then so reserv'd: Oh! she has him!

Mrs. Sub. Ay! ay! the fish is hook'd; but then safely to land him.——Is Classic suspicious?

Mr. Sub. Not that I observe; but the secret must

soon be blaz'd.

Mrs. Sub. Therefore dispatch: I have laid a trap to enflame his affection.

Mr. Sub. How?

Mrs. Sub. He shall be treated with a display of Lucy's talents; her singing, dancing.

Mr. Sub. Pshaw! her singing and dancing! Mrs. Sub. Ah! you don't know, husband, half the force of these accomplishments in a fashionable figure.

Mr. Sub. I doubt her execution.

Mrs. Sub. You have no reason; she does both well enough to flatter a fool; especially with love for her second: Besides, I have a coup de maitre, a sure card.

Mr. Sub. What's that?

Mrs. Sub. A rival.

Mr. Sub. Who?
Mrs. Sub. The language-master: He may be easily equipt for the expedition; a second-hand tawdry suit of cloaths will pass him on our countryman for a marquis; and then, to excuse his speaking our language so well, he may have been educated early in England. But hush! the squire approaches; don't seem to observe him.

Enter Buck.

For my part, I never saw any thing so alter'd since I was born: In my conscience, I believe she's in love with him.

Buck. Hush! [Aside.]

Mr. Sub. D'ye think so?
Mrs. Sub. Why, where's the wonder? he's a pretty, good-humour'd, sprightly fellow; and, for the time, such an improvement! Why he wears his cloaths as easily, and moves as genteely, as if he had been at Paris these twenty years.

Mr. Sub. Indeed! How does he dance?

Mrs. Sub. Why he has had but three lessons from Marseil, and he moves already like Dupré. Oh! three months stay here will render him a perfect model for the English court.

Mr. Sub. Gadso! No wonder then, with these qualities, that he has caught the heart of my ward; but we must take care that the girl does nothing

imprudent.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! dismiss your fears; her family, good sense, and more than all, her being educated under my eye, render them unnecessary: Besides, Mr. Buck is too much a man of honour to-

He interrupts them.

Buck. Damn me, if I an't.

Mrs. Sub. Bless me! sir! you here! I did not ex-

pect-

Buck. I beg pardon; but all that I heard was, that Mr. Buck was a man of honour. I wanted to have some chat with you, madam, in private.

Mr. Sub. Then I'll withdraw. You see I dare

trust you alone with my wife.

Buck. So you may safely; I have other game in

view. Servant, Mr. Subtle.

Mrs. Sub. Now for a puzzling scene; I long to know how he'll begin. Well, Mr. Buck, your commands with me, Sir.

Buck. Why, madam,—I ah—I ah—— but let's shut the door: I was, madam,——ah! ah! Can't

you guess what I want to talk about.

Mrs. Sub. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Buck. Well, but try; upon my soul I'll tell you if you're right.

Mrs. Sub. It will be impossible for me to di-

vine: But come, open a little.

Buck. Why, have you observed nothing?

Mrs. Sub. About who? Buck. Why, about me!

Mrs. Sub. Yes; you are new dress'd, and your cloaths become you.

Buck. Yes! Pretty well; but it an't that.

Mrs. Sub. What is it?

Buck. Why, ah! ah!—Upon my soul, I can't bring it out.

Mrs. Sub. Nay, then it's to no purpose to wait;

Write your mind.

Buck. No! No! Stop a moment, and I will tell.

Mrs. Sub. Be expeditious, then.

Buck. Why, I wanted to talk about Miss Lucinda.

Mrs. Sub. What of her?

Buck. She's a bloody fine girl; and I should be

glad to----

Mrs. Sub. To—Bless me! What! Mr. Buck! And in my house! Oh! Mr. Buck, you have deceiv'd me! Little did I think, that, under the appearance of so much honesty, you could go to—ruin the poor girl.

Buck. Upon my soul you're mistaken.

Mrs. Sub. A poor orphan too! Deprived in her earliest infancy of a father's prudence, and a mother's care.

Buck. Why I tell you-

Mrs. Sub. So sweet, so lovely an innocence; her mind as spotless as her person.

Buck. Hey-day!

Mrs. Sub. And me, Sir! Where had you your thoughts of me? How dar'd you suppose that I would connive at such a—

Buck. The woman's bewitch'd!

Mrs. Sub. I! whose untainted reputation the blistering tongue of slander never blasted. Full fifteen years, in wedlock's sacred bands, have I liv'd unreproached; and now to—

Buck. Odds fury! She's in heroics!

Mrs. Sub. And this from you too, whose fair outside and bewitching tongue had so far lull'd my fears, I dar'd have trusted all my daughters, nay, myself too, singly, with you.

Buck. Upon my soul! and so you might safely. Mrs. Sub. Well, sir, and what have you to urge

in your defence?

Buck. Oh! oh! What you are got pretty wel to the end of your line, are you? And now, if you'l

be quiet a bit, we may make a shift to understand one another a little.

Mrs. Sub. Be quick, and ease me of my fears.

Buck. Ease you of your fears! I don't know how the devil you got them. All that I wanted to say was, that Miss Lucy was a fine wench; and if she was as willing as me, ---

Mrs. Sub. Willing! Sir! What demon — Buck. If you are in your airs again, I may as well decamp.

Mrs. Sub. I am calm; go on.

Buck. Why that if she lik'd me, as well as I lik'd her, we might, perhaps, if you lik'd it too, be

married together.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! Sir! if that was indeed your drift, I am satisfy'd. But don't indulge your wish too much; there are numerous obstacles; your father's consent, the law of the land,

Buck. What laws?

Mrs. Sub. All clandestine marriages are void in

this country.

Buck. Damn the country: In London now a footman may drive to May-Fair, and in five minutes be tack'd to a countess; but there's no liberty here.

Mrs. Sub. Some inconsiderate couples have indeed gone off post to protestant states; but I hope

my ward will have more prudence.

Buck. Well, well, leave that to me. D'ye think

she likes me?

Mrs. Sub. Why, to deal candidly with you, she does.

Buck. Does she, by

Mrs. Sub. Calm your transports.

Buck. Well! But how? She did not, did she!

Hey! Come now, tell -

Mrs. Sub. I hear her coming; this is her hour for music and dancing.

Buck. Could I not have a peep? Mrs. Sub. Withdraw to this corner.

Enter Lucinda, with Singing and Dancing-Masters.

Luc. The news, the news, monsieur Gamut; I die, if I have not the first intelligence! What's doing at Versailles? When goes the court to Mar-li? Does Rameau write the next opera? What say the critics of Voltaire's Duc de Foix? Answer me all in a breath!

Buck. A brave-spirited girl! She'll take a five-

barr'd gate in a fortnight!

Gamut. The conversation of the court your ladyship has engross'd, ever since you last honour'd it

with your appearance.

Luc. Oh! you flatterer! have I! Well and what fresh victims? But 'tis impossible; the sunshine of a northern beauty is too feeble to thaw the icy heart of a French courtier.

Gam. What injustice to your own charms and

our discernment!

Luc. Indeed! nay, I care not; if I have fire enough to warm one British bosom, rule! rule! ye Paris belles! I envy not your conquests.

Mrs. Sub. Meaning you.

Buck. Indeed!

Mrs. Sub. Certain!

Buck. Hush!

Luc. But come, a truce to gallantry, Gamut, and to the business of the day: Oh! I am quite enchanted with this new instrument; 'tis so languishing and so portable, and so soft and so silly: But come, for your last lesson.

Gam. D'ye like the words?

Luc. Oh! charming! They are so melting, and easy, and elegant. Now for a coup d'essai.

Gam. Take care of your expression; let your eyes and address accompany the sound and sentiment.

Luc. But, dear Gamut, if I am out, don't interrupt me; correct me afterwards.

Gam. Allons, commencés.

SONG.

T.

PAR un matin Lisette se leva, Et dans un bois seulette s'en alla.

Ta, la, la.

II.

Elle cherchoit des nids de ça de la, Dans un buisson le rossignol chanta.

Ta, la, la.

III.

Tout doucement elle s'en approcha, Savez vous bien, ce qu'elle denicha.

Ta, la, la.

IV.

C'étoit l'Amour, l'Amour l'attendoit la, Le bel oiseau dit elle que voila.

Ta, la, la,

V.

La pauvre enfant le prit, le caressa, Sous son mouchoir en riant le plaça.

Ta, la, la.

VI.

Son petit cœur aussitot s'enflama, Elle gemit, et ne sçait ce quelle a.

Ta, la, la.

VII.

Elle s' en va se plaindre à son papa, En lui parlant la belle soupira.

Ta, la, la.

VIII.

Le bon papa qui s'en doutoit deja, Lui dit je sçais un remede à cela.

Ta, la, la.

IX.

Il prit l'Amour, les ailes lui coupa, D'un double noeud fertement le lia,

Ta, la, la.

Χ.

Dans la voliere aussitot l'enferma, Chantez Fripon autant qu'il vous plaira.

Ta, la, la.

XI.

Heureusement la belle s'en tira, Mais on n'a pas toujours ce secret la.

Ta, la, la.

XII.

Jeune beauté que l'Amour guetera, Craignez le tour qu' à Lissette il joua.

Ta, la, la.

Gam. Bravo! Bravo!

Buck. Bravo! Bravissimo! My lady, what was the song about? [Aside to my lady.

Mrs. Sub. Love: 'Tis her own composing. Buck. What, does she make verses then?

Mrs. Sub. Finely. I take you to be the subject of these.

Buck. Ah! D'ye think so? Gad! I thought by her ogling 'twas the music-man himself.

Luc. Well, Mr. Gamut; tolerably well, for so

young a scholar.

Gam. Inimitably, madam! Your ladyship's progress will undoubtedly fix my fortune.

Enter Servant.

Luc. Your servant, sir.

Ser. Madam, your dancing-master, monsieur Kitteau.

Luc. Admit him.

Enter Kitteau.

Monsieur Kitteau, I can't possibly take lesson this

morning, I am so busy; but if you please, I'll just hobble over a minuet by way of exercise.

Enter a Servant. [After the Dance.

Ser. Monsieur le marquis de -

Luc. Admit him this instant.

Mrs. Sub. A lover of Lucinda, a Frenchman of fashion, and vast fortune.

Buck. Never heed; I'll soon do his business,

I'll warrant you.

Enter Marquis.

Luc. My dear marquis!

Marq. Ma chere adorable! 'Tis an age since I saw you.

Luc. Oh! An eternity! But 'tis your own

fault, though.

Marq. My misfortune, ma princesse! But now I'll redeem my error, and root for ever here.

Buck. I shall make a shift to transplant you, I

believe.

Luc. You can't conceive how your absence has distress'd me. Demand of these gentlemen the melancholy mood of my mind.

Marq. But now that I am arriv'd, we'll dance and sing, and drive care to the — Ha! monsieur

Kitteau! have you practis'd this morning?

Luc. I had just given my hand to Kitteau be-

fore you came.

Marq. I was in hopes that honour would have been reserved for me. May I flatter myself that your ladyship will do me the honour of venturing upon the fatigue of another minuet this morning with me?

[Takes her hand.]

Enter Buck briskly.

Buck. Not that you know of, monsieur.

Marq. Hey! Diable! Quelle bête!

Buck. Harkee, monsieur Ragout, if you repeat

that word bête, I shall make you swallow it again, as I did last night one of your countrymen.

Marg. Quel sauvage!

Buck. And another word; as I know you can speak very good English, if you will. When you don't, I shall take it for granted you're abusing me, and treat you accordingly.

Marq. Cavalier enough! But you are protected here. Mademoiselle, who is this officious gentleman? How comes he interested? Some relation, I

suppose.

Buck. No; I'm a lover.

Marq. Oh! oh! a rival! Eh morbleu! a dangerous one too. Ha! ha! Weil, monsieur, what, and I suppose you presume to give laws to this lady; and are determin'd, out of your very great and singular affection, to knock down every mortal she likes, A-la mode d'Angleterre; hey! monsieur Roast-Beef!

Buck. No; but I intend that lady for my wife; consider her as such, and don't chuse to have her soil'd by the imperinent addresses of every French fop, A la-mode de Paris, monsieur Fricassy!

Marq. Fricassy!

Buck. We.

Luc. A truce; a truce, I beseech you, gentlemen: It seems I am the golden prize for which you plead; produce your pretensions; you are the representatives of your respective countries: begin, marquis, for the honour of France; let me hear what advantages I am to derive from a conjugal union with you.

Marq. Abstracted from those which I think are pretty visible; a perpetual residence in this Paradise of pleasures; to be the object of universal adoration; to say what you please, go where you will, do what you like, form fashions, hate your husband, and let him see it; indulge your gallant, and let t'other know it; run in debt, and oblige the poor devil to pay it. He! ma chere! There are

pleasures for you!

Luc. Bravo! marquis! These are allurements for a woman of spirit. But don't let us conclude too hastily; hear the other side: what have you to offer, Mr. Buck, in favour of England?

Buck. Why, madam, for a woman of spirit, they give you the same advantages in London as at Paris, with a privilege forgot by the marquis, an indisputable right to cheat at cards in spite of detection.

Marq. Pardon me, sir, we have the same; but I thought this privilege so known and universal,

that 'twas needless to mention it.

Buck. You'll give up nothing, I find; but to tell you my blunt thoughts in a word, if any woman can be so abandon'd, as to rank amongst the comforts of matrimony, the privilege of hating her husband, and the liberty of committing every folly and every vice contained in your catalogue, she may stay single for me; for damn me, if I'm a husband fit for her humour; that's all.

Marq. I told you, mademoiselle!

Luc. But stay, what have you to offer as coun-

terbalance for these pleasures?

Buck. Why, I have, madam, courage to protect you, good nature to indulge your love, and health enough to make gallants useless, and too good a fortune to render running in debt necessary. Find that here if you can.

Marq. Bagatelle!

Luc. Spoke with the sincerity of a Briton; and as I don't perceive that I shall have any use for the fashionable liberties you propose, you'll pardon, marquis, my national prejudice; here's my hand, Mr. Buck.

Buck. Servant, Monsieur.

Marq. Serviteur! Buck. No offence!

Marq. Not in the least; I am only afraid the reputation of that lady's taste will suffer a little; and to shew her at once the difference of her choice, the preference, which, if bestowed on me, would not fail to exasperate you, I support without murmuring; so that favour, which would probably have provok'd my fate, is now your protection. Voila la politesse Françoise, madam; I have the honour to be——Bon jour, monsieur. Tol de rol.

Exit Marg.

Buck. The fellow bears it well. Now if you'll give me your hand, we'll in, and settle matters with Mr. Subtle.

Luc. 'Tis now my duty to obey.

Exeunt.

Enter Roger, peeping about.

Rog. The coast is clear; sir, sir, you may come in now, master Classic.

Enter Mr. Classic and the Father.

Class. Roger, watch at the door. I wish, Sir John, I could give you a more chearful welcome, but we have no time to lose in ceremony; you are arrived in the critical minute; two hours more would have plac'd the inconsiderate couple out of the reach of pursuit.

Father. How can I acknowledge your kindness? You have preserved my son; you have sav'd——

Class. I have done my duty; but of that-Rog. Maister and the young woman's coming. Class. Sir John, place yourself here, and be a witness how near a crisis is the fate of your family.

Enter Buck and Lucinda.

Buck. Pshaw! What signifies her? 'Tis odds whether she'd consent, from the fear of my father. Besides, she told me, we could never be married

here; and so pack up a few things, and we'll off

in a post-chaise directly.

Luc. Stay, Mr. Buck. lef me have a moment's reflection. What am I about! contriving in concert with the most profligate couple that ever disgrac'd human nature, to impose an indigent orphan on the sole representative of a wealthy and honorable family! Is this a character becoming my birth and education? What must be the consequence? Sure detection and contempt, contempt even from him, when his passions cool.—I have resolv'd, sir.

Buck. Madam.

Luc. As the expedition we are upon the point of taking is to be a lasting one, we ought not to be over-hasty in our resolution.

Buck. Pshaw! Stuff! When a thing's resolv'd,

the sooner 'tis over the better.

Luc. But before it is absolutely resolv'd, give me leave to beg an answer to two questions.

Buck. Make haste then.
Luc. What are your thoughts of me?

Buck. Thoughts! Nay, I don't know; why that you are a sensible, civil, handsome, handy girl, and will make a devilish good wife. That's all I think.

Luc. But of my rank and fortune?

Buck. Mr. Subtle says they are both great; but that's no business of mine, I was always determin'd to marry for love.

Luc. Generously said! My birth, I believe, won't disgrace you; but for my fortune, your friend, Mr. Subtle, I fear, has anticipated you there.

Buck. Much good may it do him; I have enough for both. But we lose time, and may be prevented.

Luc. By whom?

Buck. By domine; or perhaps father may come.

Luc. Your father!—You think he would prevent you then.

Buck. Perhaps he would.

Luc. And why?

Buck. Nay, I don't know; but pshaw! 'zooks! this is like saying one's catechise.

Luc. But don't you think your father's consent

necessary?

Buck. No! Why 'tis I am to be married, and not he. But come along, old fellows love to be obstinate; but ecod I am as mulish as he; and to tell you the truth, if he had propos'd me a wife, that would have been reason enough to make me dislike her; and I don't think I should be half so hot about marrying you, only I thought 'twould plague the old fellow damnably. So, my pretty partner, come along; let's have no more

Enter Father and Classic.

Fath. Sir, I am oblig'd to you for this declaration, as to it I owe the entire subjection of that paternal weakness which has hitherto suspended the correction your abandon'd libertinism has long provok'd. You have forgot the duty you owe a father, disclaim'd my protection, cancell'd the natural covenant between us; 'tis time I now should give you up to the guidance of your own guilty passions, and treat you as a stranger to my blood for ever.

Buck. I told you what would happen, if he

should come; but you may thank yourself.

Fath. Equally weak as wicked, the dupe of a raw, giddy girl. But proceed, sir; you have nothing farther to fear from me; compleat your project, and add her ruin to your own.

Buck. Sir, as to me, you may say what you please, but for the green that the same of the sa

please; but for the young woman, she does not deserve it; but now she wanted me to get your consent, and told me that she had never a penny of portion into the bargain.

Fath. A stale, obvious artifice! She knew the discovery of the fraud must follow close on your inconsiderate marriage, and would then plead the merits of her prior candid discovery. The lady, doubtless, sir, has other secrets to disclose; but, as her cunning reveal'd the first, her policy will preserve the rest.

Luc. What secrets?

Buck. Be quiet, I tell you; let him alone, and he'll cool of himself by and by.

Luc. Sir, I am yet the protectress of my own honour; in justice to that, I must demand an explanation. What secrets, sir!

Fath. Oh! perhaps a thousand! But I am to blame to call them secrets; the customs of this gay country give sanction, and stamp merit upon vice; and vanity will here proclaim what modesty would elsewhere blush to whisper.

Luc. Modesty!—You suspect my virtue then!

Fath. You are a lady; but the fears of a father may be permitted to neglect a little your plan of politeness: Therefore to be plain; from your residence in this house, from your connection with these people, and from the scheme which my presence has interrupted, I have suspicions of what nature, ask yourself.

Sir, you have reason, appearances are against me, I confess, but when you have heard my melancholy story, you'll own you have wrong'd me,

and learn to pity her whom now you hate.

Fath. Madam, you misemploy your time; there tell your story, there it will be believ'd; I am too knowing in the wiles of women, to be soften'd by a syren tear, or impos'd on by an artful tale.

Luc. But hear me, sir, on my knee, I beg it, nay I demand it; you have wrong'd me, and must do

me justice.

I am sure, madam, sir John will be glad to find his fears are false, but you can't blame him.

Luc. I don't, sir, and I shall but little trespass on his patience. When you know, sir, that I am the orphan of an honourable and once wealthy family, whom her father, misguided by pernicious politics, brought with him, in her earliest infancy, to France, that dying here, he bequeath'd me, with the poor remnant of our shatter'd fortune, to the direction of this rapacious pair; I am sure you'll tremble for me.

Fath. Go on!

Luc. But when you know that plunder'd of the little fortune left me, I was reluctantly compell'd to aid this plot; forced to comply under the penalty of deepest want; without one hospitable roof to shelter me, without one friend to comfort or relieve me, you must, you can't but pity me.

Fath. Proceed!

Luc. To this when you are told, that, previous to your coming, I had determined never to wed your son, at least without your knowledge and consent,
I hope your justice then will credit and acquit me.
Fath. Madam, your tale is plausible and moving;
I hope 'tis true; here come the explainers of this

riddle.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Subtle.

Mr. Sub. Buck's father!

Fath. I'll take some other time, sir, to thank you for the last proofs of your friendship to my family; in the mean time, be so candid as to instruct us in the knowledge of this lady, whom, it seems, you have chosen for the partner of my son.

Mr. Sub. Mr. Buck's partner — I chose——

I --- I---

Fath. No equivocation or reserve; your plot's reveal'd, known to the bottom; who is the lady?

Mr. Sub. Lady, sir,—the lady's a gentlewoman, sir.

Fath. By what means?

Mr. Sub. By her father and mother.

Fath. Who were they, sir?

Mr. Sub. Her mother was of ____ I forget her maiden name.

Fath. You han't forgot her father's?

Mr. Sub. No! No! No!

Fath. Tell it then.

Mr. Sub. She has told it you, I suppose.

Fath. No matter, I must have it, sir, from you; here's some mystery.

Mr. Sub. 'Twas Worthy.
Fath. Not the daughter of sir Gilbert!
Mr. Sub. You have it.

Fath. My poor girl! I indeed have wrong'd, but will redress you; and pray, sir, after the many pressing letters you received from me, how came this truth concealed? but I guess your motive. Dry up your tears, Lucinda, at last you have found a father. Hence ye degenerate, ye abandon'd wretches, who, abusing the confidence of your country, unite to plunder those ye promise to protect.

Luc. Am I then justified?

Fath. You are, your father was my first and firmest triend; I mourn'd his loss; and long have sought for thee in vain, Lucinda.

Buck. Pray han't I some merit in finding her?

She's mine by the custom of the manor.

Fath. Yours-first study to deserve her; she's mine, sir, I have just redeem'd this valuable treasure; and shall not trust it in a spendthrift's hands.

Buck. What would you have me do, sir?

Fath. Disclaim the partners of your riot, polish your manners, reform your pleasures, and, before you think of governing others, learn to direct yourself. And now, my beauteous ward, we'll for the land where first you saw the light, and there endeavour to forget the long, long bondage you have suffer'd here. I suppose, sir, we shall have no difficulty in persuading you to accompany us; it is not in France I am to hope for your reformation. I have now learn'd, that he who transports a profligate son to Paris, by way of mending his manners, only adds the vices and follies of that country to those of his own.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY

MISS MACKLIN.

ESCAPED from my guardian's tyrannical sway, By a fortunate voyage on a prosperous day, I am landed in England, and now must endeavour, By some means or other, to curry your favour.

Of what use to be freed from a Gallic subjection, Unless I'm secure of a British protection? Without cash,—but one friend—and he too just made, Egad I've a mind to set up some trade. Of what sort! in the papers I'll publish a puff Which won't fail to procure me custom enough:

- " That a lady from Paris is lately arriv'd,
- " Who with exquisite art has nicely contriv'd
- "The best paint for the face,—the best paste for the hands,
- " A water for freckles, for flushings, and tans.
- " She can teach you the melior coeffeure for the head,
- " To lisp-amble-and simper-and put on the red;
- " To rival, to rally, to backbite, and sneer,
- " Um-no; that they already know pretty well here. "The Beaux she instructs to bow with a grace,
- " The happiest shrug,-the newest grimace;
- " To parler François,-fib, flatter, and dance,
- "Which is very near all that they teach ye in France.
 - "Not a buck, nor a blood, through the whole English " nation,
- "But his roughness she'll soften, his figure she'll fashion.
- " The merest John Trot in a week you shall zee
- " Bien poli, bien frizé, tout à fait un Marquis."

EPILOGUE.

What d'ye think of my plan, is it form'd to your goût? May I hope for disciples in any of you? Shall I tell you my thoughts, without guile, without art, Though abroad I've been bred, I have Britain at heart. Then take this advice, which I give for her sake, You'll gain nothing by any exchange you can make; In a country of commerce, too great the expence, For their baubles and bows, to give your good sense.

DRAMATIC AND POETICAL WORKS,

PRINTED FOR

W. LOWNDES.

Anstey's New Bath Guide, 18mo British Poets, 124 vols 18mo Cibber's Dramatic Works, 5 vols 12mo Congreve's Works, 2 vols 12mo English Theatre, 14 vols 12mo Farquhar's Works, 2 vols 12mo Francis's Horace, Lat. & Eng. 4 vols 18mo Gay's Fables, demy 8vo, foolscap 8vo, and 18mo Goldsmith's Poetical Works, foolscap 8vo Hill's Dramatic Works, 2 vols 8vo Jodrell's Select Dramatic Pieces, 8vo Jonson's (B.) five Acting, Plays 12mo Milton's Paradise Lost, 12mo and 18mo Milton's Poetical Works, 7 vols 8vo & 4 vols 12mo Moore's Dramatic Works, 12mo Philips's (John) Poems, foolscap 8vo Poetical Elegant Extracts, royal 8vo, or Epitomized in square 12mo Pomfret's Poems on Several Occasions, 12mo Rowe's (N.) Works, 2 vols 12mo Rowe's Lucan's Pharsalia, 3 vols 18mo Shakspeare's Plays with Notes, 21 vols, 10 vols or 9 vols 8vo and in 9 vols 18mo Smart's Poems, 2 vols foolscap 8vo Steele's Dramatic Works, 12mo Thomson's Seasons, royal, demy or foolscap 8vo Thomson's Works by Murdock, 3 vols 8vo Vanbrugh's Plays, 2 vols 12mo Young's Works, 3 vols 8vo

AUTHOR;

Α

COMEDY.

IN TWO ACTS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

WRITTEN BY

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, 38, BEDFORD STREET.

1808.



PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY

MR. FOOTE.

SEVERE their task, who in this critic age, With fresh materials furnish out the stage! Not that our fathers drain'd the comic store; Fresh characters spring up as heretofore——Nature with novelty does still abound; On every side fresh follies may be found. But then the taste of every guest to hit, To please at once, the gall'ry, box, and pit; Requires at least—no common share of wit.

Those, who adorn the orb of higher life,
Demand the lively rake, or modish wise;
Whilst they, who in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and slumber at their love.
If light, low mirth employs the comic scene,
Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the spleen;
The polish'd Critic damns the wretched stuff,
And cries,—"'twill please the gall'ries well enough."
Such jarring judgments who can reconcile,
Since sops will frown, where humble traders smile?

To dash the poet's ineffectual claim, And quench his thirst for universal same, The Grecian sabulist, in moral lay, Has thus address'd the writers of this day.

Once on a time, a fon and fire we're told,
The stripling tender, and the father old,
Purchas'd a jack-ass at a country fair,
To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware:
But as the sluggish animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both should mount, his back wou'd break:

PROLOGUE.

Up gets the boy; the father leads the ass, And through the gazing crowd attempts to pass; Forth from the throng, the grey-beards hobble out, And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout. "This the respect to reverend age you shew? " And this the duty you to parents owe? " He beats the hoof, and you are fet astride; "Sirrah? get down, and let your father ride." As Grecian lads were feldom void of grace, The decent, duteous youth, resign'd his place. Then a fresh murmur through the rabble ran: Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man. "Sure never was brute beast fo void of nature! " Have you no pity for the pretty creature? "To your own baby can you be unkind? " Here-Suke, Bill, Betty-put the child behind." Old Dapple next, the clowns compassion claim'd; "'Tis wonderment, them boobies ben't asham'd. "Two at a time upon a poor dumb beaft! "They might as well have carried he at least." The pair, still pliant to the partial voice, Difmount and bear the afs-then what a noise!-

Huzzas—loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke, From the yet filent fire, these words provoke. "Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call, "Vain his attempt, who strives to please them all!"

EPILOGUE:

WRITTEN BY A LADY,

SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

WELL—thank my stars, that I have done my task, And now throw off this aukward, ideot mask. Cou'd we suppose this circle so refin'd, Who feek those pleasures that improve the mind. Cou'd from fuch vulgarifms feel delight; Or laugh at characters, fo unpolite? Who come to plays, to fee, and to be feen; Not to hear things that shock, or give the spleen; Who shun an Opera, when they hear 'tis thin. "Lord! do you know?" favs lady Bell-" I'm told "That Jacky Dapple got fo great a cold "Last Tuesday night—there wa'n't a creature there; " Not a male thing to hand one to one's chair. " Divine Mingotti! what a fwell has she! "O! such a Suffinuto upon B! " Ma'am, when she's quite in voice she'll go to C. "Lord," fays my lady English—" here's a pother! "Go where the will, I'll never fee another." Her ladyship, half choak'd with London air, And brought to town to fee the fights-and stare. "Fine finging that !—I'm fure it's more like fcreaming: "To me, I vow, they're all a pack of women! "Oh Barbare!-Inhumana Tramontane!-" Does not this creature come from Pudding Lane? "Look, look, my lord!-She goggles!- Ha, ha, pray be quiet ; "Dear lady Bell, for shame! You'll make a riot. "Why will they mix with us to make this rout? " Bring in a bill, my lord, to keep 'em out. "We'll have a taffe act, faith!"--my lord replied; " And shut out all, that are not qualified." Thus ridicule is bounded like a ball, Struck by the great, then answer'd by the small; While we, at times, return it to you all. A skilful hand will ne'er your rage provoke; For though it his you, you'll applaud the stroke; Let it but only glance, you'll never frown; Nay, you'll forgive, tho't knocks your neighbour down.

2,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AT DRURY LANE, 1782.

GOVERNOR CAPE,
YOUNG CAPE,
SPRIGHTLY,
CADWALLADER,
POET,
VAMP,
PRINTER'S DEVIL,
ROBIN,

Mrs Cadwallader, Miss Arabella,

Mr. Wrighten.
Mr. Aikin.
Mr. R. Palmer.
Mr. Bannister.
Mr. Waldron.
Mr. Moody.
Mr. Burton.
Mr. Chaplin.

Mrs. Wrighten. Mrs. Sharp.

AUTHOR.

ACT I.

Enter Governor Cape, and Robin.

Governor.

AND he believes me dead, Robin?

Rob. Most certainly.

Gov. You have given him no intimation that his fortunes might mend.

Rob. Not a distant hint.

Gov. How did he receive the news?

Rob. Calmly enough: when I told him that his hopes from abroad were at an end, that the friend of his deceased father thought he had done enough in putting it in his power to earn his own livelihood, he replied 'twas no more than he had long expected; charged me with his warmest acknowledgments to his conceal'd benefactor; thanked me for my care, sigh'd and left me.

Gov. And how has he lived since?

Rob. Poorly, but honestly: To his pen he owes all his subsistence. I am sure my heart bleeds for him: consider, sir, to what temptations you expose him.

Gov. The severer his trials, the greater his triumph. Shall the fruits of my honest industry, the purchase of many perils, be lavish'd on a lazy luxurious booby, who has no other merit than being born five-and-twenty years after me? No, no, Robin; him, and a profusion of debts were all that the extravagance of his mother left me.

Rob. You loved her, sir.
Gov. Fondly—nay, foolishly, or necessity had not compell'd me to seek for shelter in another climate. 'Tis true, fortune has been favourable to my labours, and when George convinces me that he inherits my spirit, he shall share my property; not else.

Rob. Consider, sir, he has not your opportunities.

Gov. Nor had I his education.

Rob. As the world goes, the worst you cou'd have given him. Lack-a-dav, learning, learning, sir, is no commodity for this market; nothing makes money here, sir, but money; or some certain fashionable qualities that you would not wish your son to possess.

Gov. Learning useless? impossible!-Where are the Oxfords, the Halifaxes, the great protectors

and patrons of the liberal arts?

Rob. Patron!—The word has lost its use; a guinea subscription at the request of a lady, whose chambermaid is acquainted with the author, may be now and then pick'd up-protectors!-Why I dare believe there's more money laid out upon Islington turnpike in a month, than upon all the learned men in Great Britain in seven years.

Gov. And yet the press groans with their pro-

ductions. How do they all exist?

Rob. In garrets, sir; as, if you will step to your son's apartment in the next street, you will see.

Gov. But what apology shall we make for the visit?

Rob.—That you want the aid of his profession; a well penn'd address now, from the subjects of your late government, with your gracious reply, to put into the news-papers.

Gov. Aye; is that part of his practice?—Well,

lead on, Robin.

Scene draws and discovers Young Cape with the Printer's Devil.

Cape. Prythee go about thy business—vanish, dea: devil

Devil. Master bid me not come without the proof; he says as how there are two other answers ready for the press, and if your's don't come out a Saturday 'twon't pay for the paper; but you are always so lazy: I have more plague with you—There's Mr. Guzzle, the translator, never keeps me a minute—unless the poor gentleman happens to be fuddled.

Cape. Why, you little sooty, sniv'ling, diabolical puppy, is it not sufficient to be plagu'd with the stupidity of your about master, but I must be

pester'd with your impertinence?

Devil. Impertinence!—marry, come up, I keep as good company as your worship every day in the year—There's master Clench, in Little Britain, does not think it beneath him to take part of a pot of porter with me, tho' he has wrote two volumes of lives in quarto, and has a folio a coming out in numbers.

Cape. Harky', sirrah, if you don't quit the room this instant, I'll shew you a shorter way into the

street than the stairs.

Devil. I shall save you the trouble—give me the French book that you took the story from for the last journal.

Cape. Take it—(throws it at him.)

Devil. What, d'ye think it belongs to the circulating library, or that it is one of your own per-

formances, that you—

Cape. You shall have a larger—(Exit Devil. 'Sdeath! a pretty situation I am in! and are these the fruits I am to reap from a long, laborious and expensive—

Re-enter Devil.

Devil. I had like to have forgot, here's your week's pay for the news-paper, five and five pence, which with the two-and-a-penny, master pass'd his word for to Mrs. Suds, your washer-woman, makes the three half crowns.

Cape. Lay it on the table.

Devil. Here's a man on the stairs wants you; by the sheepishness of his looks, and the shabbiness of his dress, he's either a pick-pocket, or a poet-Here, walk in, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'um, the gentleman's at home.

(Surveys the figure, laughs, and exit.)

Enter Poet.

Poet. Your name, I presume, is Cape.

Cape. You have hit it, sir. Poet. Sir, I beg pardon: Sir, I beg pardon; you are a gentleman that write?

Cape. Sometimes.

Poet. Why, sir, my case, in a word, is this; I, like you, have long been a retainer of the muses, as you may see by their livery.

Cape. They have not discarded you, I hope.

Poet. No, sir, but their upper servants, the booksellers, have.——I printed a collection of jests upon my own account, and they have ever since refused to employ me; you, sir, I hear, are in their graces: now I have brought you, sir, three initations of Juvenal in prose; Tully's oration for Milo, in black verse; two essays on the British herring fishery, with a large collection of rebusses; which, if you will dispose of to them, in your own name, we'll divide the profits.

Cape. I am really, sir, sorry for your distress, but I have a larger cargo of my own manufactur-

ing than they chuse to engage in.

Poet. That's pity; you have nothing in the

compiling or index way, that you wou'd intrust to the care of another?

Cape. Nothing.
Poet. I'll do it at half price.

Cape. I'm concern'd it is not in my power at present to be useful to you; but if this trifle—

Poet. Sir, your servant. Shall I leave you any

of my-

Cape. By no means.

Poet. An essay, or an ode?

Cape. Not a line.

Poet. Your very obedient.— (Exit Poet.

Cape. Poor fellow! and how far am I removed from his condition? Virgil had his Pollio; Horace his Mecænas; Martial his Pliny: my protectors are Title-page, the publisher; Vamp, the bookseller; and Index, the printer, a most noble triumvirate; and the rascals are as proscriptive and arbitary, as the famous Roman one, into the bargain.

Enter Sprightly.

Spri. What! in soliloquy, George? reciting some of the pleasantries, I suppose, in your new piece.

Cape. My disposition has, at present, very little

of the vis comica.

Spri. What's the matter?

Cape. Survey that mass of wealth upon the table; all my own, and earn'd in little more than a week.

Spri. Why, 'tis an inexhaustible mine!

Cape. Ay, and delivered to me, too, with all the soft civility of Billingsgate, by a printer's prime minister, call'd a Devil.

Spri. I met the imp upon the stairs; but I thought these midwives to the muses were the idolizers of you, their favourite sons.

Cape. Our tyrants, Tom. Had I indeed a posthumous piece of infidelity, or an amourous novel, decorated with luscious copper-plates, the slaves

would be civil enough.

Spri. Why don't you publish your own works? Cape. What! and paper my room with 'em? no. no, that will never do; there are secrets in all trades; ours is one great mystery, but the explanation wou'd be too tedious at present.

Spri Then why don't you divert your attention

to some other object?

Cape. That subject was employing my thoughts. Spri. How have you resolved?

Cape. I have, I think, at present, two strings to my bow; if my comedy succeeds, it buys me a commission; if my mistress, my Laura, proves kind, I am settled for life; but if both my cords snap, adieu to the quill, and welcome the musket.

Spri. Heroically determined!—But à propos—

how proceeds your honourable passion?

Cape. But slowly—I believe I have a friend in her heart, but a most potent enemy in her head: you know, I am poor, and she is prudent. With regard to her fortune too, I believe her brother's consent essentially necessary—But you promised to make me acquainted with him.

Spri. I expect him here every instant. He may, George, be useful to you in more than one capacity; if your comedy is not crouded, he is a character, I can tell you, that will make no con-

temptible figure in it.

Cape. His sister gave me a sketch of him last

summer.

Spri. A sketch can never convey him. His peculiarities require infinite labour and high finishing.

Cape. Give me the out-lines.

Spri. He is a compound of contrarieties; pride and meanness; folly and archness: at the same time that he wou'd take the wall of a prince of the blood, he would not scruple eating a fry'd

sausage at the Mews-Gate. There is a minuteness, now and then, in his descriptions; and some whimsical, unaccountable turns in his conversation, that are entertaining enough: but the extrava-gance and oddity of his manner, and the boast of his birth, compleat his character.

Cape. But how will a person of his pride and

pedigree relish the humility of this apartment?

Spri. Oh, he is prepar'd—You are, George, tho' prodigiously learn'd and ingenious, an abstracted being, odd and whimsical; the case with all you great geniuses: You love the snug, the chimney-corner of life; and retire to this obscure nook,

merely to avoid the importunity of the great.

Cape. Your servant — But what attraction can a character of this kind have for Mr. Cad-

wallader?

Spri. Infinite! next to a peer, he honours a poet: and modestly imputes his not making a figure in the learned world himself to the neglect of his education—hush! he's on the stairs—on with your cap, and open your book. Remember great dignity and absence.

Enter Vamp.

Cape. Oh, no; 'tis Mr. Vamp: your commands, good sir?

Vamp. I have a word, master Cape, for your

private ear.

Cape. You may communicate; this gentleman is a friend.

Vamp. An author? Cape. Voluminous.

Vamp. In what way?
Cape. Universal.
Vamp. Bless me! he's very young, and exceedingly well rigg'd; what, a good subscription, I reckon.

Cape. Not a month from Leyden; an admira-

ble theologist; he study'd it in Germany; if you should want such a thing now, as ten or a dozen manuscript sermons, by a deceas'd clergyman, I believe he can supply you.

Vamp. No. Cape. Warranted Originals.

Vamp. No, no, I don't deal in the sermon way, now; I lost money by the last I printed, for all 'twas wrote by a methodist; but, I believe, sir, if they be'nt long, and have a good deal of Latin in 'em, I can get you a chap.

Spri. For what, sir?

Vamp. The manuscript sermons you have wrote, and want to dispose of.

Spri. Sermons that I have wrote?

Vamp. Ay, ay; master Cape has been telling

Spri. He has; I am mightily oblig'd to him. Vamp. Nay, nay, don't be afraid; I'll keep council; old Vamp had not kept a shop so long at the Turnstile, if he did not know how to be secret; why in the year forty-five, when I was in the treasonable way, I never squeak'd; I never gave up but one author in my life, and he was dying of a consumption, so it never came to a trial.

Spri. Indeed!

Vamp. Never—look here (shews the side of his head) crop'd close!—bare as a board!—and for nothing in the world but an innocent book of bawdy, as I hope for mercy: Oh! the laws are very hard, very severe upon us.

Spri. You have given me, sir, so positive a

proof of your secresy that you may rely upon my

communication.

Vamp. You will be safe—but gadso, we must mind business, tho'; here, master Cape, you must provide me with three taking titles for these pamphlets, and if you can think of a pat Latin motto for the largest-

Cape. They shall be done.

Vamp. Do so, do so. Books are like women, master Cape; to strike, they must be well dress'd; fine feathers make fine birds; a good paper, an elegant type, a handsome motto, and a catching title, has drove many a dull treatise thro' three editions-Did you know Harry Handy?

Spri. Not that I recollect.

Vamp. He was a pretty fellow; he had his Latin, ad anguem, as they say; he would have turn'd you a fable of Dryden's, or an epistle of Pope's into Latin verse in a twinkling; except Peter Hasty the voyage-writer, he was as great a loss to the trade as any within my memory.

Cape. What carry'd him off?

Vamp. A halter; hang'd for clipping and coining, master Cape; I thought there was something the matter by his not coming to our shop for a month or two: He was a pretty fellow!

Spri. Were you a great loser by his death?

Vamp. I can't say: ----as he had taken to another course of living, his execution made a noise; it sold me seven hundred of his translations, besides his last dying speech and confession; I got it; he was mindful of his friends in his last moments: he was a pretty fellow!

Cape. You have no further commands, Mr.

Vamp?

Vamp. Not at present; about the spring I'll deal with you, if we can agree for a couple of volumes in octavo.

Spri. Upon what subject?

Vamp. I leave that to him; master Cape knows what will do, tho' novels are a pretty light summer reading, and do very well at Tunbridge, Bristol, and the other watering places: no bad commodity for the West-India trade neither; let 'em be novels, master Cape.

Cape. You shall be certainly supply'd.

Vamp. I doubt not; pray how does Index go on with your journal?

Cape. He does not complain.

Vamp. Ah, I knew the time—but you have over-stock'd the market. Titlepage and I had once lik'd to have engag'd in a paper. We had got a young Cantab for the essays; a pretty historian from Aberdeen; and an attorney's clerk for the true intelligence; but I don't know how, it drop'd for want of a politician.

Cape. If in that capacity I can be of any-

Vamp. No, thank you, master Cape; in half a year's time, I have a grandson of my own that will come in; he's now in training as a waiter at the Cocoa-Tree coffee-house; I intend giving him the run of Jonathan's for three months to understand trade and the funds; and then I'll start him --- no, no, you have enough on your hands; stick to your business: and d'ye hear, 'ware clipping and coining; remember Harry Handy; he was a pretty fellow!

Spri. And I'm sure thou art a most extraordinary fellow! But prythee, George, what cou'd provoke thee to make me a writer of sermons?

Cape. You seem'd desirous of being acquainted with our business, and I knew old Vamp wou'd let you more into the secret in five minutes than I

cou'd in as many hours. (Knocking below, loud.) Spri. Cape, to your post; here they are e'faith, a coachful! let's see, Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader,

and your flame, the sister, as I live.

(Cadwallader without)

Fray, by the bye, han't you a poet above?

(Without.) Higher up.

Cad. Egad, I wonder what makes your poets have such an aversion to middle floors—they are always to be found in the extremities; in garrets, or cellars -

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader and Arabella.

Cad. Ah! Sprightly!

Spri. Hush!

Cad. Hey, what's the matter?

Spri. Hard at it; untwisting some knotty point;

totally absorb'd!

Gadso! what, that's he! Beck, Bell, there he is, egad, as great a poet, and as ingenious awhat's he about?——Hebrew?

Spri. Weaving the whole Æneid into a tragedy: I have been here this half hour, but he has not

mark'd me yet.

Cad. Cou'd not I take a peep?

Spri. An earthquake wou'd not rouze him.

He seems in a damn'd passion.

Cape. The belt of Pallas! nor prayers, nor tears, nor supplicating gods shall save thee now.

Cad. Hey! zounds, what the devil? who?

Cape.

-Pallas! te hoc vulnere, Pallas Immolat, & pænam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.

Cad. Damn your palace; I wish I was well out

of your garret.

Cape. Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons: ladies, your most devoted. You will excuse me, sir, but being just on the catastrophe of my tragedy, I am afraid the poetic furor may have betray'd me into some indecency.

Spri. Oh, Mr. Cadwallader is too great a genius himself, not to allow for these intemperate sallies

of a heated imagination.

Cad. Genius! look ye here, Mr. What's-yourname?

Cape. Cape.

Cad. Cape! true; tho' by the bye here, hey! you live devilish high; but perhaps you may chuse that for exercise, hey! Sprightly! Genius! look'e here, Mr. Cape, I had as pretty natural parts, as fine talents!—but between you and I, I had a damn'd fool of a guardian, an ignorant, illiterate, ecod—he cou'd as soon pay the national debt as write his own name, and so was resolv'd to make his ward no wiser than himself, I think.

Spri. Oh! fye, Mr. Cadwallader, you don't do

yourself justice.

Cape. Indeed, sir, we must contradict you, we can't suffer this defamation. I have more than once heard Mr. Cadwallader's literary acquisitions

loudly talk'd of.

Cad. Have you?—no, no, it can't be, hey! tho' let me tell you, last winter, before I had the measles, I cou'd have made as good a speech upon any subject, in Italian, French, German—but I am all unhing'd; all — Oh! Lord, Mr. Cape, this is Becky; my dear Becky, child, this is a great poet — ah, but she does not know what that is — a little foolish or so, but of a very good faminy—here Becky, child, won't you ask Mr. Cape to come and see you?

Mrs. Cad. As Dicky says, I shall be glad to see

you at our house, sir.

Cape. I have too great a regard for my own happiness, ma'am, to miss so certain an opportunity of creating it.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! What?

Cape. My inclinations, as well as my duty, I say, will compel me to obey your kind injunctions.

Mrs. Cad. What does he say, our Bell?

Arab. Oh, that he can have no greater pleasure

than waiting on you.

Mrs. Cad. I'm sure that's more his goodness than my desert; but when you be'nt better engag'd we shou'd be glad of your company of an evening to make one with our Dicky, sister Bell, and I, at whisk and swabbers.

Cad. Hey, ecod do, Cape, come and look at her grotto and shells, and see what she has got—

well, he'll come, Beck,—ecod do, and she'll come to the third night of your tragedy, hey! won't you, Beck?—is'nt she a fine girl? hey, you; humour her a little, do;—hey, Beck; he says you are as fine a woman as ever he—ecod who knows but he may make a copy of verses on you?—there, go, and have a little chat with her, talk any nonsense to her, no matter what; she's a damn'd fool, and won't know the difference—there, go, Beck—well, Sprightly, hey! what are you and Bell like to come together? Oh, ecod, they tell me, Mr. Sprightly, that you have frequently lords and viscounts and earls, that take a dinner with you; now I shou'd look upon it as a very particular favour, if you would invite me at the same time, hey! will you?

Spri. You may depend on it.

Cad. Will you? Gad, that's kind; for between you and I, Mr. Sprightly, I am of as antient a family as the best of them, and people of fashion shou'd know one another, you know.

Spri. By all manner of means.

Cad. Hey! should not they so? When you have any lord, or baron, nay egad, if it be but a baronet, or a member of parliament, I shou'd take it as a favour.

Spri. You will do them honour; they must all

have heard of the antiquity of your house.

Cad. Antiquity! hey! Beck, where's my pedi-

gree?

Mrs. Cad. Why at home, lock'd up in the butler's pantry.

Cad. In the pantry! What the devil, how often have I bid you never to come out without it?

Mrs. Cad. Lord! What signifies carrying such

a lumb'ring thing about?

Cad. Signifies! you are a fool, Beck, why suppose we should have any disputes when we are abroad, about precedence? how the devil shall we

be able to settle it? But you shall see it at home. Oh Becky, come hither, we will refer our dispute to _____ (They go apart.)

Arab. Well, sir, your friend has prevail'd; you are acquainted with my brother; but what use you propose

Cape. The pleasure of a more frequent admis-

sion to you.

Arab. That all?

Cape. Who knows but a strict intimacy with Mr. Cadwallader may in time incline him to favour

my hopes?

Arab. A sandy foundation! Cou'd he be prevail'd upon to forgive your want of fortune; the obscurity, or at least uncertainty, of your birth, will prove an unsurmountable bar.

Cad. Hold, hold, Beck; zounds! you are

so ——

Spri. Well, but hear him out, ma'am.

Cape. Consider we have but an instant. What

project? What advice?

Arab. O fye! You would be asham'd to receive succour from a weak woman! Poetry is your profession, you know; so that plots, contrivances, and all the powers of imagination, are more peculiarly your province.

Cape. Is this a season to rally?

Cad. Hold, hold; ask Mr. Cape.

Arab. To be serious then; if you have any point to gain with my brother, your application must be made to his better part.

Cape. I understand you; plough with the hei-

fer.

Arab. A delicate allusion, on my word; but take this hint—amongst her passions, admiration, or rather adoration, is the principal.

Cape. Oh; that is her foible?

Arab. One of them; against that fort you must plant your batteries—But here they are.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you, you are a nonsense man, and I won't agree to any such thing: Why what signifies a parliament man? You make such a rout indeed.

Cad. Hold, Becky, my dear, don't be in a passion now, hold; let us reason the thing a little, my

dear.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you I won't; what's the man an oafe? I won't reason, I hate reason, and so there's an end on't.

Cad. Why then you are obstinate ecod, perverse hey! But my dear, now, Becky, that's a good girl: Hey! come, hold, hold-Egad, we'll refer it to Mr. Cape.

Mrs. Cad. Defer it to who you will, it will

signify nothing.

Cape. Bless me, what's the matter, madam? Sure, Mr. Cadwallader, you must have been to blame; no inconsiderable matter cou'd have ruffled the natural softness of that tender and delicate mind. .

Arab. Pretty well commenced.

Mrs. Cad. Why he's always a fool, I think; he wants to send our little Dicky to school, and make him a parliament man.

Cape. How old is master, ma'am?

Mrs. Cad. Three years and a quarter, come lady-day.

Cape. The intention is rather early.

Cad. Hey! early, hold, hold; but Becky, mistakes the thing, egad I'll tell you the whole affair.

Mrs. Cad. You had better hold your chattering,

so you had.

Cad. Nav, prithee, my dear; Mr. Sprightly, do, stop her mouth, hold, hold; the matter, Mr. Cape, is this. Have you ever seen my Dicky?

Cape. Never. Cad. No? Hold, hold, egad he's a fine, a sensi-

ble child; I tell Becky he's like her, to keep her in humour; but between you and I he has more sense already, than all her family put together. Hey! Becky! is not Dicky the picture of you? He's a sweet child! Now, Mr. Cape, you must know, I want to put little Dicky to school; now between—hey! you, hold, you, hold, the great use of a school is, hey! egad, for children to make acquaintances, that may hereafter be useful to them; for between you and I, as to what they learn there, does not signify two-pence.

Cape. Not a farthing.

Cad. Does it, hey? Now this is our dispute, whether poor little Dicky, he's a sweet boy, shall go to Mr. Quæ-Genius's at Edgware, and make an acquaintance with my young lord Knap, the eldest son of the earl of Frize, or to doctor Ticklepitcher's at Barnet, to form a friendship with young Stocks, the rich broker's only child.

Cape. And for which does the lady determine?

Cad. Why I have told her the case; says I, Becky, my dear; who knows, if Dicky goes to Quæ-Genius's, but my lord Knap may take such a fancy to him, that upon the death of his father, and he comes to be earl of Frize, he may make poor little Dicky a member of parliament? Hey! Cape?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, but then if Dicky goes to Ticklepitcher's who can tell but young Stocks, when he comes to his fortune, may lend him money

if he wants it?.

Cad. And if he does not want it, he won't take after his father, hey! Well, what's your opinion, master Cape.

Cape. Why Sir, I can't but join with the lady, money is the main article; it is that that makes the

mare to go.

Cad. Hey! egad, and the alderman too, you; so Dicky may be a member, and a fig for my lord; Well, Becky, be quiet, he shall stick to Stocks.

Mrs. Cad. Ay let'n; I was sure as how I was right.

Cad. Well, hush Becky. Mr. Cape, will you

eat a bit with us to-day, hey! will you?

Cape. You command me. Cad. That's kind; why then Becky and Bell shall step and order the cook to toss up a little, nice—Hey! will you, Becky? Do, and I'll bring Cape.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, with all my heart. Well, Mr. What-d'ye-call'um, the poet; ecod the man's well

enough-Your servant.

Cape. I am a little too much in dishabille, to

offer your ladyship my hand to your coach.

Cad. Pshaw! never mind, I'll do it-Here you have company coming.

(Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Cad. and Arab.

Enter Governor and Robin.

Cape. Ah, master Robin!

Why, you have a great levee this morn-Robin. ing, sir.

Cape. Ay Robin, there's no obscuring extraor-

dinary talents.

Rob. True, sir; and this friend of mine begs to claim the benefit of them.

Cape. Any friend of yours: But how can I be serviceable to him?

Rob. Why, sir, he is lately return'd from a profitable government; and as you know the unsatisfied mind of man, no sooner is one object possess'd, but another starts up to -

Cape. A truce to moralizing, dear Robin, to the

matter; I am a little busy.

Rob. In a word then, this gentleman, having a good deal of wealth, is desirous of a little honour.

Cape. How can I confer it?

Rob. Your pen may.

Cape. I don't understand you.

Rob. Why touch him up a handsome complimentary address from his colony, by way of praising the prudence of his administration, his justice, valour, benevolence, and ---

Cape. I am sorry 'tis impossible for me now to misunderstand you. The obligations I owe you, Robin, nothing can cancel; otherwise, this wou'd prove our last interview.—Your friend, sir, has been a little mistake, in recommending me as a person fit for your purpose. Letters have been always my passion, and indeed are now my profession; but the I am the servant of the public, I am not the prostitute of particulars: As my pen has never been ting'd with gall, to gratify popular resentment or private pique, so it shall never sacrifice its integrity to flatter pride, impose falshood, or palliate guilt. Your merit may be great, but let those, sir, be the heralds of your worth, who are better acquainted with it.

Gov. Young man, I like your principles and spirit; your manly refusal gives me more pleasure, than any honors your papers cou'd have pro-

cured me.

Spri. Now this business is dispatch'd, let us return to our own affairs-You dine at Cadwallader's?

Cape. I do

Spri. Wou'd it not be convenient to you to have him out of the way?

Cape. Extremely.

Spri. I have a project that I think will prevail.

Cape. Of what kind?

Spri. Bordering upon the dramatic; but the time is so pressing, I shall be at a loss to procure performers. Let's see—Robin is a sure card— A principal may easily be met with, but where the duce can I get an interpreter?

Rob. Offer yourself, Sir; it will give you an opportunity of more closely inspecting the con-

duct of your son.

Gov. True. Sir, tho' a scheme of this sort may ill suit with my character and time of life, yet from a private interest I take in that gentleman's affairs, if the means are honourable-

Spri. Innocent upon my credit.

Gov. Why then, sir, I have no objection, if you

think me equal to the task-

Spri. Most happily fitted for it. I shou'd not have taken the liberty—but hush! He's return'd.

Enter Cadwallader.

My dear friend! the luckiest circum-Spri. stance!

Cad. Hey! how? Stay, hey!
Spri. You see that gentleman?
Cad. Well, hey!

Spri. Do you know who he is?

Cad. Not I.

Spri. He is interpreter to prince Potowowsky.

Cad. Wowsky? Who the devil is he?

Spri. Why the Tartarian prince, that's come over ambassador from the Cham of the Calmucks.

Cad. Indeed.

Spri. His highness has just sent me an invitation to dine with him; now every body that dines with a Tartarian lord, has a right to carry with him what the Latins call'd his Umbra; in their language it is Jablanousky.

Cad. Jablanousky! well?

Spri. Now if you will go in that capacity, I shall be glad of the honour.

Cad. Hey! why wou'd you carry me to dine with his royal highness?

Spri. With pleasure. Cad. My dear friend, I shall take it as the greatest favour, the greatest obligation-I shall never be able to return it.

Spri. Don't mention it.

Cad. Hey! but hold, hold, how the devil shall

I get off with the poet? You know I have ask'd him to dinner.

Spri. Oh! the occasion will be apology sufficient; besides, there will be the ladies to receive him.

Cad. My dear Mr. Cape, I beg ten thousand pardons, but here your friend is invited to dinner with prince —————what the devil is his name?

Spri. Potowowski.

Cad. True; now, sir, ecod he has been so kind as to offer to carry me as his Jablanousky, wou'd you be so good to excuse—

Cape. By all means; not a word, I beg.

Cad. That is exceeding kind; I'll come to you after dinner; hey! stay, but is there any ceremony to be used with his highness?

Spri. You dine upon carpets, cross-legg'd.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, cross-legg'd, zounds!

that's odd, well, well, you shall teach me.

Spri. And his highness is particularly pleased with those amongst his guests that do honour to his country soup.

Cad. Oh! let me alone for that; but should

not I dress?

Spri. No, there's no occasion for it.

Cad. Dear friend, forgive me; nothing should take me from you, but being a Hobblin Wiskey. Well, I'll go and study to sit cross-legg'd, 'till you call me.

Spri. Do so.

Cad. His highness Potowowsky! This is the luckiest accident! (Exit.

Cape. Hah! hah! but how will you con-

duct your enterprize?

Spri. We'll carry him to your friend Robin's; dress up one of the under actors in a ridiculous habit; this gentleman shall talk a little gibberish with him. I'll compose a soup of some nauseous ingredients;

let me alone to manage. But do you chuse, sir the part we have assign'd?

Gov. As it seems to be but a harmless piece of

mirth, I have no objection.

Spri. Well then let's about it; come, sir.

Cape. Mr. Sprightly!
Spri. What's the matter?
Cape. Wou'd it not be right to be a little spruce,

a little smart upon this occasion?

No doubt; dress, dress, man; no time is to be lost.

Cape. Well, but Jack, I cannot say that at present I -

Spri. Prythee explain. What would you say? Cape. Why then, I cannot say, that I have any other garments at home.

Spri. Oh, I understand you, is that all? Here,

here, take my-

Cape. Dear Sprightly, I am quite ashamed, and

sorry.

Spri. That's not so obliging, George; what, sorry to give me the greatest pleasure that ---But I have no time for speeches; I must run to get ready my soup. Come, gentlemen.

Rob. Did you observe, sir?

Gov. Most feelingly! But it will soon be over. Rob. Courage, sir; times perhaps may change.

Cape. A poor prospect, Robin! But this scheme of life at least must be changed; for what spirit, with the least spark of generosity, can support a life of eternal obligation, and disagreeable drudgery? Inclination not consulted, genius cramp'd, and talents misapply'd.

What prospect have those authors to be read, Whose daily writings earn their daily bread? (Exeunt.

A C T II.

Young Cape and Mrs. Cadwallader at Cards.

Mrs. Cad.

YOU want four, and I two, and my deal: now, knave noddy ——— no, hearts be trumps.

Cape. I beg.

Mirs. Cad. Will you stock 'em? Cape. Go on, if you please, madam.

Mrs. Cad. Hearts again—One, two, three; one, two,—hang 'em, they won't slip, three. Diamonds——the two: have you higher than the queen?

Cape. No, madam.

Mrs. Cad. Then there's highest—and lowest,

by gosh. Games are even; you are to deal.

Cape. Pshaw, hang cards; there are other amusements better suited to a tête-a tête, than any the four aces can afford us.

Mrs. Cad. What pastimes be they?——We ben't enough for hunt the whistle, nor blind-man's buff: but I'll call our Bell, and Robin the butler.

Dicky will be here by-an-bye.

Cape. Hold a minute. I have a game to propose, where the presence of a third person, especially Mr. Cadwallader's, wou'd totally ruin the sport.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, what can that be?

Cape. Can't you guess?

Mrs. Cad. Not I; questions and commands,

mayhap.

Cape. Not absolutely that——some little resemblance; for I am to request, and you are to command.

Mrs. Cad. Oh daisy! that's charming, I never play'd at that in all my born days; come, begin then.

Cape. Can you love me?

Mrs. Cad. Love you! But is it in jest or earnest? Cape. That is as you please to determine.

Mrs. Cad. But mayn't I ask you questions too?

Cape. Doubtless.

Mrs. Cad. Why then do you love me?

Cape. With all my soul.

Mrs. Cad. Upon your sayso.

Cape. Upon my sayso.

Mrs. Cad. I'm glad on't with all my heart. This is the rarest pastime!

Cape. But you have not answer'd my question. Mrs. Cad. Hey? that's true. Why I believe

there's no love lost.

Cape. So; our game will soon be over; I shall be up at a deal. I wish I mayn't be engaged to play deeper here than I intended tho'. (Aside.)

Mrs. Cad. Well, now 'tis your turn.

Cape. True; aye; but zooks you are too hasty; the pleasure of this play, like hunting, does not consist in immediately chopping the prey.

Mrs. Cad. No! How then?

Cape. Why first I am to start you, then run you a little in view, then lose you, then unravel all the tricks and doubles you make to escape me.

You fly o'er hedge and stile, I pursue for many a mile, You grow tir'd at last and quat Then I catch you, and all that.

Mrs. Cad. Dear me, there's a deal on't! I shall never be able to hold out long; I had rather be taken in view.

Cape. I believe you.

Mrs. Cad. Well, come, begin and start me, that I may come the sooner to quatting—Hush! here's sister; what the deuce brought her? Bell will be for learning this game too, but don't you teach her for your life, Mr. Poet.

Enter Arabella.

Arab. Your mantua-maker, with your new sack, sister.

Mrs. Cad. Is that all? She might have stay'd,

I think.

Arab. What? You were better engaged? But

don't be angry, I am sorry I interrupted you.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! Now will I be hang'd if she be'nt jealous of Mr. Poet; but I'll listen, and see the end on't, I'm resolved.

(Aside and exit.

Arab. Are you concern'd at the interruption too?

Cape. It was a very seasonable one, I promise you; had you stay'd a little longer, I don't know what might have been the consequence.

Arab. No danger to your person, I hope.

Cape. Some little attacks upon it.

Arab. Which were as feebly resisted.

Cape. Why, consider, my dear Bell; tho' your sister is a fool, she is a fine woman, and flesh is frail.

Arab. Dear Bell! And flesh is frail! We are

grown strangely familiar, I think.

Cape. Heydey! In what corner sits the wind now? Arab. Where it may possibly blow strong enough to overset your hopes.

Cape. That a breeze of your breath can do.

Arab. Affected!

Cape. You are obliging, madam; but pray, what is the meaning of all this?

Arab. Ask your own guilty conscience.

Cape. Were I inclined to flatter myself, this little passion wou'd be no bad presage.

Arab. You may prove a false prophet.

Cape. Let me die, if I know what to—But to descend to a little common sense; what part of my conduct—

Arab. Look'e, Mr. Cape, all explanations are unnecessary: I have been lucky enough to discover

Cape. Which is as safe from me, as if it was lock'd up in your brother's closet: But surely, madam, you are a little capricious, here; have I done

any thing but obey your directions?

Arab. That was founded upon a supposition that — but no matter.

Cape. That what?

Arab. Why, I was weak enough to believe, what you was wicked enough to protest ———

Cape. That I loved you; and what reason have I

given you to doubt it?

Arab. A pretty situation I found you in at my entrance.

Cape. An assumed warmth, for the better concealing the fraud.

Mrs. Cad. What's that? (Aside, listening. Cape. Surely if you doubted my constancy, you

Cape. Surely if you doubted my constancy, you must have a better opinion of my understanding.

Mrs. Cad. Mighty well. (Aside. Cape. What an ideot, a driveller! no consideration upon earth, but my paving the way to the possession of you, could have prevail'd upon me to

support her folly a minute.

Enter Mrs. Cadwallader.

Mrs. Cad. Soh! Mr. Poet, you are a pretty gentleman, indeed; ecod, I'm glad I have caught you. I'm not such a fool as you think for, man; but here will be Dicky presently, he shall hear of your tricks, he shall; I'll let him know what a pretty person he has got in his house.

Cape. There's no parrying this; had not I bet-

ter decamp.

Arab. And leave me to the mercy of the enemy:

My brother's temper is so odd, there's no knowing

in what light he'll see this.

Mrs. Cad. Oh, he's below, I hear him. Now we shall hear what he'll say to you, madam.

Enter Cadwallader, Governor, Sprightly, and Robin.

Cad. No, pray walk in, Mr. Interpreter, between you and I, I like his royal highness mightily; he's a polite, pretty, well-bred gentleman—but damn his soup.

Gov. Why, sir, you eat as if you lik'd it.

Cad. Lik'd it! hey, egad, I would not eat another mess to be his master's prime minister; as bitter as gall, and as black as my hat; and there have I been sitting these two hours with my legs under me 'till they are both as dead as a herring.

Cape. Your dinner displeas'd you?

Cad. Displeas'd! hey! Look'e, Mr. Sprightly, I'm mightily obliged to you for the honour; but hold, hold, you shall never persuade me to be a hobblinwisky again, if the great cham of the Calmucks were to come over himself. Hey! and what a damn'd language has he got? Whee, haw, haw! but you speak it very fluently.

Gov. I was long resident in the country.

Cad. May be so, but he seems to speak it better; you have a foreign kind of an accent, you don't sound it through the nose so well as he. Hey! well Becky, what, and how have you entertain'd Mr. Cape.

Mrs. Cad. Oh! here have been fine doings

since you have been gone.

Cape. So, now comes on the storm.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, what has been the matter?

Mrs. Cad. Matter! why the devil is in the poet, I think.

Cad. The devil! hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why here he has been making love to me like bewitch'd.

Cad. How, which way?

Mrs. Cad. Why some on't was out of his poe-

try I think.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, egad I believe he's a little mad; this morning he took me for king Turnus, you; now who can tell, but this afternoon he may take you for queen Dido?

Mrs. Cad. And there he told me I was to run, and to double, and quat, and there he was to catch

me, and all that.

Cad. Hold, hold, catch you? Mr. Cape, I take it very unkindly; it was, d'ye see, a very unfriendly thing to make love to Becky in my absence.

Cape. But, sir.

Cad. And it was the more ungenerous, Mr. Cape, to take this advantage, as you know she is but a foolish woman.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, me; who am but a foolish woman.

Cape. But hear me.

Cad. A poor ignorant, illiterate, poor Becky! And for a man of your parts to attack ——

Cape. There's no ——

Cad. Hold, hold, ecod it is just as if the grand signor, at the head of his janisaries, was to kick a chimney-sweeper.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! what's that you say, Dicky;

what, be I like a chimney-sweeper?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold. Zounds! no, Beck; hey! no: That's only by way of simile, to let him see I understand your tropes, and figures, as well as himself, egad! and therefore—

Spri. Nay, but Mr. Cadwallader ----

Cad. Don't mention it, Mr. Sprightly; he is the first poet I ever had in my house, except the bellman for a Christmas-box.

Spri. Good sir.

Cad. And hold, hold; I am resolved he shall be the last.

Spri. I have but one way to silence him.

Cad. And let me tell you—
Spri. Nay, sir, if I must tell him; he owes his reception here to my recommendation; any abuse of your goodness, any breach of hospitality here, he is answerable to me for.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, so he is, ecod; at him;

give it him home.

Spri. Ungrateful monster! and is this your re-

turn for the open, generous treatment-

Mrs. Cad. As good fry'd cow-heel, with a roast fowl and sausages, as ever came to a table.

Cad. Hush, Beck, hush!-

Spri. And cou'd you find no other object, but Mr. Cadwallader; a man, perhaps, possess'd of a genius superior to your own -

Cad. If I had had a university education-Spri. And of a family as old as the creation. Cad. Older; Beck, fetch the pedigree.

Spri. Thus far relates to this gentleman; but now, sir, what apology can you make me, who was your passport, your security?

Cad. Zounds, none; fight him.

Spri. Fight him?

Cad. Ay, do; I'd fight him myself, if I had not had the measles last winter; but stay till I get out of the room.

Spri. No, he's sure of a protection here, the

presence of the ladies.

Cad. Pshaw, pox! they belong to the family, never mind them.

Spri. Well, sir, are you dumb? No excuse? No pallation?

Cad. Ay, no palliation?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, no tribulation? It's a shame, so it is.

Cape. When I have leave to speak-

Cad. Speak! what the devil can you say?

Spri. Let's hear him, Mr. Cadwallader Cad. Hold, hold; come, begin then.

Cape. And first to you, Mr. Sprightly, as you seem most interested; pray does this charge correspend with any other action of my life, since I have had the honour to know you?—

Spri. Indeed, I can't say that I recollect, but still as the scholiasts say - Nemo repente fuit turpis-

simus.

Cad. Hold, hold, what's that?

Spri. Why, that is as much as to say, this is bad enough.

Mrs. Cad. By gosh! and so it is.

Cad. Ecod, and so it is; speak a little more Latin to him; if I had been bred at the university,

you shou'd have it both sides of your ears.

Cape. A little patience, gentlemen; now, to you; you were pleased yourself to drop a few hints of your lady's weakness; might not she take too seriously, what was meant as a mere matter of merriment?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold.

Spri. A paltry excuse; can any woman be such a fool as not to know when a man has a design upon her person?

Cad. Answer that Mr. Cape, hey! answer that.

Cape. I can only answer for the innocency of my own intentions; may not your lady, apprehensive of my becoming too great a favourite, contrive this charge with a view of destroying the connexion-

Spri. Connexion!

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, connexion.

Spri. There's something in that-

Cad. Hey! is there? Hold, hold, hey! egad, he is right-You're right, Mr. Cape; hold, Becky, my dear, how the devil cou'd you

wicked, hey! child; ecod, hold, hold, how could you have the wickedness to attempt to destroy the connexion?

Mrs. Cad. I don't know what you say.

Cad. D'ye hear? You are an incendiary, but you have miss'd your point; the connexion shall only be the stronger: my dear friend, I beg ten thousand pardons, I was too hasty; but ecod, Becky's to blame.

Cape. The return of your tayour has effaced every other impression.

Cad. There's a good-natured creature!

Cape. But if you have the least doubts remaining, this lady, your sister, I believe, will do me the justice to own——

Mrs. Cad. Ay, ask my fellow, if I be a thief.

Cad. What the devil is Becky at now?

Mrs. Cad. She's as bad as he.

Cad. Bad as he? Hey! how; what the devil, she did not make love to you too? Stop, hey! hold, hold, hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why no, foolish, but you are always running on with your riggmonrowles, and won't stay to hear a body's story out.

Cad. Well, Beck, come let's have it.

Mrs. Cad. Be quiet then: why, as I was telling you, first he made love to me, and wanted me to be a hare.

Cad. A hare! hold, ecod, that was whimsical; a hare! hey! oh ecod, that might be because he thought you a little hair-brain'd already; Becky, a damn'd good story. Well, Beck, go on, let's have it out.

Mrs. Cad. No, I won't tell you no more, so I won't.

Cad. Nay, prythee, Beck.

Mrs. Cad. Hold your tongue then: And so there he was going on with his nonsense, and so in come our Bell; and so ——

Cad. Hold, hold, Becky; damn your so's; go on, child, but leave out your so's; its a low ---

hold, hold, vulgar — but go on.

Mrs. Cad. Why how can I go on, when you stop me every minute? Well, and then our Bell came in and interrupted him, and methought she looked very frumpish and jealous.

Cad. Well.

Mrs. Cad. And so I went out and listen'd.

Cad. So, what you staid and listen'd?

Mrs. Cad. No; I tell you upon my staying, she went out; no—upon my going out, she staid.

Cad. This is a damn'd blind story, but go on,

 Beck .

Mrs. Cad. And then at first she scolded him roundly for making love to me; and then he said as how she advised him to it; and then she said no; and then he said ---

Cad. Hold, hold; we shall never understand all these he's and she's; this may all be very true, Beck, but, hold, hold; as I hope to be saved, thou

art the worst teller of a story —

Mrs. Cad. Well, I have but a word more; and then he said as how I was a great fool.

Cad. Not much mistaken in that.

Mrs. Cad. And that he wou'd not have stay'd with me a minute, but to pave the way to the possesion of she.

Cad. Well, Beck, well?

Mrs. Cad. And so——that's all.

Cad. Make love to her, in order to get possession of you?

Mrs. Cad. Love to me, in order to get she.

Cad. Hey! Oh, now I begin to understand. Hey! What's this true, Bell? Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, I begin to smoke, hey! Mr. Cape.

Cape. How shall I act?

Rob. Own it, sir, I have a reason.

Cad. Well, what say you, Mr. Cape? Let's

have it, without equivocation; or, hold, hold, mental reservation. Guilty, or not?

Cape. Of what, sir?

Cad. Of what? Hold, hold, of making love to Bell.

Cape. Guilty.

Cad. Hey! how? Hold, zounds! No, what not with an intention to marry her?

Cape. With the lady's approbation, and your

kind consent.

Cad. Hold, hold, what my consent to marry you?

Cape. Ay, sir. Cad. Hold, hold, what our Bell? To mix the blood of the Cadwalladers with the puddle of a poet?

Cape. Sir?

Cad. A petty, paltry, ragged, rhiming ----

Spri. But Mr. -

Cad. A scribbling, hold, hold, hold Garretteer? that has no more cloaths than backs, no more heads than hats, and no shoes to his feet.

Spri. Nay, but -

Cad. The offspring of a dunghill! Born in a cellar, hold, hold, and living in a garret; a fungus, a mushroom.

Cape. Sir, my family ---

Cad. Your family! hold, hold, hold, Peter, fetch the pedigree; I'll shew you ---- Your family! a little obscure --- hold, hold, I don't believe you ever had a grandfather.

Enter Peter with the pedigree.

There it is; there; Peter, help me to stretch it out: There's seven yards more of lineals, besides three of collaterals, that I expect next Monday from the herald's office; d'ye see, Mr. Sprightly?

Spri. Prodigious!

Cad. Nay, but look'e, there's Welch princes,

and ambassadors, and kings of Scotland, and members of parliament: Hold, hold, ecod, I no more mind an earl or a lord in my pedigree, hold, hold, than Kouli Khan wou'd a serjeant in the train'd bands.

Spri. An amazing descent!

Cad. Hey, is it not? And for this low, lousy son of a shoe-maker, to talk of families - hold, hold, get out of my house.

Rob. Now is your time, sir.

Cad. Mr. Sprightly, turn him out. Gov. Stop, sir, I have a secret to disclose, that may make you alter your intentions.

Cad. Hold, hold; how, Mr. Interpreter?

Gov. You are now to regard that young man in a very different light, and consider him as my son.

Cape. Your son, sir?

Gov. In a moment, George, the mysteries shall be explain'd.

Cad. Your son? Hold, hold; and what then?

Gov. Then! Why then he is no longer the scribbler, the mushroom you have described, but of birth and fortune equal to your own.

Cad. What! the son of an interpreter equal to me! A fellow that trudges about, teaching of lan-

guages to foreign counts.

Gov. A teacher of languages!

Stay; ecod, a runner to monsieurs and marquisses!

Spri. You are mistaken, sir.

Cad. A jack-pudding! that takes fillips on the nose for six-pence a piece! Hold, hold, ecod, give me eighteen-pennyworth, and change for half a crown.

Gov. Stop, when you are well.

Cad. A spunger at other men's tables! that has jallop put into his beer, and his face black'd at Christmas for the diversion of children.

Gov. I can hold no longer. 'Sdeath, sir; who is it you dare treat in this manner?

Cad. Hey! zounds, Mr. Sprightly, lay hold of

him.

Spri. Calm your choler. Indeed, Mr. Cadwallader, nothing cou'd excuse your behaviour to this gentleman, but your mistaking his person.

Cad. Hold, hold. Is not he interpreter to -

Spri. No. Cad. Why did not you tell ——
Spri. That was a mistake. This gentleman is the prince's friend; and, by a long residence in the monarch's country, is perfect master of the language.

Cad. But who the devil is he then?

Spri. He is Mr. Cape, sir; a man of unblemish'd honour, capital fortune, and late governor of one of our most considerable settlements.

Cad. Governor! Hold, hold, and how came

you father to ----- hey!----

Gov. By marrying his mother.
Cape. But how am I to regard this?
Gov. As a solemn truth; that foreign friend, to whom you owe your education, was no other than myself; I had my reasons, perhaps capricious ones, for concealing this; but now they cease, and I am proud to own my son.

Cape. Sir; it is not for me (kneeling) but if

gratitude, duty filial —-

Gov. Rise, my boy; I have ventured far to fix thy fortune, George; but to find thee worthy of it, more than o'erpays my toil; the rest of my sto-

ry shall be reserved till we are alone.

Cad. Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, a good sensible old fellow this; but, hark'e, Sprightly, I have made a damn'd blunder here: Hold, hold, Mr. Governor, I ask ten thousand pardons; but who the devil cou'd have thought that the interpreter to prince Potowowsky —

Gov. Oh, sir, you have in your power sufficient means to atone for the injuries done us both.

Cad. Hold, how?
Gov. By bestowing your sister, with, I flatter myself, no great violence to her inclinations, here. Cad. What, marry Bell? Hey! Hold, hold;

zounds, Bell, take him, do; ecod, he is a good likely ----- hey! Will you?

Arab. I shan't disobey you, sir.

Cad. Shan't you? That's right. Who the devil knows but he may come to be a governor himself; hey! Hold, hold; come here then, give me your hands both; (Joins their hands.) There, there, the business is done: And now brother governor-

Gov. And now, brother Cadwallader.

Cad. Hey, Beck! here's something new for my pedigree; we'll pop in the governor to-morrow.

Mrs. Cad. Hark'e, Mr. Governor, can you give

me a black boy and a monkey?

Cad. Hey! Ay, ay, you shall have a black boy, and a monkey, and a parrot too, Beck.

Spri. Dear George, I am a little late in my con-

gratulations; but ——

Gov. Which if he is in acknowledging your disinterested friendship, I shall be sorry I ever own'd him. Now, Robin, my cares are over, and my wishes full; and if George remains as untainted by affluence, as he has been untempted by distress, I have given the poor a protector, his country an advocate, and the world a friend.

(Exeunt Omnes.

NOVELS

Printed for W. LOWNDES.

ABELARD & ELOISA, with seven Poems Antigallican, or Harry Cobham Auction, 2 vols Beaufort, History of Sir Charles, 2 vols Birmingham Counterfeit, 2 vols Boyle's Voyages and Adventures | Brother, 2 vols Casket, or Double Discovery, 2 vols Clive, Adventures of Francis, 2 vols Country Seat, or Evening's Amusement, 2 vols Delia Stanhope, 2 vols Evelina, by Miss Burney, 2 vols Fair Philosopher, 2 vols Fanny Seymour, by Mr. Shields Fatal Friendship, 2 vols | Fine Lady, 2 vols Fortunate Country Maid, 3 vols | French Lady, 2 vols Henrietta, by Mrs. Lennox, 2 vols High Life, or Miss Frankland, 2 vols Indiana Danby, 4 vols Jack Connor, 2 vols Joseph Andrews, by Fielding, 2 vols Ladies Miscellany, 2 vols Lady Manchester, or Husband's Resentment, 2 vols Lucilla, or Progress of Virtue Major Bromley, and Miss Cliffin, 2 vols Margaretta, by Miss Minifie, 2 vols Miss Melmoth, or New Clarissa, 3 vols Modern Fine Gentleman, 2 vols | Modern Wife, 2 vols Mount Henneth, by Mr. Bage, 2 vols Novelist, or Tea-Table Miscellany, 2 vols Pamela Howard, 2 vols Relapse, 2 vols Sentimental Spy, 2 vols Singleton's Voyages and Adventures Surprises of Love, by Cleland Telemachus, by Fenelon | Tom Jones, by Fielding, 4 vols Thoughtless Ward | Trinket Unfashionable Wife, 2 vols Vaughan's Voyages and Adventures, 2 vols Wilhelmina, by Jünger, 2 vols Woman of Fashion, 2 vols Woman of Honor, by Cleland, 3 vols Younger Sister, 2 vols

ENGLISHMAN RETURNED FROM PARIS;

BEING THE SEQUEL TO

THE ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS:

A FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE
AND COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, 38, BEDFORD STREET.

1808.



PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

MR. FOOTE.

OF all the passions that possess mankind, The love of novelty rules most the mind; In search of this, from realm to realm we roam, Our fleets come fraught with every folly home; From Lybia's deserts hostile brutes advance, And dancing dogs in droves skip here from France; From Latian lands gigantic forms appear, Striking our British breasts with awe and fear, As once the Lilliputians----Gulliver. Not only objects that affect the sight, In foreign arts and artists we delight: Near to that spot where Charles bestrides a horse, In humble prose the place is Charing Cross; Close by the margin of a kennel's side, A dirty dismal entry opens wide, There with hoarse voice, check shirt, and callous hand, Duff's Indian English trader takes his stand, Surveys each passenger with curious eyes, And rustic Roger falls an easy prize; Here's China porcelain that Chelsea yields, And India handkerchiefs from Spitalfields. With Turkey carpets that from Wilton came, And Spanish tucks and blades from Birmingham, Factors are forced to favour this deceit, And English goods are smuggled thro' the street. The rude to polish, and the fair to please, The hero of to-night has cross'd the seas,

PROLOGUE.

Tho' to be born a Briton be his crime,
He's manufactured in another clime.
'Tis Buck begs leave once more to come before ye,
The little subject of a former story,
How chang'd, how fashion'd, whether brute or beau,
We trust the following scenes will fully shew.
For them and him we your indulgence crave,
'Tis ours still to sin on, and yours to save.

EPILOGUE:

SPOKEN BY

MRS. BELLAMY.

AMONG the arts to make a piece go down, And fix the fickle favour of the town, An Epilogue is deem'd the surest way To atone for all the errors of the play; Thus when pathetic strains have made you cry, In trips the Comic Muse, and wipes your eye, With equal reason, when she has made you laugh, Melpomene should send you snivelling off. But our Bard, unequal to the task, Rejects the dagger, and retains the mask: Fain would he send you chearful home to-night, And harmless mirth by honest means excite; Scorning with luscious phrase or double sense, To raise a laughter at the fair's expence. What method shall we choose your taste to hit? Will no one lend our Bard a little wit? Thank ye, kind souls, I'll take it from the pit.

EPILOGUE.

The piece concluded, and the curtain down, Up starts that fatal phalanx, call'd The Town: In full assembly weighs our author's fate. And Surly thus commences the debate: Pray, among friends, does not this poisoning scene The sacred rights of Tragedy profane? If Farce may mimic thus her awful bowl: Oh fie, all wrong, stark naught, upon my soul! Then Buck cries, Billy, can it be in nature? Not the least likeness in a single feature. My lord, Lord love him, 'tis a precious piece; Let's come on Friday night and have a hiss. To this a peruquier assents with joy, Parcequ'il affronte les François, oui, ma foi. In such distress what can the poet do? Where seek for shelter when those foes pursue? He dares demand protection, sirs, from you.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AT COVENT GARDEN.

Buck,	Mr. Foote.
CRAB,	Mr. Sparks.
LORD JOHN,	Mr. White.
MACRUTHEN,	Mr. Shuter.
RACKET,	Mr. Cushing.
TALLYHOE,	Mr. Castallo.
LATITAT,	Mr. Dunstall.
Sergeon,	Mr. Wignel.

LUCINDA,

La Jonquil, La Loire, Bearnois, and Servants.

Mrs. Bellamy.

THE ENGLISHMAN RETURNED FROM PARIS.

ACT I.

Crab discovered reading.

"AND I do constitute my very good friend, Giles Crab, esq. of St. Martin in the Fields, executor to this my will; and do appoint him guardian to my ward Lucinda; and do submit to his direction, the management of all my affairs, till the return of my son from his travels; whom I do intreat my said executor in consideration of our ancient friendship, to advise, to counsel, &c. &c.—

John Buck."

A good, pretty legacy! Let's see, I find myself heir, by this generous devise of my very good friend, to ten actions at common law, nine suits in chancery, the conduct of a boy, bred a booby at home, and finish'd a fop abroad; together with the direction of a marriageable, and therefore an unmanageable wench; and all this to an old fellow of sixty-six, who heartily hates business, is tired of the world, and despises every thing in it. Why how the devil came I to merit—

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. Latitat, of Staple's Inn. Crab. So, here begin my plagues.

Crab. So, here begin my plagues. Shew the hound in.

Enter Latitat with a bag, &c.

Lat. I would, Mr. Crab, have attended your summons immediately, but I was obliged to sign

judgment in error at the Common Pleas; sue out of the Exchequer a writ of quæ minus, and surrender in banco regis the defendant, before the return of the sci fa, to discharge the bail.

Crab. Prithee, man, none of thy unintelligible law jargon to me; but tell me in the language of common sense, and thy country, what I am to do.

Lat. Why, Mr. Crab, as you are already possessed of a probat, and letters of administration de bonis are granted, you may sue, or, be sued; I hold it sound doctrine for no executor to discharge debts, without a receipt upon record: this can be obtained by no means but by an action. Now, actions, sir, are of various kinds, there are special actions, actions on the case, or assumpsit's, actions of trover, actions of clausum fregit, actions of battery, actions of -

Crab. Hey, the devil, where's the fellow running now?—But hark'ee, Latitat, why I thought all our law proceedings were directed to be in

English.

Lat. True, Mr. Crab.

Crab. And what do you call all this stuff, ha! Lat. English.
Crab. The devil you do.

Lat. Vernacular, upon my honour, Mr. Crab. For as lord Coke describes the common law, to be

the perfection ---

Crab. So, here's a fresh deluge of impertinence. A truce to thy authorities, I beg; and as I find it will be impossible to understand thee without an interpreter, if you will meet me at five, at Mr. Brief's chambers, why, if you have any thing to say, he will translate it for me.

Lat. Mr. Brief, sir, and translate, sir!—Sir, I would have you to know, that no practitioner in

Westminster Hall, gives clearer ----

Crab. Sir, I believe it; for which reason I have

referred you to a man who never goes into Westminster Hall.

Lat. A bad proof of his practice, Mr. Crab.

Crab. A good one of his principles, Mr. Latitat. Lat. Why, sir, do you think that a lawyer ——

Crab. Zounds, sir, I never thought about a lawyer. The law is an oracular idol, you are the explanatory ministers; nor should any of my own private concerns have made me bow to your beastly Baal. I had rather lose a cause, than contest it. And had not this old, doating dunce, sir John Buck, plagued me with the management of his money, and the care of his booby boy, Bedlam should sooner have had me, than the bar.

Lat. Bedlam, the bar! Since, sir, I am provoked, I don't know what your choice may be, or what your friends may choose for you; I wish I was your prochain ami: but I am under some doubts as to the sanity of the testator, otherwise he could not have chosen for his executor, under the sanction of the law, a person who despises the law. And the law, give me leave to tell you, Mr. Crab, is the bulwark, the fence, the protection, the sine qua non, the ne plus ultra-

Crab. Mercy, good Six-and-eight-pence.

Lat. The defence and offence, the by which, and the whereby, the statute common and customary, or as Plowden classically and elegantly expresses it, 'tis

Mos commune vetus mores, consulta senatus, Hæc tria jus statuunt terra Britanna tibi.

Crab. Zounds, sir, among all your laws, are there none to protect a man in his own house?

Lat. Sir, a man's house is his castellum, his castle; and so tender is the law of any infringement of that sacred right, that any attempt to invade it by force, fraud, or violence, clandestinely, or vi et armis, is not only deemed felonius but burglarius.

Now, sir, a burglary may be committed either upon the dwelling, or out-house.

Crab. O laud! O laud!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your clerk, sir—The parties, he says,

are all in waiting at your chambers.

Lat. I come. I will but just explain to Mr. Crab, the nature of a burglary, as it has been described by a late statute.

Crab. Zounds, sir, I have not the least curiosity.

Lat. Sir, but every gentleman should know -

Crab. I won't know. Besides, your clients— Lat. O, they may stay. I shan't take up five minutes, sir—A burglary —

Crab. Not an instant.

Lat. By the common law.——Crab. I'll not hear a word.

Lat. It was but a clausum fregit.

Crab. Dear sir, be gone.

Lat. But by the late acts of par -

Crab. Help, you dog. Zounds, sir, get out of my house.

Ser. Your clients, sir ----

Crab. Push him out [the lawyer talking all the while So, ho! Hark'ee, rascal, if you suffer that fellow to enter my doors again, I'll strip and discard you the very minute. - [Exit Servant] - This is but the beginning of my torments. But that I expect the young whelp from abroad, every instant, I'd fly for it myself and quit the kingdom at once.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My young master's travelling tutor, sir,

just arrived.

Crab. Oh, then I suppose, the blockhead of a baronet is close at his heels. Shew him in. This bear-leader, I reckon now, is either the clumsy curate of the knight's own parish church, or some

needy highlander, the out-cast of his country, who, with the pride of a German baron, the poverty of a French marquis, the address of a Swiss soldier, and the learning of an academy usher, is to give our heir apparent politeness, taste, literature; a perfect knowledge of the world, and of himself.

Enter Macruthen.

Mac. Maister Crab, I am your devoted servant. Crab. Oh, a British child by the mess.—Well,

where's your charge?

Mac. O, the young baronet is o'the road. I was mighty afraid he had o'er ta'en me; for between Canterbury and Rochester, I was stopt, and robb'd by a highwayman.

Crab. Robb'd! what the devil could he rob

you of?

Mac. In gude troth, not a mighty booty. Buchanan's history, Lauder against Melton, and two pound of high-dried Glasgow.

Crab. A travelling equipage. Well, and what's become of your cub? Where have you left him?

Mac. Main you sir Charles? I left him at Calais, with another young nobleman, returning from his travels. But why caw ye him cub, maister Crab? In gude troth there's a meeghty alteration.

Crab. Yes, yes, I have a shrewd guess at his

improvements.

Mac. He's quite a phenomenon.

Crab. Oh, a comet, I dare swear, but not an unusual one at Paris. The Faux-bourg of St. Germains, swarms with such, to the no small amusement of our very good friends the French.

Mac. Oh! the French were very fond of him.

Crab. But as to the language, I suppose he's a perfect master of that.

Mac. He can caw for aught that he need, but he is na quite maister of the accent.

Crab. A most astonishing progress!

Mnc. Suspend your judgment awhile, and you'll find him all you wish, allowing for the sallies of juvenility; and must take the vanity to myself of being, in a great measure, the author.

Crab. Oh, if he be but a faithful copy of the

admirable original, he must be a finished piece.

Mac. You are pleased to compliment.

Crab. Not a whit. Well, and what—I suppose you, and your—what's your name?

Mac. Macruthen, at your service.

Crab. Macruthen! Hum! You and your pupil agreed very well?

Mac. Perfectly. The young gentleman is of

an amiable disposition.

Crab. Oh, ay: And it would be wrong to sour his temper. You knew your duty better, I hope, than to contradict him.

Mac. It was na for me, Maister Crab.

Crab. Oh, by no means, master Macruthen; all your business was to keep him out of frays; to take care, for the sake of his health, that his wine was genuine, and his mistresses as they should be. You pirup'd for him I suppose?

Mac. Pimp for him! D'ye mean to affront -

Crab. To suppose the contrary would be the affront, Mr. Tutor. What, man, you know the world. 'Tis not by contradiction, but by compliance, that men make their fortunes. And was it for you to thwart the humour of a lad upon the threshold of ten thousand a year?

Mac. Why, to be sure great allowances must

be made.

Crab. No doubt, no doubt.

Mac. I see, maister Crab, you know mankind; you are sir John Buck's executor.

Crab. True.

Mac. I have a little thought that may be useful to us both.

Crab. As how?

Mac. Could na we contrive to make a hond o'the young baronet?

Crab. Explain.

Mac. Why you, by the will, have the care o'the cash: and I caw make a shift to manage the lad.

Crab. Oh, I conceive you. And so between us both, we may contrive to ease him of that inheritance which he knows not how properly to employ; and apply it to our own use. You do know how.

Mac. Ye ha hit it.

Crab. Why what a superlative rascal art thou, thou inhospitable villain! Under the roof, and in the presence, of thy benefactor's representative, with almost his ill-bestowed bread in your mouth, art thou plotting the perdition of his only child! And, from what part of my life didst thou derive a hope of my compliance with such a hellish scheme? Mac. Maister Crab, I am of a nation—

Crab. Of known honour and integrity; I allow it. The kingdom you have quitted, in consigning

the care of its monarch, for ages, to your predecessors, in preference to its proper subjects, has given you a brilliant panegyric, that no other people can parallel.

Mac. Why, to be sure ——

Crab. And one happiness it is, that though national glory can beam a brightness on particulars, the crimes of individuals can never reflect a disgrace upon their country. Thy apology but aggravates thy guilt.

Mac. Why, maister Crab, I -

Crab. Guilt and confusion choak thy utterance. Avoid my sight. Vanish!—[Exit Mac.]—A fine fellow this, to protect the person, inform the inexperience, direct and moderate the desires of an unbridled boy! But can it be strange, whilst the

parent negligently accepts a superficial recommendation to so important a trust, that the person whose wants perhaps, more than his abilities make desirous of it, should consider the youth as a kind of property, and not consider what to make him, but what to make of him; and thus prudently lay a foundation for his future sordid hopes, by a criminal compliance with the lad's present prevailing passions? But vice and folly rule the world.— Without, there !- [Enter Servant.]-Rascal, where d'you run, blockhead? Bid the girl come hither .-Fresh instances, every moment, fortify my abhor-rence, my detestation of mankind. This turn may be term'd misanthropy; and imputed to chagrin and disappointment. But it can only be by those fools, who, through softness or ignorance, regard the faults of others, like their own, through the wrong end of the perspective.

Enter Lucinda.

So, what I suppose your spirits are all affoat. You have heard your fellow's coming.

Luc. If you had your usual discernment, sir, you would distinguish, in my countenance, an expression very different from that of joy.

Crab. Oh, what, I suppose your monkey has broke his chain, or your parrot died in moulting.

Luc. A person less censorious than Mr. Crab, might assign a more generous motive for my distress.

Crab. Distress! a pretty, poetical phrase. What motive caust thou have for distress? Has not sir John Buck's death assured thy fortune? and art not thou -

Luc. By that very means, a helpless unpro-

tected orphan.

Crab. Pho', prithee, wench, none of thy romantic cant to me. What, I know the sex: the objects of every woman's wish are property and power. The first you have, and the second you

won't be long without; for here's a puppy riding

post to put on your chains.

Luc. It would appear affectation not to understand you. And, to deal freely, it was upon that subject I wish'd to engage you.

Crab. Your information was needless; I knew

it.

Luc. Nay, but why so severe? I did flatter myself that the very warm recommendation of your deceased friend, would have abated a little of that

rigour.

Crab. No wheedling, Lucy. Age and contempt have long shut these gates against flattery and dissimulation. You have no sex for me. Without preface, speak your purpose.

Luc. What then, in a word, is your advice with regard to my marrying sir Charles Buck?

Crab. And do you seriously want my advice?

Luc. Most sincerely.

Crab. Then you are a blockhead. Why where could you mend yourself? Is not he a fool, a fortune, and in love? -Look'ee, girl.-[Enter Servant]-Who sent for you, sir?

Ser. Sir, my young master's post-chaise is broke down, at the corner of the street. by a coal-cart. His clothes are all dirt, and he swears like a trooper.

Crab. Ay! Why then carry his chaise to the coach-maker's, his coat to a scowerer's, and him before a justice.—Prithee, why dost trouble me? I suppose you would not meet your gallant.

Luc. Do you think I should?

Crab. No, retire. And if this application for my advice, is not a copy of your countenance, a mask; if you are obedient, I may yet set you right.

Luc. I shall, with pleasure, follow your directions. Exit.

Crab. Yes, so long as they correspond with your own inclination. Now we shall see what Paris has done for this puppy. But here he comes; light as the cork in his heels, or the feather in his hat.

Enter Buck, Lord John, La Loire, Bearnois, and Macruthen.

Buck. Not a word, mi lor, jernie, it is not to be supported!—after being rompu tout vif, disjointed by that execrable pavé, to be tumbled into a kennel, by a filthy charbonnier; a dirty retailer of seacoal, morbleu!

Ld. J. An accident that might have happened

any where, sir Charles.

Buck. And then the hideous hootings of that canaille, that murtherous mob, with the barbarous— 'Monsieur in the mud, huzza!' Ah, pais sauvage, barbare, inhospitable! ah, ah, qu'est ce que nous avons? Who?

Mac. That is maister Crab, your father's executor.

Buck. Ha, ha. Serviteur très humble, monsieur. Eh bien! What! is he dumb? Mac, my lor, mort de ma vie, the veritable Jack-Roast-beef of the French comedy. Ha, ha, how do you do, monsieur-Jack-Roast-beef, ha, ha?

Crab. Prithee take a turn or two round the

room.

Buck. A turn or two! Volontiers. Eh bien! Well, have you, in your life, seen any thing so, ha, ha, hey!

Crab. Never. I hope you had not many spec-

tators of your tumble.

Buck. Pourquoi? Why so?

Crab. Because I would not have the public curiosity forestalled. I can't but think, in a country so fond of strange sights, if you were kept up a little, you would bring a great deal of money.

Buck. I don't know, my dear, what my person would produce in this country, but the counterpart of your very grotesque figure has been ex-

tremely beneficial to the comedians from whence I

came. N'est ce pas vrai, mi lor? Ha, ha.

Ld. J. The resemblance does not strike me. Perhaps I may seem singular; but the particular customs of particular countries, I own, never appeared to me, as proper objects of ridicule.

Buck. Why so?

Ld. J. Because in this case it is impossible to have a rule for your judgment. The forms and customs which climate, constitution and government have given to our kingdom can never be transplanted with advantage to another, founded on different principles. And thus, though the habits and manners of different countries may be directly opposite, yet, in my humble conception, they may be strictly, because naturally, right.

Crab. Why there are some glimmerings of common-sense about this young thing. Harkee, child, by what accident did you stumble upon this block-head?—[to Buck]—I suppose the line of your understanding is too short to fathom the depth of

your companion's reasoning.

Buck. My dear. [gapes.]

Crab. I say, you can draw no conclusion from

the above premises.

Buck. Who I? Damn your premises, and conclusions too. But this I conclude from what I have seen, my dear, that the French are the first people in the universe; that, in the arts of living, they do or ought to give laws to the whole world, and that whosoever would either eat, drink, dress, dance, fight, sing, or even sneeze, avec elegance, must go to Paris, to learn it. This is my creed.

Crab. And these precious principles you are

come here to propagate.

Buck. C'est vrai, monsieur Crab: and with the aid of these brother missionaries, I have no doubt of making a great many proselytes. And now for a detail of their qualities. Bearnois, avancez. This is an officer of my household, unknown to this country.

Crab. And what may he be?—I'll humour the

puppy.

Buck. This is my Swiss porter. Tenez vous droit, Bearnois. There's a fierce figure to guard the gate of an hotel.

Crab. What, do you suppose we have no

porters?

Buck. Yes, you have dunces that open the doors; a drudgery that this fellow does by deputy. But for intrepidity in denying a disagreeable visitor; for politeness in introducing a mistress, acuteness in discerning, and constancy in excluding a dun, a greater genius never came from the Cantons.

Crab. Astonishing qualities!

Buck. Retirez, Bearnois. But here's a bijou, here's a jewel indeed! Venez ici, mon cher La Loire. Comment trouvez vous ce Paris ici?

La L. Très bien.

Buck. Very well. Civil creature! This, monsieur Crab, is my cook La Loire, and for hors d'oeuvres, entre rotis, ragoúts, entremets, and the disposition of a desert, Paris never saw his parallel.

Crab. His wages, I suppose, are proportioned

to his merit.

Buck. A bagatelle, a trifle. Abroad but a bare two hundred. Upon his cheerful compliance, in coming hither into exile with me, I have indeed doubled his stipend.

Crab. You could do no less.

Buck. And now, sir, to compleat my equipage, regardez monsieur La fonquil, my first valet de chambre, excellent in every thing: but pour l'accommodage, for decorating the head, inimitable. In one word, La Jonquil shall, for fifty to five, knot, twist, tye, frize, cut, curl, or comb with any garçon perruquier, from the land's end, to the Orkneys.

Crab. Why, what an infinite fund of public spi-

rit must you have, to drain your purse, mortify your inclination, and expose your person, for the mere improvement of your countrymen?

Buck. Oh, I am a very Roman for that. But

at present I had another reason for returning.

Crab. Ay, what can that be?

Buck. Why I find there is a likelihood of some little fracas between us. But, upon my soul, we must be very brutal to quarrel with the dear, agreeable creatures, for a trifle.

Crab. They have your affections then.

Buck. De tout mon cœur. From the infinite civility shewn to us, in France, and their friendly professions in favour of our country, they can never

intend us an injury.

Crab. Oh, you have hit their humour to a hair. But I can have no longer patience with the puppy. Civility and friendship, you booby! Yes, their civility at Paris, has not left you a guinea in your pocket, nor would their friendship to your nation leave it a foot of land in the universe.

Buck. Lord John, this is a strange old fellow. Take my word for it, my dear, you mistake this thing egregiously. But all you English are constitutionally sullen.-November fogs, with salt boil'd beef, are most cursed recipes for good humour, or a quick apprehension. Paris is the place. 'Tis there men laugh, love, and live! Vive l'amour! Sans amour, et sans ses desirs, un cœur est bien moins heureux qu'il ne pense.

Crab. Now would not any soul suppose that this yelping hound had a real relish for the country

he has quitted?

Buck. A mighty unnatural supposition, truly.

Crab. Foppery and affectation all.

Buck. And you really think Paris a kind of purgatory, ha, my dear?

Crab. To thee the most solitary spot upon earth,

my dear. - Familiar puppy!

Buck. Whimsical enough. But come, pour passer le tems, let us, old Diegenes, enter into a little debate. Mi lor, and you, Macruthen, determine the dispute between that source of delights, ce paradis de plaisir, and this cave of care, this seat of scurvy and the spleen.

Mac. Let us heed them weel, my lord. Mais-

ter Crab has met with his match.

Buck. And first for the great pleasure of life, the pleasure of the table; ah, que!le difference! The ease, the wit, the wine, the badinage, the percistage, the double entendre, the chansons à boire. Oh, what delicious moments have I pass'd chez madame la duchesse de Barbouliac.

Crab. Your mistress, I suppose.

Buck. Who, I! Fi donc! How is it possible for a woman of her rank, to have a penchant for me? Hey, Mac.

Mac. Sir Charles is too much a man of honour to blab. But, to say truth, the whole city of Paris thought as much.

Crab. A precious fellow this!

Buck. Taisez vous, Mac. But we lose the point in view. Now, Monsieur Crab, let me conduct vou to what you call an entertainment. And first, the melancholy mistress is fixed in her chair, where, by the bye, she is condemned to do more drudgery than a dray-horse. Next proceeds the master, to marshal the guests, in which as much caution is necessary, as at a coronation, with, "my lady, sit here," and, " sir Thomas, sit there," till the length of the ceremony, with the length of the grace, have destroyed all apprehensions of the meat burning your mouths.

Mac. Bravo, bravo! Did I na' say sir Charles

was a phænomenon?

Crab. Peace, puppy.

Buck. Then, in solemn silence, they proceed to demolish the substantials, with, perhaps, an occasional interruption, of, "Here's to you, friends," "Hob or nob," "Your love and mine." Pork succeeds to beef, pies to puddings: the cloth is removed: madam, drenched with a bumper, drops a curtesy, and departs; leaving the jovial host, with his sprightly companions, to tobacco, port, and politics. Voilà un repas à la mode d'Angleterre, monsieur Crab.

Crab. It is a thousand pities that your father is not a living witness of these prodigious improvements.

Buck. C'est vrai. But à propos, he is dead, as you say, and you are

Crab. Against my inclination, his executor.

Buck. Peut être: well, and

Crab. Oh, my task will soon determine. One article, indeed, I am strictly enjoined to see performed; your marriage with your old acquaintance Lucinda.

Buck. Ha, ha, la petite Lucinde! & comment—Crab. Prithee, peace, and hear me. She is bequeathed conditionally, that if you refuse to marry her, twenty thousand pounds; and if she rejects you, which I suppose she will have the wisdom to do, only five.

Buck. Reject me! Very probable, hey, Mac!

But could we not have an entrevüe?

Crab. Who's there? Let Lucinda know we

expect her.

Mac. Had na' ye better, sir Charles, equip yourself in a more suitable garb, upon a first visit to your mistress?

Crab. Oh, such a figure and address can derive

no advantage from dress.

Buck. Serviteur. But, however, Mac's hint may not be so mal à propos. Allons, Jonquil, je m'en vais m'habiller. Mi lor, shall I trespass upon your patience? My toilet is but the work of ten minutes. Mac, dispose of my domestics à leur aise, and then

attend me with my portfeuille, and read, while I dress, those remarks I made in my last voyage from Fontainbleau to Compeigne.

Serviteur, Messieurs;
Car le bon vin
Du matin
Sortant du tonneau,
Vaut bien mieux que
Le Latin
De toute la Sorbonne.

 $\int Exit.$

Crab. This is the most consummate coxcomb! I told the fool of a father, what a puppy Paris would produce him; but travel is the word, and the consequence, an importation of every foreign folly: and thus the plain persons and principles of old England, are so confounded and jumbled with the excrementitious growth of every climate, that we have lost all our ancient characteristic, and are become a bundle of contradictions; a piece of patch-work; a mere harlequin's coat.

Ld. J. Do you suppose then, sir, that no good

may be obtained -

Crab. Why, prithee, what have you gained?

Ld. J. I should be sorry my acquisitions were to determine the debate. But do you think, sir, the shaking off some native qualities, and the being made more sensible, from comparison, of certain national and constitutional advantages, objects un-

worthy the attention?

Crab. You show the favourable side, young man: but how frequently are substituted for national prepossessions, always harmless, and often happy, guilty and unnatural prejudices!—Unnatural!—For the wretch who is weak and wicked enough to despise his country, sins against the most laudable laws of nature; he is a traitor to the community, where Providence has placed him; and should be denied those social benefits he has

rendered himself unworthy to partake. But sententious lectures are ill calculated for your time of life.

Ld. J. I differ from you here, Mr. Crab. Principles that call for perpetual practice, cannot be too soon received. I sincerely thank you, sir, for this communication, and should be happy to have always near me so moral a monitor.

Crab. You are indebted to France for her flattery. But I leave you with a lady, where it will

be better employed.

Enter Lucinda.

Crab. This young man waits here, till your puppy is powdered. You may ask him after your French acquaintance. I know nothing of him; but he does not seem to be altogether so great a fool as your fellow.

[Exit.

Luc. I'm afraid, sir, you have had but a disa-

greeable tête-à-tête.

Ld. J. Just the contrary, madam. By good sense, tinged with singularity, we are entertained as well as improved. For a lady, indeed, Mr. Crab's manners are rather too rough.

Luc. Not a jot; I am familiarized to 'em, I know his integrity, and can never be disobliged by

his sincerity.

Ld. J. This declaration is a little particular, from a lady who must have received her first impressions in a place remarkable for its delicacy to the fair-sex. But good sense can conquer even

early habits.

Luc. This compliment I can lay no claim to. The former part of my life procured me but very little indulgence. The pittance of knowledge I possess, was taught me by a very severe mistress, adversity. But you, sir, are too well acquainted with sir Charles Buck, not to have known my situation.

Ld. J. I have heard your story, madam, before I had the honour of seeing you. It was affecting; you'll pardon the declaration; it now becomes interesting. However, it is impossible I should not congratulate you on the near approach of the happy catastrophe.

Luc. Events that depend upon the will of another, a thousand unforeseen accidents may inter-

rupt.

Ld. J. Could I hope, madam, your present critical condition would acquit me of temerity, I should take the liberty to presume, if the suit of sir Charles be rejected——

Enter Crab.

Crab. So, Youngster! what I suppose you are already practising one of your foreign lessons. Perverting the affections of a friend's mistress, or debauching his wife, are mere peccadilloes, in modern morality. But at present you are my care. That way conducts you to your fellow-traveller.—
[Exit. Ld. John.]—I would speak with you in the library.

[Exit.

Luc. I shall attend you, sir. Never was so unhappy an interruption. What could my lord mean? But be it what it will, it ought not, it cannot concern me. Gratitude and duty demand my compliance with the dying wish of my benefactor, my friend, my father. But am I then to sacrifice all my future peace? But reason not, rash girl; obe-

dience is thy province.

Tho' hard the task, be it my part to prove That sometimes duty can give laws to love.

[Exit.

ACT II.

Buck at his toilet, attended by three valets de chambre and Macruthen.

Mac.

NOTWITHSTANDING aw his plain dealing, I doubt whether maiseer Crab is so honest a man.

Buck. Prithee, Mac, name not the monster. If I may be permitted a quotation from one of their paltry poets,

Who is knight of the shire represents 'em all.

Did ever mortal see such mirroirs, such looking glass as they have here too! One might as well address oneself, for information, to a bucket of water. La Jonquil, mettez vous le rouge, assez. Eh bien, Mac, miserable! Hey!

Mac. It's very becoming.

Buck. Aye, it will do for this place; I really could have forgiven my father's living a year or two longer, rather than be compelled to return to this—[Enter ld. John.]—My dear lord, je demande mille pardons, but the terrible fracas in my chaise has so gàtéed and disordered my hair, that it required an age to adjust it.

Ld. J. No apology, sir Charles, I have been

entertained very agreeably.

Buck. Who have you had, my dear lord, to entertain you?

Ld. J. The very individual lady that's soon to

make you a happy husband.

Buck. A happy who? husband! What two very opposite ideas confounded ensemble! In my conscience, I believe there's contagion in the clime, and my lor is infected. But pray, my dear lor, by what accident have you discovered, that I was upon

the point of becoming that happy—Oh, un mari!

Ld. J. The lady's beauty and merit, your inclinations, and your father's injunctions, made me

conjecture that.

Buck. And can't you suppose that the lady's beauty may be possess'd, her merit rewarded, and my inclinations gratified, without an absolute obedience to that fatherly injunction?

Ld. J. It does not occur to me.

Buck. No, I believe not, my lor. Those kind of talents are not given to every body. Donnez moi mon manchon. And now you shall see me manage the lady.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Young squire Racket, and sir Toby Tally-hoe, who call themselves your honour's old ac-

quaintances.

Buck. Oh the brutes! By what accident could they discover my arrival! My dear, dear lor, aid me to escape this embarras.

Racket and Tallyhoe without.

Hoic a boy, hoic a boy.

Buck. Let me die if I do not believe the Hottentots have brought a whole hundred of hounds with them. But they say, forms keep fools at a distance. I'll receive 'em en cérémonie.

Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.

Tally. Hey boy, hoix, my little Buck.

Buck. Monsieur le chevalier, votre très humble serviteur.

Tally. Hey.

Buck. Monsieur Racket, je suis charmé de vous voir.

Rack. Anon, what!

Buck. Ne m'entendez vous? Don't you under-stand French?

Rack. Know French! No, nor you neither, I think, sir Toby, foregad I believe the papistes ha

bewitch'd him in foreign parts.

Tally. Bewitch'd and transformed him too. Let me perish, Racket, if I don't think he's like one of the folks we used to read of at school, in Ovid's metamorphis; and that they have turned him into a beast.

Rack. A beast! No, a bird, you fool. Lookee, sir Toby, by the lord Harry, here are his wings.

Tally. Hey! ecod and so they are, ha, ha. I reckon, Racket, he came over with the woodcocks.

Buck. Voilà des véritables Anglois. The rustic

rude ruffians!

Rack. Let us see what the devil he has put upon his pole, sir Toby.

Tally. Aye.

Buck. Do, dear savage, keep your distance.

Tally. Nay, 'fore George we will have a scrutiny.

Rack. Aye, aye, a scrutiny.

Buck. En grace. La Jonquil, my lor, protect me from these pirates.

Ld J. A little compassion, I beg, gentlemen. Consider, sir Charles is on a visit to his bride.

Tally. Bride! Zounds he's fitter for a bandbox.

Racket, hocks the heels.

Rack. I have 'em, knight. Foregad he is the very reverse of a bantam cock; his comb's on his feet, and his feathers on his head. Who have we got here! What are these fellows, pastry cooks?

Enter Crab.

Crab. And is this one of your newly acquired accomplishments, letting your mistress languish for a —but you have company, I see.

Buck. O, yes, I have been inexpressibly happy. These gentlemen are kind enough to treat me,

upon my arrival, with what I believe they call in this country, a rout.-My dear lor, if you don't favour my flight. But see if the toads a'n't tumbling my toilet.

Ld. J. Now's your time, steal off; I'll cover

your retreat.

Buck. Mac, let La Jonquil follow to re-settle my cheveux.—Je vous remercie mille, mille fois, mon cher my lor.

Rack. Hola, sir Toby, stole away!

Buck. O mon Dieu.

Tally. Poh, rot him, let him alone. He'll never do for our purpose. You must know we intend to kick up a riot, to-night, at the playhouse, and we wanted him of the party; but that fop would swoon at the sight of a cudgel.

Ld. J. Pray, sir, what is your cause of con-

tention?

Tally. Cause of contention, hey, faith, I know nothing of the matter. Racket, what is it we are angry about?

Rack. Angry about! Why you know we are

to demolish the dancers.

Tally. True, true, I had forgot. Will you make one?

 $Ld. \mathcal{F}$. I heg to be excused.

Rack. May-hap you are a friend to the French. Ld. J. Not I, indeed sir. But if the occasion will permit me a pun, tho' I am far from being a wellwisher to their arms, I have no objection to the

being entertained by their legs.

Tally. Aye! Why then if you'll come to night, you'll split your sides with laughing, for I'll be rot if we don't make them caper higher, and run faster, than ever they have done since the battle of Ld. J. Was there ever such a contrast? Blenheim. Come, along, Racket.

Crab. Not so remote as you imagine; they are scions from the same stock, set in different soils. The first shrub, you see, flowers most prodigally, but matures nothing; the last slip, tho' stunted, bears a little fruit; crabbed, 'tis true, but still the growth of the clime. Come, you'll follow your friend.

[Exeunt.

Enter Lucinda, with a Servant.

Luc. When Mr. Crab, or sir Charles, enquire for me; you will conduct them hither—[Exit Serv.]—How I long for an end to this important interview! Not that I have any great expectations from the issue; but still, in my circumstances, a state of suspence is, of all situations, the most disagreeable. But hush, they come.

Enter sir Charles, Macruthen, Ld. John, and Crab.

Buck. Mac, announce me.

Mac. Madam, sir Charles Buck craves the ho-

nour of kissing your hand.

Buck. Très humble serviteur. Et comment se porte mademoiselle. I am ravished to see thee, ma chere petite Lucinde.—Eh bien, ma reine! Why you look divinely, child. But, mon enfant, they have dress'd you most diabolically. Why, what a coiffeure must you have, and, oh mon Dieu, a total absence of rouge. But, perhaps, you are out. I had a cargo from Deffreney the day of my departure; shall I have the honour to supply you?

Luc. You are obliging, sir, but I confess myself a convert to the chaste customs of this country, and, with a commercial people, you know, sir

Charles, all artifice ----

Buck. Artifice! You mistake the point, ma chere. A proper proportion of red, is an indispensible part of your dress; and, in my private opinion, a woman might as well appear, in public, without powder, or a petticoat.

Crab. And, in my private opinion, a woman, who puts on the first, would make very little diffi-

culty in pulling off the last.

Buck. Oh, monsieur Crab's judgment must be decisive in dress. Well, and what amusements, what spectacles, what parties, what contrivances, to conquer father Time, that foe to the fair? I fancy one must ennuier considerablement in your London here.

Luc. Oh, we are in no distress for diversions.

We have an opera.

Buck. Italien, I suppose, pitoiable, shocking, assommant! Oh, there is no supporting their hi, hi, hi, hi. Ah, mon Dieu! Ah, chassé brillant soleil,

> Brillant solei!, A-t-on jamais veu ton pareil?

There's music and melody.

Luc. What a fop!

Buck. But proceed, ma princesse.

Luc. Oh, then we have plays.

Buck. That I deny, child. Luc. No plays!

Buck. No.

Luc. The assertion is a little whimsical.

Tuck. Aye that may be; you have here dramatic things, farcical in their composition, and ridiculous in their representation.

Luc. Sir, I own myself unequal to the controversy; but, surely Shakespeare -My lord, this

subject calls upon you for its defence.

Crab. I know from what fountain this fool has drawn his remarks; the author of the Chinese Orphan, in the preface to which Mr. Voltaire calls the principal works of Shakespeare monstrous farces.

Ld. 7. Mr. Crab is right, madam. Mr. Voltaire has stigmatized with a very unjust and a very invidious appellation the principal works of that great master of the passions; and his apparent motive renders him the more inexcusable.

Luc. What could it be, my lord?

Ld. J. The preventing his countrymen from becoming acquainted with our author; that he might be at liberty to pilfer from him, with the greater security.

Luc. Ungenerous, indeed! Buck. Palpable defamation.

Luc. And as to the exhibition, I have been taught to believe, that for a natural pathetic, and a

spirited expression, no people upon earth -

Buck. You are imposed upon, child: the Lequesne, the Lanoue, the Grandval, the Dumenil, the Gaussen, what dignity, what action! But, à propos, I have myself wrote a tragedy in French.

Luc. Indeed!

Buck. En verité, upon Voltaire's plan.
Crab. That must be a precious piece of work.
Buck. It is now in repetition at the French comedy. Grandval and La Gaussen perform the principal parts. Oh, what an eclat! What a burst will it make in the parterre, when the king of Ananamaboe refuses the person of the princess of Cochineal!

Luc. Do you remember the passage?

Buck. Entire; and I believe I can convey it in their manner.

Luc. That will be delightful.

Buck. And first the king;

Ma chere princesse, je vous aime, c'est vrai; De ma femme vous portez les charmants attraits. Mais ce n'est pas honnête pour un homme tel que moi.

De tromper ma femme, ou de rompre ma foi.

Luc. Inimitable!

Buck. Now the princess; she is, as you may suppose, in extreme distress.

Luc. No doubt.

Buck. Mon grand roy, mon cher adorable, Ayez pitie de moi ; je suis inconsolable. [Then he turns his back upon her, at which she in a fury]

Monstre, ingrat, affreux, horrible, funeste, Oh que je vous aime, ah que je vous deteste! [Then he]

Pensez vous, madame, à me donner la loi, Votre haine, votre amour, sont les mêmes choses á moi.

Iuc. Bravo! Ld. J. Bravo, bravo!

Buck. Aye, there's passion and poetry, and reason and rhime. Oh how I detest blood, and blank verse! There is something so soft, so musical, and so natural, in the rich rhimes of the theatre François!

Ld. J. I did not know sir Charles was so totally

devoted to the belles lettres.

Buck. Oh, entirely. 'Tis the ton, the taste, I am every night at the Caffé* Procope, and had not I had the misfortune to be born in this curst country, I make no doubt but you would have seen my name among the foremost of the French academy.

Crab. I should think you might easily get over that difficulty, if you will be but so obliging as publicly to renounce us. I dare engage not one of your countrymen shall contradict, or claim you.

Buck. No!-Impossible. From the barbarity of my education, I must ever be taken for un Anglois.

Crab. Never.

Buck. En veriié?

Crab. En verité.

Buck. You flatter me.
Crab. But common justice.
Mac. Nay, maister Crab is in the right, for I

^{*} A coffee-house opposite the French comedy, where the wits assemble every evening.

have often heard the French themselves say, Is it possible that gentleman can be British?

Buck. Obliging creatures! And you concur

with them.

Crab. Entirely.
Luc. Entirely.
Ld. 7. Entirely.

Ld. J. Entirely.

Buck. How happy you make me!

Crab. Egregious puppy! But we lose time. A truce to this trumpery. You have read your father's will.

Buck. No; I read no English. When Mac has turned it into French, I may run over the items.

Crab. I have told you the part that concerns the girl. And as your declaration upon it will discharge me, I leave you to what you will call an ecclair cissement. Come, my lord.

Buck. Nay, but monsieur Crab, my lor, Mac. Crab. Along with us. [Exeunt.

Crab. Along with us. [Exeunt. Buck. A comfortable scrape I am in! What the deuce am I to do? In the language of the place, I am to make love, I suppose. A pretty employment!

Luc. I fancy my hero is a little puzzled with

his part. But, now for it.

Buck. A queer creature, that Crab, ma petite.

But, à propos, how d'ye like my lord?

Luc. He seems to have good sense and good

breeding.

Buck. Pas trop. But don't you think he has something of a foreign kind of air about him?

Luc. Foreign?

Buck. Aye, something so English in his manner. Luc. Foreign and English! I don't comprehend

you.

Buck. Why that is, he has not the ease, the je ne sçai quoi, the bon ton.—In a word, he does not resemble me now.

Luc. Not in the least.

Buck. Ah, I thought so. He is to be pitied, poor devil, he can't help it. But, entre nous, ma chere, the fellow has a fortune.

Luc. How does that concern me, sir Charles? Buck. Why, je pense, ma reine, that your eyes have done execution there.

Luc. My eyes execution!

Buck. Aye, child, is there any thing so extraordinary in that? Ma foi, I thought by the vivacity of his praise, that he had already summoned the garrison to surrender.

Luc. To carry on the allusion, I believe my lord is too good a commander, to commence a fruitless siege. He could not but know the con-

dition of the town.

Buck. Condition! Explain, ma chere.

Luc. I was in hopes your interview with Mr.

Crab had made that unnecessary.

Buck. Oh, aye, I do recollect something of a ridiculous article about marriage, in a will. But what a plot against the peace of two poor people! Well, the malice of some men is amazing! Not contented with doing all the mischief they can in their life, they are for intailing their malevolence, like their estates, to latest posterity.

Luc. Your contempt of me, sir Charles, I receive as a compliment. But the infinite obligations I owe to the man, who had the misfortune to call you son, compel me to insist, that in my presence, at least,

no indignity be offered to his memory.

Buck. Heydey! What, in heroics, ma reine! Luc. Ungrateful, unfilial wretch! so soon to trample on his ashes, whose fond heart, the greatest load of his last hours were his fears for thy future welfare.

Buck. Ma foi, elle est folle, she is mad, sans doute.

Luc. But I am to blame. Can he who breaks through one sacred relation, regard another? Can

the monster who is corrupt enough to contemn the place of his birth, reverence those who gave him being?——impossible.

Buck. Ah, a pretty monologue, a fine soliloquy

this, child.

Luc. Contemptible. But I am cool.

Buck. I am mighty glad of it. Now we shall

understand one another, I hope.

Luc. We do understand one another. You have already been kind enough to refuse me. Nothing is wanting but a formal rejection under your hand, and so concludes our acquaintance.

Buck. Vous a'lez trop vite, you are too quick, ma chere. If I recollect, the consequence of this rejection is my paying you twenty thousand

pounds.

Luc. True.

Buck. Now that have not I the least inclination to do.

Luz. No. sir? Why you own that marriage — Buck. Is my aversion. I'll give you that under my hand, if you please; but I have a prodigious love for the Louis'.

Luc. Oh, we'll soon settle that dispute; the

Buck. But, hold, ma reine. I don't find that my provident father has precisely determined the time of this comfortable conjunction. So, tho' I am condemned, the day of execution is not fixed.

Luc. Sir!

Buck. I say, my soul, there goes no more to your dying a maid, than my living a batchelor.

Luc. Ö, sir, I shall find a remedy.

Buck. But now suppose, ma belle, I have found one to your hand?

Luc. As how? Name one.

Buck. I'll name two. And first, mon enfant; tho' I have an irresistable antipathy to the conjugal knot, yet I am by no means blind to your personal

charms; in the possesion of which, if you please to place me, not only the aforesaid twenty thousand pounds, but the whole terre of your devoted shall fall at your -

Luc. Grant me patience!

Buck. Indeed you want it, my dear. But if you flounce, I fly.

Luc. Quick, sir, your other. For this is-

Buck. I grant, not quite so fashionable as my other. It is then, in a word, that you would let this lubberly lord make you a lady, and appoint me his assistant, his private friend, his cicisbei. And as we are to be joint partakers of your person, let us be equal sharers in your fortune, ma belle.

Luc. Thou mean, abject, mercenary thing. Thy mistress! Gracious heaven! Universal empire should not bribe me to be thy bride. And what apology, what excuse could a woman of the least sense or spirit make, for so unnatural a connexion!

Buck. Fort bien!

Luc. Where are thy attractions? Canst thou be weak enough to suppose thy frippery dress, thy affectation, thy grimace, could influence beyond the borders of a brothel?

Buck. Très bien!

Luc. And what are thy improvements? Thy air is a copy from thy barber: For thy dress, thou art indebted to thy taylor. Thou hast lost thy native language, and brought home none in exchange for it.

Buck. Extrêmement bien!

Luc. Had not thy vanity so soon exposed thy villainy, I might, in reverence to that name, to which thou art a disgrace, have taken a wretched chance with thee for life.

Buck. I am obliged to you for that. And a pretty pacific partner I should have had. Why, look'ee child, you have been, to be sure, very

eloquent, and upon the whole, not unentertaining: tho' by the bye, you have forgot, in your catalogue, one of my foreign acquisitions; c'est-à-dire, that I can, with a most intrepid sang froid, without a single emotion, support all this storm of female fury. But, adieu, ma belle. And when a cool hour of reflection has made you sensible of the propriety of my proposals, I shall expect the honour of a card.

Luc. Be gone for ever!

Buck. Pour jamais! Foregad she would make an admirable actress. If I once get her to Paris, she shall play a part in my piece. [Exit. Luc. I am ashamed, this thing has had the power to move me thus. Who waits there? Dear

Mr. Crab ——

Enter Lord John and Crab.

Ld. J. We have been unwillingly, madam, silent witnesses to this shameful scene. I blush that a creature, who wears the outward mark of humanity, should be in his morals so much below—

Crab. Prithee why didst thou not call thy maids,

and toss the booby in a blanket?

Ld. J. If I might be permitted, madam, to conclude what I intended saying, when interrupted

by Mr. Crab-

Luc. My lord, don't think me guilty of affectation. I believe, I guess at your generous design; but my temper is really so ruffled—besides I am meditating a piece of female revenge on this coxcomb.

Ld. J. Dear madam, can I assist?

Luc. Only by desiring my maid to bring hither the tea.—My lord, I am confounded at the liberty, but---

Ld. J. No apology. You honour me, madam. Crab. And prithee, wench, what is thy scheme? Luc. Oh, a very harmless one, I promise you. Crab. Zounds, I am sorry for it. I long to see

the puppy severely punished, methinks.

Luc. Sir Charles, I fancy, can't be yet got out of the house. Will you desire him to step hither? Crab. I'll bring him.

Luc. No, I wish to have him alone.

Crab. Why then I'll send him.

[Exit.

Enter Lettice.

Luc. Place these things on the table, a chair on each side: very well. Do you keep within call. But hark, he is here. Leave me, Lettice.

[Exit Lettice.

Enter Buck.

Buck. So, so, I thought she would come to; but, I confess not altogether so soon. Eh bien, ma belle, see me ready to receive your commands.

Luc. Pray be seated, sir Charles. I am afraid the natural warmth of my temper might have hurried me into some expressions not altogether so suitable.

Buck. Ah bagatelle. Name it not. Luc. Voulez-vous du thé, monsieur?

Buck. Volontiers. This tea is a pretty innocent kind of beverage; I wonder the French don't take it. I have some thoughts of giving it a fashion next winter.

Luc. That will be very obliging. It is of extreme service to the ladies this side the water you know.

Buck. True, it promotes parties, and infuses a kind of spirit of conversation, and that —

Luc. En voulez-vous encore?

Buck. Je vous rends mille graces.—But what has occasioned me, ma reine, the honour of your message by Mr. Crab?

Luc. The favours I have received from your family, sir Charles, I thought, demanded from me,

at my quitting your house, a more decent, and ceremonious adieu, than our last interview would admit of.

Buck. Is that all, ma chere? I thought your flinty heart had, at last relented. Well, ma reine, adjeu.

Luc. Can you then leave me? Buck. The fates will have it so.

Luc. Go then, perfidious traitor, be gone; I have this consolation, however, that if I cannot legally possess you, no other woman shall.

Buck. Hey, how, what?

Luc. And tho' the pleasure of living with you is denied me, in our deaths at least, we shall soon be united.

Buck. Soon be united in death? When, child? Luc. Within this hour.

Buck. Which way?

Luc. The fatal draught's already at my heart. I feel it here; it runs thro' every pore. Pangs, pangs unutterable! The tea we drank, urged by despair and love—Oh!

Buck. Well!

Luc. I poison'd.
Buck. The devil!

Luc. And as my generous heart would have shared all with you, I gave you half.

Buck. Oh, curse your generosity!

Luc. Indulge me in the cold comfort of a last embrace.

Buck. Embrace! O confound you! But it mayn't be too late. Macruthen, Jonquil! physicians, apothecaries, oils and antidotes. Oh, je meurs, je meurs. Ah, la diablesse! [Exit.

Enter Lord John and Crab.

Crab. A brave wench. I could kiss thee for this contrivance.

Ld. J. He really deserves it all.

Crab. Deserves it! Hang him. But the sensible resentment of this girl has almost reconciled me to the world again. But stay, let us see—Can't we make a further use of the puppy's punishment? I suppose, we may very safely depend on your contempt of him?

Luc. Most securely.

Crab. And this young thing here, has been breathing passions and protestations. But I'll take care, my girl sha'nt go a beggar to any man's bed. We must have this twenty thousand pound, Lucy.

Ld. J. I regard it not. Let me be happy, and

let him be -

Crab. Psha, don't scorch me with thy flames. Reserve your raptures; or, if they must have vent, retire into that room, whilst I go and plague the puppy.

[Exeunt.

Enter Buck, Macruthen, Jonquil, Bearnois, La Loire, Physician, Surgeon. Buck in a cap and night gown.

Surg. This copious phlebotomy will abate the inflammation, and if the six blisters on your head and back rise, why there may be hopes.

Buck. Cold comfort. I burn, I burn, I burn—

Ah, there's a shoot. And now, again, I freeze.

Mac. Aye, they are symptoms of a strong poison.

Buck. Oh, I am on the rack.

Mac. Oh, if it be got to the vitals, a fig for aw antidotes.

Enter Crab.

Crab. Where is this miserable devil? What's he alive still?

Mac. In gude troth, and that's aw.

Buck. Oh!

Crab. So you have made a pretty piece of work on't, young man!

Buck. O what could provoke me to return from Paris?

Had you never been there, this could not Crab.

have happened.

Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.

Rack. Where is he?—He's dead man, his eyes are fix'd already.

Buck. Oh!

Tally. Who poison'd him, Racket?

Rack. Gad I don't know. His French cook, I reckon.

Crab. Were there a possibility of thy reformation, I have yet a secret to restore thee.

Buck. Oh give it, give it.
Crab. Not so fast. It must be on good conditions.

Buck. Name 'em. Take my estate, my — save

but my life, take all.

Crab. First then renounce thy right to that lady, whose just resentment has drawn this punishment upon thee; and, in which she is an unhappy partaker.

Buck. I renounce her from my soul.

Crab. To this declaration you are witnesses. Next, your tawdry trappings, your foreign foppery, vour washes, paints, pomades, must blaze before your door.

Buck. What, all?

Crab. All; not a rag shall be reserved. The execution of this part of your sentence shall be assigned to your old friends here.

Buck. Well, take 'em.

Tally. Huzza, come Racket, let's rummage.

Exeunt Racket and Tallyhoe.

Crab. And, lastly, I'll have these exotic attendants, these instruments of your luxury, these panders to your pride, pack'd in the first cart, and sent post to the place from whence they came.

Buck. Spare me but La Jonquil.

Crab. Not an instant. The importation of these puppies makes a part of the politics of your old friends, the French; unable to resist you, whilst you retain your ancient roughness, they have recourse to these minions, who would first, by unmanly means, sap and soften all your native spirit, and then deliver you an easy prey to their employers.

Buck. Since then it must be so, adieu La Jonquil. [Exeunt Jonquil and Bearnois.

Crab. And now to the remedy. Come forth,

Lucinda.

Enter Lucinda and Lord John.

Buck. Hey, why did not she swallow the poison?

Crab. No; nor you neither, you blockhead. Buck. Why, did not I leave you in pangs?

Luc. Aye, put on. The tea was innocent, upon my honour, sir Charles. But you allow me to be an excellent actress.

Buck. Oh, curse your talents!

Crab. This fellow's public renunciation, has put your person and fortune in your own power: and if you were sincere in your declaration of being directed by me, bestow it there.

Luc. As a proof of my sincerity, my lord, re-

ceive it.

Ld. J. With more transport, than sir Charles the news of his safety.

Luc. to Buck. You are not, at present, in a condition to take possession of your post.

Buck. What?

Luc. Oh, you recollect; my lord's private friend; his assistant you know.

Buck. Oh, ho!

Mac. But, sir Charles, as I find the affair of

the poison was but a joke, had na' ye better with-

draw, and tack off your blisters?

Crab. No, let 'em stick. He wants 'em.—And now concludes my care. But before we close the scene, receive, young man, this last advice from the old friend of your father: As it is your happiness to be born a Briton, let it be your boast; know that the blessings of liberty are your birthright, which while you preserve, other nations may envy or fear, but can never conquer or contemn you. Believe, that French fashions are as ill-suited to the genius, as their politics are pernicious to the peace of your native land.

A convert to these sacred truths, you'll find, That poison for your punishment design'd Will prove a wholesome medicine to your mind.

[Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

COMEDIES, TRAGEDIES, FARCES, 12mo.

PRINTED FOR

W. LOWNDES.

The Plays marked thus *, are each embellished with an elegant plate, and those with †, have inferior frontispieces.

+ABRAMULE—Trapp †Accomplish'd Maid—Toms Adventures of Half an Hour -Bullock Agis—Home tAlbion & Albanius—Dryd. †Alchemist—Jonson †Alcibiades—Otway *All for Love—Dryden †Ambitious Step-mother -Rowe †Amphitryon—Dryden *Amphitryon—Hawkesw. +Anatomist—Ravenscroft Antony & Cleopatra—Capel Arden of Feversham—Lillo *Artaxerxes—Arne *Arthur and Emmeline Kemble *As you like It—Shakesp. +Aurengzebe—Dryden +Bartholomew Fair - Jonson †Basset Table—Centlivre *Beaux Stratagem—Farq. *Beggar's Opera—Gay †Biter—Rowe British Enchanters—Lansd. *Busy Body—Centlivre Captives—Gay *Careless Husband—Cibber *Cato—Addison

†Chaplet, Mendez

†Cleomenes—Dryden

Cobler of Preston-Bullock Comical Lovers—Cibber *Committee—Howard *Comus—Colman *Confederacy—Vanbrugh *Conscious Lovers—Steele *Constant Couple-Farq. Contre Temps, or Rival Queans †Contrivances—Carey *Coriolanus - Shakspeare *Coriolanus—Sheridan *Country Girl—Garrick Country Wife-Wycherley †Creusa—Whitehead *Cymbeline—Garrick Damon & Phillida—Cibber Damon & Phillida—Dibdin †Devil to Pay—Coffey *Distrest Mother—Philips *Double Dealer—Congreve *Double Gallant--Cibber †Dragon of Wantley—Carey Duke and no Duke—Cokain †Duke of Guise—Dryden Edward the Black Prince-Shirley Esop— Vanbrugh *Every Man in his Humour

-Garrick

*Fair Penitent—Rowe

*Foundling—Moore

+False Friend—Vanbrugh

KNIGHTS;

Ą

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

FERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, IN DRURY-LANE.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

——— sed habet comædia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. Hor.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, No. 38, BEDFORD-STREET,

1807.

Price One Shilling.



PREFACE.

AS this is the last opportunity I shall have of addressing the public this year, I think it my duty to return them my warmest acknowledgements for their favourable reception of the follow-

ing little piece.

The three principal characters I met with in a summer's expedition; they are neither vamped from antiquated plays, pilfered from the French farces, nor the baseless beings of the poet's brain. I have given them in their plain natural habit; they wanted no dramatic finishing; nor can I claim any other merit than grouping them together and throwing them into action. The justice done them there by the performers, has been too strongly distinguished by the town to render any thing from me necessary, I could only wish that the managers of the theatres would employ Mr. Castallo, whose peculiar naïveté and strict propriety would greatly become many characters on our stage.

S. FOOTE.



PROLOGUE

Written and Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

HAPPY my muse, had she first turn'd her art, From humour's dangerous path, to touch the heart; They, who in all the bluster of blank verse The mournful tales of love and war rehearse, Are sure the critics censure to escape; You hiss not heroes now, you only — gape; Nor (strangers quite to heroes, kings, and queens) ${f D}$ are you intrude your judgment on their scenes. A different lot the comic muse attends, She is obliged to treat you with your friends; Must search the court, the forum, and the city, Mark out the dull, the gallant, and the witty, Youth's wild profusion, th' avarice of age, Nay, bring the pit itself upon the stage. First to the bar she turns her various face: Hem! my lord, I am council in this case, And if so be your lordship should think fit, Why, to be sure, my client must submit; For why? because —— Then off she trips again, And, to the sons of commerce, shifts her scene: There, whilst the griping sire, with moping care, Defrauds the world himself t'enrich his heir, The pious boy, his father's toil rewarding, For thousands throws a main at Covent-garden! These are the portraits we're oblig'd to shew; You are all judges if they're like or no: Here should we fail, some other shape we'll try, And grace our future scenes with nevelty. I have a plan to treat you with burletta, That cannot miss your taste, mia spiletta: But, should the following piece your mirth excite; From Nature's volume we'll persist to write; Your partial favour bade us first proceed, Then spare th' offender since you urg'd the deeds

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HARTOP			Mr. Foote.
SIR GREGORY GAZETTE			Mr. Yates.
Jenkins	-	-	Mr. Blakes.
Тімотну	-	-	Mr. Castalle.
Robin			Mr. Clough.
Jenny	-		Miss Minors.
Miss Penelope Trifle			Mrs. Cross.
MISS SUKEY TRIFIE			Miss Mills.

KNIGHTS.

ACT I.

SCENE, a Room.

HARTOP and JENKINS discovered.

Jenk. I SHOULD not choose to marry into such a family.

Hart. Choice, dear Dick, is very little concerned in the matter; and, to convince you that love is not the minister of my counsels, know that I never saw but once the object of my present purpose, and that too at a time, and in a circumstance. not very likely to stamp a favourable impression. What think you of a raw boarding-school-girl at Lincoln-Minster, with a mind unpolished, a figure uninformed, and a set of features tainted with the colours of her unwholesome food?

Jenk. No very engaging object indeed, Hartop. Hart. Your thoughts now were mine then; but some connections I have since had with her father

have

have given birth to my present design upon her. Xou are no stranger to the situation of my circumstances: my neighbourhood to Sir Penurious Trifle was a sufficient motive for his advancing what money I wanted by way of mortgage; the hard terms he imposed upon me, and the little regard I have paid to economy, has made it necessary for me to attempt by some scheme the reestablishment of my fortune: this young lady's simplicity, not to call it ignorance, presented her at once as a proper subject for my purpose.

at once as a proper subject for my purpose.

Jenk. Success to you, Jack, with all my soul! a fellow of your spirit and vivacity mankind ought to support for the sake of themselves; for, whatever Seneca and the other moral writers may have suggested in contempt of riches, it is plain their maxims were not calculated for the world as it now stands; in days of yore indeed, when virtue was called wisdom, and vice folly, such principles might have been encouraged; but, as the present subjects of our enquiry are, not what man is, but what he has, as to be rich is to be wise and virtuous, and to be poor ignorant and vicious, I heartily applaud your plan!

Hart. Your observation is but too just! and is it not, Dick, a little unaccountable, that we, who condescend so servilely to copy the follies and fopperies of our polite neighbours, should be so totally averse to an imitation of their virtues? In France, Hashewealth? is an interrogation never put till they are disappointed in their inquiries after the birth and wisdom of a fashionable fellow: but here, How much a year?—Two thousand.—The devil! In what country?—Berkshire.—Indeed! God bless

us! a happy dog!—How the deuce come I to be interested in a man's fortune unless I am his steward or his tailor? Indeed knowledge and genius are worth examining into; by those my understanding may be improved, or my imagination gratified; but why such a man's being able to eat ortolans, and drink French wine, is to recommend him to my esteem, is what I cannot readily conceive.

Jenk. This complaint may with justice be made of all imitations; the ridiculous side is ever the object imitated. But a truce to moralising and to our business. Prithee, in the first place, how can you gain admittance to your mistress? and, in the second, is the girl independent of her father? his consent, I suppose, you have no thoughts of

obtaining.

Hart. Some farther proposals concerning my estate, such as an increase of the mortgage or an absolute sale, is a sufficient pretence for a visit; and, as to cash, twenty to my knowledge! independent too, you rogue! and, besides, an only child, you know! and then, when things are done they can't be undone, and 'tis well its no worse, and a hundred such pretty proverbs, will, its great odds, reconcile the old fellow at last. Besides, my papa in posse has a foible, which, if I condescend to humour, I have his soul, my dear.

Jenk. Prithee, now you are in spirits, give me a portrait of Sir Penurious; though he is my neighbour, yet he is so domestic an animal that I know no more of him than the common country con-

versation, that he is a thrifty, wary, man.

Hart. The very abstract of penury! Sir John Cutler, with his transmigrated stockings, was but a

type of him. For instance, the barber has the growth of his and his daughter's head once a year for shaving the knight once a fortnight; his shoes are made with the leather of a coach of his grandfather's, built in the year 1; his male servant is footman, groom, carter, coachman, and tailor; his maid employs her leisure hours in plain-work for the neighbours, which Sir Penurious takes care, as her labour is for his emolument, shall be as many as possible, by joining with his daughter in scouring the rooms, making the beds, &c. thus much for his moral character. Then, as to his intellectual, he is a mere carte blanche; the last man he is with must afford him matter for the next he goes to; but a story is his idol, throw him in that and he swallows it; no matter what, raw or roasted, savery or insipid, dow it goes, and up again to the first person he meets; it is upon this basis I found my favour with the knight, having acquired patience enough to hear his stories, and equipped myself with a quantity sufficient to furnish him; his manner is indeed peculiar, and for once or twice entertaining enough. I'il give you a specimen;———is not that an equipage?

Jenk. Hey! yes, faith! and the owner an acquaintance of mine; Sir Gregory Gazette, by Jupiter! and his son Tim with him. Now I can match your knight. He must come this way to the parlour. We'll have a scene; but take your

cue, he is a country politician.

SIR GREGORY, entering, and waiter.

Sir Greg. What, neither the Gloucester Journal, nor the Worcester Courant, nor the Northampton Mercury,

Mercury, nor the Chester ——? Mr. Jenkins, I am your humble servant; a strange town this, Mr. Jenkins, no news stirring, no papers taken in! Is that gentleman a stranger, Mr. Jenkins? Pray, sir, not to be too bold, don't you come from London?

Hart. But last night.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! that's wonderful!——Mr. Jenkins, introduce me.

Jenk. Mr. Hartop, Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. Sir, I am proud to — Well, sir, and what news? You come from — Pray, sir, are you a parliament-man?

Hart. Not I indeed, sir.

Sir Greg. Good lack! may be belong to the law?

Hart. Nor that.

Sir Greg. Oh, then in some of the offices; the treasury or the exchequer?

Hart. Neither, sir.

Hart. Hartop.

Sir Greg. Ay, true! what, not of the Hartops of Boston?

Hart. No.

Sir Greg. May be not. There is, Mr. Hartop, one thing that I envy you Londoners in much;—quires of newspapers!—Now I reckon you read a matter of eight sheets every day?

Hart. Not one.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! then, may be, you are about court; and so, being at the fountain-head, know

know what is in the papers before they are print-

Hart. I never trouble my head about them.— An old fool! [Aside.]
Sir Greg. Good lord! Your friend, Mr. Jen-

kins, is very close.

Jenk. Why, Sir Gregory, Mr. Hartop is much in the secrets above; and it becomes a man so trusted to be wary, you know.

Sir Greg. May be so, may ye so. Wonderful,

ay, ay, a great man no doubt.

Jenk. But I'll give him a better insight into your character, and that will induce him to throw off his reserve.

Sir Greg. May be so; do, do; ay, ay!

Jenk. Prithee, Jack, don't be so crusty, indulge the knight's humour a little; besides, if I guess right, it may be necessary for the conduct of your design to contract a pretty strict intimacy here.

Hart. Well, do as you will. [Aside.] Jenk. Sir Gregory, Mr. Hartop's ignorance of your character made him a little shy in his replies, but you will now find him more communicative; and, in your ear,—he is a treasure; he is in all the mysteries of government; at the bottom of every thing.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a treasure! ay, ay, may

be so.

Jenk. And, that you may have him to your-

self, I'll go in search of your son.

Sir Greg. Do so, do so; Tim is without, just comé from his uncle Tregegle's at Mavagezy in Cornwall;

Cornwall; Tim is an honest lad: so. [Exit Jenk.] Well, Mr. Hartop, and so we have a peace; lack-a-day! long looked for come at last. But pray, Mr. Hartop, how many newspapers may you have printed in a week?

Hart. About a hundred and fifty, Sir Gregory. Sir Greg. Good now, good now! and all full, I reckon; full as an egg; nothing but news! well, well, I shall go to London one of these days. A

hundred and fifty; wonderful! and, pray now,

which do you reckon the best?

Hart. Oh, Sir Gregory, they are as various in their excellencies as their uses; if you are inclined to blacken, by a couple of lines, the reputation of a neighbour, whose character neither your nor his whole life can possibly restore, you may doit for two shillings in one paper; if you are displaced, or disappointed of a place, a triplet against the ministry will be always well received at the head of another; and then, as a paper of morning amusement, you have the Fool.

Sir Greg. The Fool! good lack! and pray who

and what may that same Fool be?

Hart. Why, Sir Gregory, the author has artfully assumed that habit, like the royal jesters of old, to level his satire with more security to himself and

severity to others.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so! the Fool! ha, ha, ha! well enough! a queer dog, and no fool, I warrant you! Killigrew, ah, I have heard my grandfather talk much of that same Killigrew, and no fool! But what is all this to news, Mr. Hartop? Who gives us the best account of the king of Spain, and the queen of Hungary, and those great? tolks? folks? Come now, you could give us a little news if you would; come now!-snug!-nobody by!

-good now do; come, ever so little!

Hart. Why, as you so largely contribute to the support of the government, it is but fair you should know what they are about.-We are at present in a treaty with the pope!

Sir Greg. With the pope! Wonderful!

now, good now! how, how?

Hart. We are to yield him up a large tract of the Terra Incognita, together with both the Needles, Scilly Rocks, and the Lizard-point, on condition that the pretender has the government of Laputa, and the bishop of Greenland succeeds to St. Peter's chair; he being, you know, a protestant, when possessed of the pontificals, issues out a bull, commanding all catholics to be of his religion; they, deeming the pope infallible, follow his directions, and then, Sir Gregory, we are all of one mind.

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack! rare news, rare news, rare news! ten millions of thanks, Mr. Hartop! But might not I just hint this to Mr. Soakum, our vicar? 'twould rejoice his heart.

Hart. O fie, by no means.

Sir Greg. Only a line!—a little hint!—do now.

Hart. Well, sir, it is difficult for me to refuse

you any thing.

Sir Greg. Ten thousand thanks! Now the pope! Wonderful! I'll minute it down; both the Needles?

Hart. Ay, both.

Sir Greg. Good now, I'll minute it; ——the Lizard-point,-both the Needles,-Scilly-rocks, — bishop of Greenland,—St. Peter's Chair. — Why then, when this is finished, we may chance to attack the great Turk, and have holy wars again, Mr. Hartop?

Hart. That's part of the scheme.

Sir Greg. Ah! good now! you see I have a head! politics have been my study many a day. Ah, if I had been in London to improve by the news-papers!—They tell me Doctor Drybones is to succeed to the bishopric of — [Whispers]

Hart. No; Doctor — [Whispers]

Sir Greg. Indeed! I was told by my landlord at Ross, that it was between him and the dean of —

[Whispers.]

Hart. To my knowledge ---

Sir Greg. Nay, you know best, to be sure. If it should —— Hush! here's Mr. Jenkins and son Tim. Mum!—Mr. Jenkins does not know any thing about the treaty with the pope?

Hart. Not a word. Sir Greg. Mum!

Enter TIMOTHY and JENKINS.

Jenk. Master Timothy is almost grown out of

knowledge, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, Good now! ay, ay, ill weeds grow apace. Son Tim, Mr. Hartop: a great man, child! Mr. Hartop, son Tim.

Hart. Sir, I shall be always glad to know every branch that springs from so valuable a trunk as Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. May be so! Wonderful! Ay, ay! Hart.

Hart. Sir, I am glad to see you in Herefordshire: have you been long from Cornwall?

Tim. Ay, sir; a matter of four weeks or a

month, more or less.

Sir Greg. Well said, Tim! ay, ay ask Tim any questions, he can answer for himself. Tim, tell Mr. Hartop all the news about the elections, and the tides, the tinners, and the roads, and the pilchers: I want a few words with my master Jenkins.

Hart. You have been so long absent from your

native country that you have almost forgot it.

Tim. Yes, sure; I ha' been at uncle Tregegle's a matter of twelve or a dozen year, more or less.

Hart. Then I reckon you were quite impatient

to see your papa and mamma?

Tim. No sure, not I. Father sent for me to uncle; sure Mavagezy is a choice place! and I could a'stay'd there all my born day, smore or less.

Hart. Pray, Sir, what were your amusements.

Tim. Nan? what do you say?

Hart. How did you divert yourself?

Tim. Oh, we ha' pastimes enow there; we habull-baiting, and cock-fighting, and fishing, and

hunting, and hurling, and wrestling.

Hart. The two last are sports for which that country is very remarkable: in those, I presume, you are very expert?

Tim. Nan? what?

Hart. I say you are a good wrestler?

Tim. Oh! yes sure, I can wrestle well enow: but we don't wrestle after your fashion; we ha'no tripping; fath and soul? we all go upon close hugs

or the flying mare. Will you try a fall, master? I

wan't hurt you, fath and soul.

Hart. We had as good not venture though.

But have you left in Cornwall nothing that you regret the loss of more than hurling and wrestling?

Tim. Nan? what?

Hart. No favourite she?

Tim. Arra, I coupled Favourite and Jowler together, and sure they tugg'd it all the way up. Part with Favourite! no I thank you for nothing: you must know I nursed Favouritemyself; uncle's huntsman was going to mill-pond to drown all Music's puppies; so I saved she: but, fath, I'll tell you a comical story; at Lanston they both broke loose and eat a whole loin-a'-veal and a leg of beef: Crist! how landlord swear'd! fath, the poor fellow was almost mazed; it made me die wi' laughing: but how came you to know about our Favourite?

Hart. A circumstance, so material to his son, could not escape the knowledge of Sir Gregory Gazette's friends. But here you mistook me a little, 'Squire Tim; I meant whether your affections were not settled upon some pretty girl; has not some Cor-

nish lass caught your heart?

Tim. Hush! 'god, the old man will hear; jog a

tiny bit this way ;-won't a' tell father?

Hart. Upon my honour!

Tim. Why then I'll tell you the whole story, more or less. Do you know Mally Pengrouse?

Hart. I am not so happy.

Tim. She's uncle's milkmaid; she's as handsome, lord! her face all red and white, like the inside of a shoulder of mutton: so I made love to our Mally;

and

and just, fath, as I had got her good will to run away to Exeter and be married, uncle found it out and sent word to father, and father sent for me home; but I don't love her a bit the worser for that: but, 'icod, if you tell father he'll knock my brains out, for he says I'll disparage the family, and mother's as mad as a March hare about it; so father and mother ha' brought me to be married to some young body in these parts.

Hart. What, is my lady here?

Tim. No sure, Dame Winifred, as father calls her, could not come along.

Hart. I am sorry for that; I have the honour to

be a distant relation of her ladyship.

Tim. Like enough, fath! she's a-kin to half the world, I think. But don't you say a word to father

about Mally Pengrouse. Hush!

Jenk. Mr. Hartop, Sir Gregory will be amongst us some time; he is going with his son to Sir Penurious Trifle's; there is a kind of a treaty of marriage on foot between Miss Sukey Trifle and Mr. Timothy.

Hart. The devil! I shall be glad of every circumstance that can make me better acquainted

with Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! may be so, may be so.

Tim. Father, sure the gentleman says as how

mother and he are a-kin.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! lack-a-day! lack-a-day! how, how? I am proud to ——— But how, Mr. Hartop, how?

Hart. Why, sir, a cousin-german of my aunt's first husband inter-married with a distant relation of

a collateral branch by the mother's side, the Apprices of Lantrindon; and we have eversince quartered in an escutcheon of pretence the three goats tails rampant, divided by a chevron, field argent, with a leek pendant in the dexter point, to distinguish the second house.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! wonderful! nearly, nearly, related! good now, good now! if Dame Winifred were here she'd make them all out with a wet finger; but they are above me. Prithee, Tim, good now! see after the horses; —and, d'ye hear! try if you can get any news-papers.

Tim. Yes, father. — But, cousin What-d'ye-call-

um, not a word about Mally Pengrouse!

Hart. Mum!

[Exit Timothy.

Sir Greg. Good now, that boy will make some mistake about the horses now! I'll go myself. Good now, no farther cousin! if you please, no ceremony! —— A hundred and fifty a week! the Fool! ha, ha, ha! wonderful! an odd dog.

[Exit Sir Gregory.

Jenk. So, Jack, here's a fresh spoke in your wheel.

Hart. This is a cursed cross incident!

Jenk. Well, but something must be done to frustrate the scheme of your new cousin. Can you think of nothing?

Hart. I have been hammering: — pray, are the two knights intimate? are they well acquainted

with each other's person?

Jenk. Faith, I can't tell; but we may soon know.

Hart.

Hart. Could you recommend me a good spirited girl, who has humour and compliance to follow a few directions, and understanding enough to barter a little inclination for 3000l. a year and a fool?

Jenk. In part I guess your design: the man's daughter of the house is a good lively lass, has a fortune to make, and no reputation to lose. I'll call her.—Jenny!—But the enemy is at hand;—I'll withdraw and prepare Jenny. When the worshipful family are retired I'll introduce the wench.

[Exit Jenkins.

Enter Sir Gregory and Timothy.

Sir Greg. Pray now, cousin, are you in friend-ship with Sir Penurious Trifle?

Hart. I have the honour, sir, of that gentleman's

acquaintance.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so! but, lack-aday, cousin, is he such a miser as folks say? Good now, they tell me we shall hardly have necessaries for ourselves and horses at Gripe-Hall: but, as you are a relation, you should, good now, know the affairs of the family. Here is Sir Penurious's letter; here, cousin.

Hart. "Your overture I receive with pleasure, and should be glad to meet you in Shropshire."—I fancy, from a thorough knowledge of Sir Penurious's disposition, and by what I can collect from the contents of that letter, he would be much

better

better pleased to meet you here than at his own house.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! may be so! a strange man! wonderful! But, good now, cousin, what must we do?

Hart. I will this morning pay Sir Penurious a visit; and, if you will honour me with your commands, I'll

Sir Greg. Wonderful! to-day! good now, that's lucky! cousin, you are very kind: good now! I'll send a letter, Tim, by cousin Hartop.

Hart. A letter from so old an acquaintance, and upon so happy an occasion, will secure me a fa-

vourable reception.

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack! an old acquaintance indeed, cousinHartop! we were at Herefordshire 'size together—let's see, wonderful! how long ago? 'twas while I was courting Dame Winny; the year before I married; good now, how long? let's see, —that year the hackney-stable was built, and Peter Ugly, the blind pad, fell into a saw-pit.

Tim. Mother says, father and she was married, the 1st of April, in the year 10; and I knows 'tis there about, for I am two-and-thirty; and brother Jeremy, and Roger, and Gregory, and sister Nel-

ly, were born'd before I.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! how time wears away! wonderful! thirty-eight years ago, Tim; I could not have thought it. But come in, let's set about the letter. But pray, cousin, what diversions, good now! are going forward in London?

Hart.

Hart. Oh, sir, we are in no distress for amusement; we have plays, balls, puppet-shows, masquerades, bull-baitings, boxings, burlettas, routs, drums, and a thousand others. But I am in haste for your epistle, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Cousin your servant.

[Exit Sir Greg. and Tim.

Hart. I am your most obedient. — Thus far our scheme succeeds; and, if Jenkins's girl can assume the aukward pertness of the daughter with as much success as I can imitate the spirited folly of Sir Penurious, the father, I don't despair of a happy catastrophe.

Enter Jenny.

ministered within.

Jenny. Mr. Jenkins has opened your design, and

I am ready and able to execute my part.

Hart. My dear, I have not the least doubt of either your inclination or ability. — But, pox take this old fel ow! what in the devil's name can bring him back? — Scour, Jenny.

Exit Jenny.

Enter Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Cousin, I beg pardon, but I have a favour to beg; -good now, could not you make interest at some coffee house in London to buy, for a small

small matter, the old books of news-papers, and send them into the country to me? They would pass away the time rarely in a rainy day!

Hart. Sir, I'll send you a cart-load.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! ten thousand thanks! you are a cousin indeed! But pray, cousin, let us, good now! see some of the works of that same Fool.

Hart. I'll send them you all; but a ——

Sir Greg. What all? lack-a-day, that's kind, cousin? The Terra Incognita,—both the Needles,—a great deal of that!—But what bishop is to be pope?

Hart. Zounds, sir, I am in haste for your letter;

when I return ask as many questions—

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! that's true!— I'll in, and about it. — But, cousin, the pope is not to have Gibraltar?

Hart. No, no; damn it, no! as none but the Fool could say it, so none but ideots would believe him! Pray, Sir Gregory,——

Sir Greg. Well, well, cousin! Lack-a-day, you

are so — But, pray —

Hart. Damn your praying! if you don't finish your letter immediately you may carry it yourself!

Sir Greg. Well, well, cousin! Lack-a-day, you are in such a ——Good now, I go, I go!

Hart. But, If the truth should be discovered, I

shall be inevitably disappointed.

Sir Greg. But, cousin, are Scilly-rocks

Hart. I wish they were in your guts with all my heart! I must quit the field, I find.

[Exit. Sir Greg, Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! a passionate man! Lack-a-day! I am glad the pope is not to have Gibraltar though!

[Exit.

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

Sir Gregory, and Timothy reading a News-paper to him.

Tim. COnstantinople, N. S. Nov. 15. The Grand Seignour———

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! good now, Tim, the politics, child; and readthe stars, and the dashes, and

the blanks, as I taught you, Tim.

Tim. Yes, father.—We can assure our readers that the D—dash is to go to F blank; and that a certain noble L—is to resign his p—e in the T—y, in order to make r—m for the two three-stars.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! great news, Tim! ah, I knew the two three-stars would come in play one time or other! this London Evening knows more than any of them, Well, child, well!

Tim. From the D. J.

Sir Greg. Ay, that's the Dublin Journal. Go on, Tim.

Tim. Last Saturday a gang of highwaymen broke into an empty house on Ormond-Quay, and stripped it of all the furniture.

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! wonderful! to what a height these rogues are grown!

Tim. The way to Mr. Keith's chapel is, turn of

your —

Sir Greg. Pshaw! skip that, Tim; I know that

road as well as the doctor! 'tis in every time.

Tim. I. Ward, at the Cat and Gridiron, Petticoat-lane, makes tabby all over for people inclined to be crooked; and, if he was to have the universal world for making a pair of stays, he could not put better stuff in them.

Sir Greg. Good now! where's that, Tim?

Tim. At the Cat and Gridiron, father.

Sir Greg. I'll minute that: all my lady Izard's children, good now! are inclined to be crooked.

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. Sir, Mr. Jenkins begs to speak with you. Sir Greg. Good now! desire him to walk in. [Exit Waiter.

Enter Jenkins.

Jenk. I thought it might not be improper to prepare you for a visit from Sir Penurious Trifle: I saw him and his daughter alight at the apothecary's above.

Sir Greg. What, they are come? Wonderful! Very kind, very kind, indeed! Mr.—Come, Tim, settle my cravat; good now! let's be

a little decent:—remember your best bow to your mistress, Tim.

Tim. Yes, father: but must not I kiss Miss

Suck?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! ay, ay! pray, is cousin Hartop come along?

Jenk. I have not seen him: — but I fancy I had

better introduce my neighbours.

Sir Greg. Good now! would you be so kind! [Exit Jenkins.] Stand behind me, Tim! Pull down your ruffles, child!

Tim. But, father, won't Miss Suck think me

bold if I kiss her chaps the first time?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! no, Tim, no! faint heart never won fair lady! ha! Tim, had you but seen me attack Dame Winny!—but times ar'n't as they were; good now! we were another kind of folks in those days; stout hearty smacks that would have made your mouth water again, and the mark stood upon the pouting lip like the print upon a pound of butter: but the master-misses of the present age go, lack-a-day! as gingerly about it, as if they were afraid to fill their mouths with the paint upon their mistress's cheeks. Ah, the days I have seen!

Tim. Nay, father, I warrant, if that's all, I kiss her hearty enow, fath and soul!

Sir Greg. Hush! Tim, hush! stand behind me, child.

Enter Hartop as Sir Penurious Trifle, and Jenny as Miss Sukey, and Jenkins.

Sir Greg. Sir Penurious, I am overjoyed! — Good now!

Hart. Sir Gregory, I kiss your hand! My

daughter Suck.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Miss, I am proud to Son Tim, Sir Penurious; best bow, child! Miss Suck -

Tim. An't that right, father? [Kisses her] Sir Greg. Good now, good now! I am glad to see you look so well! you keep your own, Sir Penurious.

Hart. Ay, ay! stout enough, Sir Gregory, stout enough, brother knight! hearty as an oak! hey, Dick? Gad, now I talk of an oak, I'll tell you a story of an oak; it will make you die with laughing; hey, you Dick, you have heard it; shall I tell it Sir Gregory?

Jenk. Though I have heard it so often, yet there is something so engaging in your manner of telling

a story that it always appears new.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! I love a comical story. Pray, Sir Penurious, let's have it: mind, Tim, mind, child.

Tim. Yes, father; fath and soul, I love a choice.

story to my heart's blood!

Hart. You knight, I was at Bath last summer; a water that people drink when they are ill: you have heard of the Bath. Dick? Hey, you?

Tim

Tim. Yes, fath, Iknow Bath; I was there in way up.

Sir Greg. Hush, Tim! good now, hush!

Hart. There's a coffee-house, you; — a place where people drink coffee and tea, and read the news.

Sir Greg. Pray, Sir Penurious, how many papers

may they take in?

Hart. Pshaw! damn the news! mind the story. Sir Greg. Good now, good now! a hasty man, Tim!

Hart. Pox take you both! I have lost the story.—where did I leave off, hey, you Dick?

Tim. About coffee and tea.

Hart. Right, you, right! true, true!-so, God, you knight, I used to breakfast at this coffee-house every morning; it costmeeight-pence though, and I had always a breakfast at home—no matter for that, though there I breakfasted, you Dick, God, at the same table with Lord Tom Truewit:you have heard of Truewit, you knight; a droll dog! you Dick, he told us the story and made us die with laughing:-you have heard of Charles the Second, you knight; he was son of Charles the First, king here in England, that was beheaded by Oliver Cromwell: so what does Charlesthe Second, you knight, do; but he fights Noll at Worcester; a town you have heard of, not far off; but all would not do, you; God, Noll made him scamper, made him run, take to his heels, you knight ;-Truewit told us the story, made us die with laughing; I always breakfasted at the coffee house; it cost me eight-pence, though I had a breakfast at homeso what does Charles do, but hid himself in an oak,

an oak-tree, you, in a wood called Boscobel, from two Italian words, bosco bello, a fine wood, you, and off he marches: but old Noll would not let him come home; no, says he, you don't come here!-Lord Tom told us the story; made us die with laughing; it cost me eight-pence, though I had a breakfast at home-so, you knight, when Noll died, Monk there, you, afterwards Albermarle, in the North, brought him back; so, you, the cavaliers; you have heard of them? they were friends to the Stuarts; what did they do, God, you Dick, but they put up Charles in a sign, the royal oak; you have seen such signs at country alehouses; so, God, you, what does a puritan do—the Puritans were friends to Noll—but he puts up the sign of an owl inan ivy-bush, and underneath he writes "This is not the royal oak!" you have seen writings under signs, you knight: upon this, say the royalists, God, this must not be; so, you, what do they do, but, God, they prosecuted the poor Puritan; but they made him change his sign though; and, you Dick, how d'ye think they changed? God, he puts up the royal oak, and underneath he writes "This is not the owl in the ivy-bush!"—It made us all die with laughing! Lord Tom told the story; I always breakfasted at the coffee-house, though it cost me eight-pence, and I had a breakfast at home hey, you knight! what, Dick, hey!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! wonderful!

Tim. A choice tale, fath!

Jenk. Ch, Sir Penurious is a most entertaining

companion, that must be allowed.

Sir Greg. Good now! ay, ay, a merry man! but, lack-a-day, would not the young lady choose

a little refreshment after her ride? some tea, or some

Hart. Hey, you knight! no, no! we intend to dine with thee, man. Well, you Tim, what dost think of thy father-in-law that is to be, hey? a jolly cock, you Tim; hey, Dick! But prithee, boy, what dost do with all this tawdry tinsel on? that hat and waistcoat? trash, knight, trash! more in thy pocket and less in thy clothes; hey, you Dick! God, you knight, I'll make you laugh: I went to London, you Dick, last year to call in a mortgage; and what does me I, Dick, but take a trip to a coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane; in comesa French fellow forty times as fine as Tim, with his muff and parlevous, and his Francés, and his head, you knight, as white with powder, God, you, as a twelfth-cake: and who the devil d'ye think, Dick, this might be? hey, you knight?

Sir Greg. Good now! an ambassador to be sure! Hart. God, you knight, nor better nor worser than Mynheer Vancaper, a Dutch figure-dancer

at the opera-house in the Haymarket.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! Hart. Pshaw! pox! prithee, Tim, nobody

Hart. Pshaw! pox! prithee, Tim, nobody dresses now; all plain; look at me, knight, I am in the tip of the mode; now am I in full dress; hey, Dick!

Jenk. You, sir, don't want the aids of dress; but, in Mr. Gazette, a little regard to that particular is but a necessary compliment to his mistress.

Hart. Stuff, Dick, stuff! my daughter, knight, has had other guise breeding; hey, you! Suck, come forward. Plain as a pike-staff, knight; all as nature made her; hey, Tim, no flams! prithee,

Tim

Tim, off with thy lace and burn it; 'twill help to buy the licence; she'll not like thee a bit the better for that; hey, Suck! But, you knight, God, Dick, a toast and tankard would not be amiss after our walk; hey, you?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! what you will,

Sir Penurious.

Hart. God, that's hearty, you! but we won't part the young couple, hey! I'll send Suck some bread and cheese in; hey, knight! At her, Tim! Come, Dick; come, you knight. Did I ever tell you my courtship; hey, Dick? 'twill make you laugh.

Jenk. Not as I remember.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! let's have it.

Hart. You know my wife was blind, you knight?

Sir Greg. Good now! wonderful! not I.

Hart. Blind as a beetle when I married her, knight; hey, Dick! she was drowned in our orchard: maid Bess, knight, went to market, you Dick; and wife rambled into the orchard, and, souse, dropped into the fish-pond: we found her out next day, but she was as dead as a herring: no help for that, Dick; buried her though; hey, you! she was only daughter to Sir Tristram Muckworm, you; rich enough, you, hey! God, you, what does she do, you, but she falls in love with young Sleek, her father's chaplain; hey, you! upon that what does me I, but slips on domine's robes, you; passed myself upon her for him, and we were tacked together, you knight, hey! God, though I believe she never liked me; but what signifies that? hey, Dick! she was rich, you! But, come, let's leave the children together.

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. Sir, I wait on you.

Hart. Nay, pray

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! 'tis impossible! ——

Hart. Pox of ceremony, you Dick! hey! God, knight, I'll tell you a story: one of our ambassadors in France, you, a devilish polite fellow reckoned, Dick; God, you, what does the king of France do, but, says he, I'll try the manners of this fine gentleman: so, knight, going into a coach together, the king would have my lord go first: oh! an't please your majesty, I can't indeed; you, hey, Dick! upon which, what does me the king, but he takes his arm thus, you, Dick: am I the king of France or you? is it my coach or yours? and so pushes him in thus. Hey, Dick!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! he, he, he!

Hart. God, Dick, I believe I have made a mistake here; I should have gone in first; hey, Dick! knight, God, you, beg pardon. Yes, your coach, not mine; your house, not mine; hey, knight!

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a merry man, Mr. Jen-

kins.

[Exeunt the two Knights and Jenk.]

Tim. Father and cousin are gone, fath and soul! Jenny. I fancy my lover is a little puzzled how to begin. [Aside.]

Tim. How—Fath and soul I don't know what

to say! [Aside.] How d'ye do, Miss Suck?

Jenny. Pretty well, thank you.

Tim. You have had a choice walk.—'Tis a rare day, fath and soul!

Jenny. Yes, the day's well enough.

Tim, Is your house a good way off here?

Jenny.

Jenny. Dree or four mile.

Tim. That's a long walk, fath!

Jenny. I make nothing of it, and back again.

Tim. Like enow. Jenny.

[Whistles] [Sings]

Tim. You have a rare pipe of your own, miss. Jenny. I can sing loud enough if I have a mind: but father don't love singing.

Tim. Like enow. [Whistles]

Jenny. And I an't over fond of whistling.

Tim. Hey! ay, like enow: and I am a bitter bad singer.

Jenny. Hey! ay, like enough.

Tim. Pray, Miss Suck, did ever any body make love to you before?

Jenny. Before when?

Tim. Before now.

Jenny. What if I won't tell you?

Tim. Why then you must let it alone, fath and soul!

Jenny. Like enough!

Tim. Pray, Miss Suck, did your father tell you any thing?

Jenny. About what?

Tim. About I.

Jenny. What should 'a tell?

Tim. Tell! why, as how I and father was come a wooing.

Jenny. Who?

Tim. Why you! Could you like me for a sweetheart, Miss Suck?

Jenny. I don't know.

Tim. Mayhap somebody may ha' got your good will already?

Jenny.

Jenny. And what then?

Tim. Then? hey! I don't know: but, if you could fancy me———

Jenny. For what?

Tim. For your true lover. Jenny. Well, what then?

Tim. Then! hey! why, fath, we may chance

to be married if the old folks agree together.

Jenny. And suppose I won't be married to you? Tim- Nay, Miss Suck, I can't help it fath and soul! But father and mother bid me come a courting; and, if you won't ha' me, I'll tell father so.

Jenny. You are in a woundy hurry, methinks. Tim. Not I, fath! you may stay as long as—

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. There is a woman without wants to speak with Mr. Timothy Gazette.

[Exit.] Tim. That's I.—I am glad on't! [Aside.] Well, Miss Suck, your servant. You'll think about it, and let's know your mind when I come back!—God I don't care whether she likes me or no; I don't like her half so well as Mally Pengrouse!—[Aside.] Nell, your servant, Miss Suck!

[Exit.]

Jenny. Was there ever such an unlicked cub;—I don't think his fortune a sufficient reward for sacrificing my person to such a booby: but, as he has money enough, it shall go hard but I please myself! I fear I was alittle too backward with my gentleman: but, however a favourable answer to his last question will soon settle matters.

Enter

Enter Jenkins.

Jenk. Now, Jenny! what news child? are things

fixed? are you ready for the nuptial knot?

Jenny. We are in a fair way: I thought to have quickened my swain's advances by a little affected coyness; but the trap would not take: I expect him back in a minute, and then leave it to my management.

Jenk. Where is he gone?

Jenny. The waiter called him to some woman. Jenk. Woman! he neither knows or isknown by any body here. What can this mean? no counterplot! but, pox, that's impossible! you have not blabbed, Jenny?

Jenny. My interest would prevent me.

Jenk. Upon that security any woman may, I think, be trusted. I must after him though.

Jenny. I knew the time when Mr. Jenkins would not have left me so hastily: 'tis odd, that the same cause that increases the passion in one sex should destroy it in the other; the reason is above my reach, but the fact I am a severe witness of: heighho!

Enter Hartop (still as Sir Penurious Trifle,) and Sir Gregory Gazette.

Hart. And so, you knight, says he; you know, knight, what low dogs the ministers were then; how does your pot; a pot, you, that they put over the

fire to boil broth and meat in: you have seen a pot, you knight? how does your pot boil these trouble-some times? hey, you! God, my lord, says he, I don't know, I seldom go into my kitchen; a kitchen, you knight, is a place where they dress victuals! roast and boil, and so forth; God, says he, I seldom go into the kitchen; but, I suppose, the scum is uppermost still; hey, you knight!— hat, God, hey! but where's your son, Sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. Good, now, good now! where's Tim, Miss Sukey? lack-a day! what's become of Tim? Jenny. Gone out a tiny bit; he'll be here pre-

sently.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! well, and how, Miss Sukey, has Tim ——Has he——Well, and what, you have———Wonderful!

Enter a Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Sir, I was commanded to deliver this into your own hands by Mr. Jenkins.

Hart. Hey, you! what, a letter? God so! any answer, you? hey!

Serv. None, sir. [Exit]

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, Sir Penurious is busy! Well, Miss, and did Tim do the thing?—did he please you?—come now, tell us the whole story! wonderful!-rare news for Dame Winny!-ay!

Tim's father's own son! but come, whisper!—ha!

Hart. [Reads.] "I have only time to tell you that your scheme is blasted: this instant I encounter-

ed Mrs. Penelope Trifle with her niece; they will soon be with you."——So then all's over! but let's see what expeditionwill do!——Well, you knight, hey! what, have they settled? Is the girl willing?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! right as my leg! ah! Tim, little did I think—But, lack-a-day! I wonder where the boy is! let's seek him.

Hart. Agreed, you knight! hey! come.

Enter Jenkins.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! here's Mr. Jenkins. Good

now! have you seen Tim?

Jenk. Your curiosity shall be immediately satisfied; but I must first have a word with Sir Penurious.

Hart. Well. you! what hey! any news, Dick? Jenk. Better than you could hope! your rival is disposed of!

Hart. Disposed of! how?

Jenk. Married by thistime, you rogue! the woman that wanted him was no other than Mally Pengrouse, she trudged it up all the way after him, as Tim, says: I have recommended them to my chaplain, and before this the business is done.

Hart. Bravissimo! you rogue! but how shall I

get off with the knight?

Jenk Nay, that must be your contrivance.

Hart. I haveit! Suppose I was to own the whole design to Sir Gregory as our plan has not succeeded with his son, and, as he seems to have a tolerable regard

regard for me, it is possible he may assist myscheme on Sir Penurious.

Jenk. 'Tis worth trying, however:—but he comes.

Sir Greg. Well, good now! Mr. Jenkins, have you seen Tim? I can't think where the boy——

Hart. 'Tis now time, Sir Gregory, to set you clear with respect to some particulars; I am now no longer Sir Penurious Trifle, but your friend and relation, Jack Hartop.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! cousin Hartop as I am a living man!——Hey!—well but, good now! how, Mr Jenkins, hey?

Jenk. The story, Sir Gregory, is rather too long to tell you now; but intwowords, my friend Hartop has very long had a passion for Miss Trifle, and was apprehensive your son's application would destroy his views, which, in order to defeat, he assumed the character of Sir Penurious; but he is so captivated with your integrity and friendship, that he rather chooses to forego his own interest than interrupt the happiness of your son.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! that's kind! who could have thought it, cousin Hartop? lack-a-day! well, but where's Tim? hey!

good now! and who are you?

Jenk. This, sir, is Jenny, the handmaid of the

house.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a pestilent hussey! Ah, Hartop, you are a wag! a pize of your pots and your royal oaks! lack-a-day! who could have thought——ah! Jenny, you're a—[Exit Jenny.] But where's Tim?

Enter Robin.

Robin. Wounds, master! never stir alive if master Tim has na gone and married Mally Pengrouse?

Sir Greg. Wonderful! how, sirrah, how! good now, good now! cousin Hartop.—Mally Pengrouse! who the dickens is she?

Robin. Master Timothy's sweetheart in Corn-

wall.

Sir Greg. And how came she here? Lack-a-day, cousin!

Robin. She tramped it up after master: master Timothy is without, and says as how they be married: I wanted him to come in, but he's afraid you'll knock'n down.

Sir Greg. Knock'n down! Good now! let me come at him! I'll—Ah, rogue! lack-a-day!

cousin, shew me where he is! I'll-

Hart. Moderate your fury, good Sir Gregory;

consider, it is an evil, without a remedy.

Sir Greg. But what will Dame Winnysay? Good now! such a disparagement to—and then what will Sir Penurious say?—lack-a-day! I am almost distracted!—and you, you lubberly dog! why did not you— [Exit Robin.] I'll ——ah cousin Hartop, cousin Hartop! good now, good now!

Hart. Dear sir, be calm; this is no such surprising matter; we have such instances in the newspapers every day.

Sir Greg. Good now! no, cousin, no.

Hart.

Hart. Indeed, Sir Gregory, it was but last week that Lord Lofty's son married his mother's maid, and Lady Betty Forward run away not a month ago her with uncle's butler.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! what in the news? Good now! that's some comfort however; but what

will Sir Penurious-

Hart. As to that, leave him to me, I have a project to prevent his laughing at you I'll warrant.

Sir Greg. But how, how, cousin Hartop, how? Hart. Sir Gregory, do you think me your friend? Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! ay, cousin, ay!

Hart. And would you in return serve me in 2

circumstance, that can't injure yourself?

Sir Greg. Good now! to be sure, cousin.

Hart. Will you then permit me to assume the figure of your son, and so pay my addresses to Miss Trifle? I was pretty happy in the imitation of her father, and, if I could impose upon your sagacity, I shall find less difficulty with your brother knight. Sir Greg. Good now? Tim! ah, you could not

touch Tim!

Hart. I warrant you! But see, the young gentleman.

Enter Timothy.

Sir Greg. Ah, Tim, Tim! little did I-

Good now, good now!

Tim. I could not help it now, fath and soul! but, if you'll forgive me this time, I'll never do so no more.

Sir Greg. Well, well, if thee canst forgive thyself, I can forgive thee; but thankthy cousin Hartop. Hart.

Hart. Oh! sir, if you are satisfied, I am rewarded. I wish you joy! joy to you, child! Sir Greg. Thanks, cousin Hartop.

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. Sir, Mrs. Penelope Trifle, with her niece, being come to town, and hearing your worship was in the house, would be glad to pay you their compliments.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! wonderful! here we are all topsy-turvey again! what can be done now,

cousin Hartop?

Hart. Dick, shew the ladies in here, but delay them a little. [Exit Waiter.] The luckiest incident in the world, Sir Gregory! If you will be kind enough to lend Jenkins your dress, and master Timothy will favour me with his, I'll make up matters in a moment.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay, cousin!

Tim. Fath and soul! you shall have mine direc— Hart. No, no! Step into the next room a minute, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay; where you will. Tim. Fath, here will be choice sport!

[Exeunt.]

Enter Miss Penelope Trifle, Miss Sukey Trifle, and a Waiter.

Wait. The gentlemen will wait on you presently. Would you choose any refreshment?

Miss Suk.

Miss Suk. A draught of ale, friend, for I'm main dry. [Exit Waiter]

Miss Pen. Fie, &e! niece! Is that liquor for a young lady? Don't disparage your family and breeding! The person is to be born that ever saw me touch any thing stronger than water till I was three-and-twenty!

Miss Suk. Troth! aunt, that's so long ago that I think there's few people alive who can remem-

ber what you did then!

Miss. Pen. How gillflirt! none of your fleers! I am glad here's a husband coming that will take you down in your tantrums! you are grown too head-strong and robust for me.

Miss Suk. Gad, I believe you would like to be

taken down the same way!

Miss Pen. Oh you are pert!—But, see, your lover approaches. Now, Sukey, be careful, child: none of your—

Enter Jenkins as Sir Gregory Gazette, and Harton as Timothy.

Jenk. Lack-a-day! lady, I rejoice to see you! wonderful! and your niece.—Tim, the ladies.

Hart. Your servant, mistress; I am glad to see you, Miss Suck. [Salutes her.] Fath and soul, Mistress Suck's a fine young woman, more orless! Miss Suk. Yes, I am well enough, I believe.

Jenk. But, lady, where's my brother Trifle?

where is Sir Penurious?

Miss Suk. Father's at home in expectation of you, and aunt and I be come to town to make preparations.

Jenk.

Jenk. Ay! wonderful! pray, lady, shall I, good now! crave a word in private? Tim, will you and your sweetheart draw back a little?

Hart. Yes, father: come, miss, will you jog a

tiny bit this way!

Miss Suk. With all my heart!

Jenk. There is, lady a wonderful affair has hap, pened; good now! son Tim hasfallen in love with a young woman at his uncle's, and tis 'partly to prevent bad consequences that I am, lack-a-day! so hasty to match him; and one of my men, good now! tells me that he has seen the wench since we have been in town; she has followed us here, sure as a gun, lady! If Tim sees the girl he'll never marry your niece.

Miss Pen. It is indeed, Sir Gregory Gazette, a most critical conjuncture, and requires the most

mature deliberation.

Jenk. Deliberation! Lack-a-day! lady, whilst we deliberate the boy will be lost.

Miss Pen. Why, Sir Gregory Gazette, what operations can we determine upon?

Jenk. Lack-a-day! I know but one.

Miss Pen. Administer your propositions, Sir Gregory Gazette; you will have my concurrence, sir, in any thing that does not derogate from the regulations of conduct; for it would be most preposterous in one of my character to deviate from the strictest attention.

Jenk. Lack-a-day! lady, no such matter iswanted. But, good now! could not we tack the young couple together directly? your brother and I have already agreed.

Miss Pen.

Miss Pen. Are the previous preliminaries settled, Sir Gregory Gazette?

Jenk. Good now! as firm as a rock, lady.

Miss Pen. Why then, to preserve your son, and accomplish the union between our families, I have no objections to the acceleration of their nuptials, provided the child is inclined, and a minister may

be procured.

Jenk. Wonderful! you are very good: good now! there has been one match already in the house to-day: we may have the same parson. Here, Tim; and young gentlewoman! Well, miss, wonderful! and how has Tim — Hey, boy, is not Miss a fine young lady?

Hart. Fath and soul! father, miss is a charming young woman! all red and white like Mally——

Hum!

Jenk. Hush, Tim! Nell, and, miss, how does my boy? he's an honest hearty lad! has he, good now! had the art—How d'ye like him, young gentlewoman?

Miss Suk. Like'n? Well enough, I think.

Jenk. Why then, miss, with your leave, your aunt and I here have agreed, if you are willing to have the wedding over directly.

Miss Suk. Gad! with all my heart. Ask the

young man.

Hart. Fath and soul! just as you please, to day,

to-morrow, or when you will, more or less!

Jenk. Good now, good now! then get you in there you will find one to do your business [Exeunt Hart. and Miss Suk.] Wonderful! matters will soon be managed within. Well, lady, this was, good now! so kind! lack-a-day! I verily believe,

if Dame Winny was dead that I should be glad to

lead up such another dance with you, lady.

Miss Pen. You are, sir, something too precipitate: nor would there, did circumstances concur as you insinuate, be so absolute a certitude, that I, who have rejected so many matches, should instantaneously succumb.

Jenk. Lack-a-day! lady: good now! I——

Miss Pen. No, sir: I would have you instructed, that, had not Penelope Trifle made irrefragable resolutions, she need not so long have preserved her family surname.

Jenk. Wonderful! why, I was only—

Miss Pen. Nor has the title of Lady Gazette such resplendent charms or such bewitching allurements astothrow me at once into the arms of Sir Gregory.

Jenk. Good now! who says——

Miss Pen. Could wealth, beauty, or titles, superior to perhaps——

Enter Sir Gregory and Timothy.

Tim. Yes indeed, father, Mr. Hartop knew on't as well as I; and Mr. Jenkins got us a parson.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! a rare couple of friends! but I'll be even with them! I'll marr their market! Master Jenkins, you have fobbed me finely!

Jenk. Lack-a-day! what's the matter now!

Sir Greg. Come, come, none of your lack-a-days! none of your gambols nor your tricks to me! good now, good now! give me my clothes! here, take your tawdry trappings! I have found you out at last! I'll be no longer your property!

Jenk.

Jenk. Wonderful! what's all this, lady? Good

now, good now! what's here, a stage-play?

Sir Greg. Play me no plays! but give me my wig! and your precious friend, my loving cousin! (pize on the kindred!) let'n—

Jenk. Good now, good now! what are these

folks? as sure as a gun they're mad!

Sir Greg. Mad! no, no! we are neither mad

nor fools: no thanks to you though!

Miss Pen. What is all this? can you unravel this perplexity, untwine this mystery, Sir Gregory Gazette?

Sir Greg. He Sir Gregory Gazette? Lack-a-day! lady, you are tricked, imposed on, bam-boozled! good now, good now! 'tis I am Sir Gregory Gazette!

Miss Pen. How?

Tim. Fath and soul! 'tis true, mistress; and I am his son Tim, and will swear it.

Miss Pen. Why, is not Mr. Timothy Gazette

with my niece Susannah Trifle?

Tim. Who, me? Lord! no, 'tis none of I, it is cousin Hartop in my clothes.

Miss Pen. What's this? and pray who

Enter Hartop and Miss Sukey Trifle.

Jenk. Why, as I see the affair is concluded, you may, madam, call me Jenkins: come, Hartop, you may now throw off your disguise; the knight had like to have embarrassed us.

Miss Pen. How, Mr. Jenkins! and would you

sir, participate of a plot too?

Hart.

Hart. Madam, in the issue your family will I hope, have no great reason to repent; I always had the greatest veneration for Miss Penelope Trifle's understanding, the highest esteem for her virtues; and should think myself highly honoured in being regarded as her relation.

Miss Pen. Sir, I shall determine on nothing till

I am apprised of my brother's resolution.

Hart. For that we must wait.—Sir Gregory, I must intreat your and your son's pardon for some little liberties I have taken with you both.—Mr. Jenkins, I have the highest obligation to your friendship.—And, miss, when we become a little better acquainted, I flatter myself the change will not prove unpleasing.

Miss Suk. I know nothing at all about it.

Hart. Sir Gregory, we shall have your company at dinner?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! no, no: that boy has spoiled my stomach!—Come, Tim, fetch thy rib, and let us be jogging towards Wales: but how thou wilt get off with thy mother———

Tim. Never fear, father!

Since you have been pleas'd our nuptial knot to bless.

We shall be happy all our lives—more or less! [Exeunt omnes.]

MAYOR OF GARRATT;

A

COMEDY

IN TWO ACTS:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

SAMUEL FOOTE, E/q.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, No. 76, FLEET-STREET.

1797-

Price One Shilling.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

		DRURY-LANE		COVENT-GARDEN.		HAY-MARKET.
Major STURGEON,	*	Mr. Palmer.	1	Mr. Wiljon.		Mr. Bannister.
Sir Jacos Jollup,	8	Mr. Waldron.		Mr. Powel.		Mr. Ußer.
BRUIN, .	•	Mr. Phillimore.	•	Mr. Cubitt.	•	Mr. Maddocks.
Lint, .	•	Mr. Suet.	•	Mr. Thompson.	ı	Mr. Benfon.
Roger, .	•		,	Mr. Farley.	•	Mr. Waldron, jun.
Mos, .	1				ı	Mr. Cooke, Sc.
SNUFFLE, -	•		,			Mr. Lyons.
CRISPIN HEEL-TAP,	•					Mr. Burton.
JERRY SNEAK,		Mr J. Bannifter.		Mr. Fawcett.		Mr. J. Bannister.
Mrs. BRUIN,	•			Alrs. Crofs.		Miss Tidswell.
Mrs. Sneak,	•	Mrs. Fordan.		Mirs. Mattocks.	•	Mrs. Goodall.

MAYOR OF GARRATT.

ACT I.

SCENE Sir JACOB'S House at Garrat. Enter Sir JACOB.

Sir Jacob.

R OGER-

Enter ROGER.

Rog. Anan, Sir-

Sir Jac. Sir, firrah! and why not Sir Jacob, you rafcal? Is that all your manners? Has his Majesty dubb'd me a Knight for you to make me a Mister? Are the candidates near upon coming?

Rog. Nic Goose, the taylor, from Putney, they fay, will be here in a crack, Sir

Jacob.

Sir Jac. Has Margery fetch'd in the linen?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.
Sir Jac. Are the pigs and the poultry lock'd up in the barn?

Rog. Safe, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And the plate and spoons in the pantry?

Rog.

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then give me the key; the mob will foon be upon us; and all is fish that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be fure there is plenty of mustard; and, d'ye hear, Roger, do you stand yourself at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Rog. I will, Sir Jacob. [Exit Rog. Sir Jac. So, now I believe things are pretty secure: But I can't think what makes

my daughters so late ere they-

[Knocking at the gate.

Who is that, Roger?

Roger without. Master Lint, the potter-carrier, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Let him in. What the deuce

can he want?

Enter Lint.

Sir Jac. Well, master Lint, your will? Lint. Why, I come, Sir Jacob, partly to enquire after your health; and partly, as I may say, to settle the business of the day.

Sir Jac. What business?

Lint. Your worship knoweth, this being the day of election, the rabble may be riotous; in which case, maims, bruises, contusions,

fions, diflocations, fractures simple and compound, may likely ensue: now your worship need not be told, that I am not only a pharmacopolist, or vender of drugs, but likewise chirurgeon, or healer of wounds.

Sir Jac. True, master Lint, and equally

skillful in both.

Lint. It is your worship's pleasure to say so, Sir Jacob: Is it your worship's will that I lend a ministring hand to the maim'd?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Lint. And to whom must I bring in my bill?

Sir Jac. Doubtless, the vestry.

Lint. Your worship knows, that, kill or cure, I have contracted to physic the parish poor by the great: but this must be a separate charge.

Sir Jac. No, no; all under one: come,

master Lint, don't be unreasonable.

Lint. Indeed, Sir Jacob, I can hardly afford it. What with the dearness of drugs, and the number of patients the peace has procured me, I can't get salt to my porridge.

Sir fac. Bad this year, the better the next—We must take things rough and

fmooth as they run.

Lint. Indeed I have a very hard bargain. Sir Jac. No such matter; we are, neighbour Lint, a little better instructed. Formerly, indeed, a fit of illness was very expensive;

pensive; but now, physic is cheaper than food.

Lint. Marry, heaven forbid!

Sir Jac. No, no; your effences, elixirs, emetics, sweats, drops, and your pastes, and your pills, have silenced your pestles and mortars. Why a fever, that would formerly have cost you a fortune, you may now cure for twelve penn'orth of powder.

Lint. Or kill, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And then as to your scurvies, and gouts, rheumatisms, consumptions, coughs, and catarrhs, tar-water and turpentine will make you as sound as a roach.

Lint. Nostrums!

Sir Jac. Specifics, specifics, master Lint.

Lint. I am very forry to find a man of your worship's——Sir Jacob, a promoter of puffs; and encourager of quacks, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Regulars, Lint, regulars; look at their names—Roger, bring me the news—not a foul of them but is either P. L. or

M.D.

Lint. Plaguy liars! Murderous dogs!

Roger brings the News.

Sir Jac. Liars! Here, look at the list of their cures. The oath of Margery Squab, of Ratcliff-Highway, spinster.

Lint. Perjuries.

Sir Jac. And see here, the churchwardens have figned it.

Lint. Fictitious, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Sworn before the worshipful Mr. Justice Drowsy, this thirteenth day of —

Lint. Forgery.

Sir Fac. Why, harkye, firrah, do you think Mr. Justice Drowsy would set his

hand to a forgery?

Lint. I know, Sir Jacob, that woman; she has been cured of fifty diseases in a fortnight, and every one of 'em mortal.

Sir Jac. You impudent-Lint. Of a dropfy, by West-Sir Jac. Audacious-

Lint. A cancer, by Cleland—

Sir Jac. Arrogant—

Lint. A palfy, by Walker—

Sir 7ac. Impertinent—

Lint. Gout and sciatic, by Rock.

Sir Jac. Insolent-

Lint. Confumption, by Stevens's drops.

Sir Jac. Paltry-

Lint. And squinting, by the Chevalier Taylor-

Sir Jac. Pill-gilding puppy!
Lint. And as to the Justice, so the affi-

davit brings him a shilling-

Sir Jac. Why, harkye, rascal, how dare you abuse the commission?—You bloodletting, ting, tooth-drawing, corn-cutting, worm-killing, bliftering, gliftering—

Lint. Bless me, Sir Jacob, I did not

think to-

Sir Jac. What firrah, do you infult me in my office? Here, Roger, out with him—turn him out.

Lint. Sir, as I hope to be-

Sir Jac. Away with him. You fcoundrel, if my clerk was within, I'd fend you this instant to Bridewell. Things are come to a pretty pass, indeed, if after all my reading in Wood, and Nelson, and Burn; if after twenty years attendance at turnpike-meetings, tessions petty and quarter; if after tetting of rates, licencing ale-houses, and committing of vagrants—Butall respect to authority is soft, and Unus Quorum now-a-days is no more regarded than a petty constable. [Knocking.] Roger, see who is at the gate? Why the fellow is deaf.

Rog. Justice Sturgeon, the fishmonger,

from Brentford.

Sir Jcc. Gad's my life! and Major to the Middlesex militia. Usher him in, Roger,

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Sir Jac. I could have wish'd you had come a little sooner, Major Sturgeon.

Major.

Major. Why, what has been the mat-

ter, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. There has, Major, been here an impudent pill-monger, who has dar'd to scandalize the whole body of the bench.

Major. Insolent companion! had I been here, I would have mittimus'd the rascal at

once.

Sir Jac. No, no, he wanted the Major more than the Magistrate; a few smart strokes from your cane would have fully answer'd the purpose—Well, Major, our wars are done; the rattling drum, and squeaking fife, now wound our ears no more.

Major. True, Sir Jacob, our corps is disembodied, so the French may sleep in

security.

Sir Jac But, Major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profeffion of arms?

Major. A little aukward in the beginning, Sir Jacob: the great difficulty they had was, to get me to turn out my toes; but use, use reconciles all them kind of things: why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite.

Sir Jac. No!

Major. No. There is more made of these matters than they merit. For the general good, indeed, I am giad of the peace;

but as to my fingle self-And yet, we have had some desperate duty, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. No doubt.

Major. Oh! such marchings and coun-

ter-marchings, from Brentford to Elin, from Elin to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge; the dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating—Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow, that day's work carried off Major Molossas. Bunhill-sields never saw a braver commander! He was an irreparable loss to the service.

Sir Jac. How came that about?

Major. Why, it was partly the Major's own fault; I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action; but he was resolute, and would not be rul'd.

Sir Jac. Spirit; zeal for the service.

Major. Doubtless-But to proceed: In order to get our men in good spirits, we were quartered at Thislleworth the evening before; at day-break, our regiment formed at Hounslow town's end, as it might be about here. The Major made a fine disposition: on we march'd, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning down a narrow lane to the lest, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig's stye, that we might take the gallows in slank, and, at all events, secure a retreat, who should come by but a drove of fat

at oxen for Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs bark'd in the rear, the oxen fet up a gallop; on they came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps in confusion.

Sir Jac. Terrible!

Major. The Major's horse took to his heels; away he scour d over the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into the slank, and for some time held by his mane; but in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the Major a dowse in the chops, and plump'd him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills.

Sir Jac. Dreadful!

Major. Whether from the fall or the fright, the Major mov'd off in a month—Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

Sir Jac. As how?

Major. Why, as Captain Cucumber, Lieutenant Patty-Pan, Enfign Tripe, and myself, were returning to town in the Turnham-Green stage, we were stopp'd near the Hammersmith turnpike, and robb'd and stripp'd by a foot-pad.

Sir Jac. An unfortunate day, indeed! Major. But in some measure to make me amends, I got the Major's commission.

Sir Jac. You did.

Major. O yes. I was the only one of the corps that could ride; otherwise, we always succeeded of course: no jumping over heads, no underhand work among us; all men of honour; and I must do the regiment the justice to say, there never was a set of more amiable officers.

Sir Jac. Quiet and peaceable.

Major. As lambs, Sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing-bout at the Three Compasses in Acton, between Captain Sheers and the Colonel, concerning a game at All-fours, I don't remember a single dispute.

Sir Jac. Why, that was mere mutiny; the Captain ought to have been broke.

Major. He was; for the Colonel not only took away his cockade, but his custom; and I don't think poor Captain Sheers has done a stitch for him since.

Sir Jac. But you foon supplied the loss of Molossa?

Major. In part only: no, Sir Jacob, he had great experience; he was train'd up to arms from his youth; at fixteen he trail'd a pike in the Artillery-ground; at eighteen got a company in the Smithfield pioneers; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to Sir Jeffery Grub, Knight, Alderman, and Colonel of the Yellow.

Sir Jac. A rapid rise!

Major,

Major. Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a serjeant of marines; so after shop was shut up at night, he us'd to teach me my exercise; and he had not to deal with a dunce, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Your progress was great.

Major. Amazing. In a week I could shoulder, and rest, and poize, and turn to the right, and wheel to the lest; and in less than a month I could fire without winking or blinking.

Sir Jac. A perfect Hannibal!

Major. Ah, and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and squares, and evolutions, and revolutions: let me tell you, Sir Jacob, it was lucky that Monsieur kept his myrmidons at home, or we should have pepper'd his flat-bottom'd boats.

Sir Jac. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous

escape.

Major. We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting proarvis and focus.

Sir Jac. Pray now, Major, which do you look upon as the best disciplin'd troops, the London regiments, or the Middlesex militia?

Major. Why, Sir Jacob, it does not become me to fay; but lack-a-day, they have never feen any fervice—Holiday foldiers!

Why.

Why, I don't believe, unless indeed upon a lord-mayor's day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the skin in their lives.

Sir Jac. Indeed!

Major. No! foldiers for fun-shine, Cockneys; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the Jenny fequi that—Oh could you but see me salute! you have never a spontoon in the house?

Sir Jac. No; but we could get you a

shove-pike.

Major. No matter. Well, Sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, sweet Mrs. Sneak, and the lovely Mrs. Bruin; is she as

lively and as brilliant as ever?

Sir Jac. Oh, oh, now the murder is out; this vifit was intended for them: come, own now, Major, did not you expect to meet with them here? You officers are men of fuch gallantry!

Major. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, Sir Jacob; there is no refifting a red coat.

Sir Jac. True, true, Major.

Major. But that is now all overwith me.

" Farewell to the plumed steeds and neigh" ing troops," as the black man says in the
play; like the Roman censurer, I shall retire to my Savine field, and there cultivate
cabbages.

Sir Jac. Under the shade of your laurels.

Major.

Major. True; I have done with the Major, and now return to the Magistrate; Cedunt Arma Togge.

Sir Jac. Still in the service of your

country.

Major. True; man was not made for himself; and so, thinking that this would prove a busy day in the justicing way I am come, Sir Jacob, to lend you a hand.

Sir Jac. Done like a neighbour.

Major. I have brought, as I suppose most of our business will be in the battery way, some warrants and mittimuses ready fill'd up, with all but the names of the parties, in order to save time.

Sir Jac. A provident magistrate.

Major. Pray, how shall we manage as to the article of swearing; for I reckon we shall have oaths as plenty as hops.

Sir Jac. Why, with regard to that branch of our business, to-day, I believe, the law

must be suffer'd to sleep.

Major. I should think we might pick up

fomething that's pretty that way.

Sir Jac. No, poor rascals, they would not be able to pay; and as to the stocks, we should never find room for their legs.

Major. Pray, Sir Jacob, is Matthew Marrow-bone, the butcher of your town, living

or dead?

Sir Jac. Living.

Major. And fwears as much as he used? Sir Jac. An alter'd man, Major; not an oath comes out or his mouth.

Major. You furprise me; why, when he frequented our town of a market-day, he has taken out a guinea in oaths—and quite chang'd?

Sir Jac. Entirely; they fay his wife has made him a Methodist, and that he preaches

at Kennington-Common.

Major. What a deal of mischief those rascals do in the country—Why then we have entirely lost him?

Sir Jac. In that way; but I gota brace of bind-overs from him last week for a

couple of baftards.

Major. Welldone, master Matthew—but pray now, Sir Jacob——

[Mob without huzza! Sir Jac. What's the matternow, Roger?

Enter Roger.

Rog. The electors defire to know, if your worship has any body to recommend?

Sir Jac. By no means; let them be free

in their choice: I shan't interfere.

Rog. And if your worthip has any objection to Crifpin Heel-Tap the Cobler's being returning officer?

Sir Jac. None, provided the rascal can

keep himfelf fober: Is he there?

Rog.

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob: make way there; stand farther off from the gate: here is Madam Sneakina chair, along with her husband.

Major. Gad-so, you will permit me to convoy her in? [Exit Major.

Sir Jac. Now here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains taking a Billingsgate-broker as any in the bills of mortality. But the fish is got out of his element; the soldier has quite demolish'd the citizen.

Enter Mrs. Sneak handed by the Major.

Mrs. Sneak. Dear Major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a profusion of trouble; but my husband is such a goose-cap, that I can't get no good out of himathomeorabroad—Jerry, Jerry Sneak!

—Your blessing, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Daughter, you are welcome to

Garratt.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, Jerry Sneak! I fay: Enter Sneak, with a band-box, a hoop-petticoat under his arm, and cardinal, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Sneak. Here, lovy.

Mrs. Sneak. Here, looby: there, lay these things in the hall; and then go and look after the horse: are you sure you have got all the things out of the chaise?

Sneak:

Sneak. Yes, chuck.

Mrs. Sneak. Then give me my fan.

[Jerry drops the things in fearching his pocket for the fan.

Mrs Sneak. Did ever mortal fee such a— I declare, I am quite asham'd so be seen with him abroad: go, get you gone out of my sight.

Sneak. I go, lovy: Good-day to my fa-

ther-in-law.

Sir Jac. I am glad to fee you, fon Sneak: Butwhereisyourbrother Bruin and his wife.

Sneak. He will be here anon, father Sir Jacob; he did but just step into the Alley to gather how tickets were fold.

Sir Jac. Very well, son Sneak.

[Exit Sneak.

Mrs Sneak. Son! yes, and a pretty fon

you have provided.

Sir Jac. I hope all for the best: why, what terrible work there would have been, had you married such a one as your sister? one house could never have contain'd you—Now, I thought this meek mate—

Mrs Sneak. Meek! a mushroom! a

milkfop!

Sir Jac. Lookye, Molly, I have married you to a man; take care you don't make him a monster.

[Exit Sir Jac.]

Mrs Sneak. Monster! Why, Major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouse: Had

my kind stars indeed allotted me a military man, I should, doubtless, have deported myself in a beseemingly manner.

Major. Unquestionably, madam.

Mrs Sneak. Nor would the Major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have dishonoured his cloth.

Major. I should have been too happy.

Mrs. Sneak. Indeed, Sir, I reverence the army; they are all so brave; so polite; so

every thing a woman can wish-

Major. Oh! madam-

Mrs. Sneak. So elegant; fo genteel; fo obliging: and then the rank; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a Major?

Major. No man with impunity; that I

take the freedom to fay, madam.

Mrs. Sneak. I know it, good Sir: Oh! I am no stranger to what I have miss'd.

Major. Oh, madam!—Let me die, but she has infinite merit.

Mrs. Sneak. Then to be join'd to a fneaking flovenly cit; a paltry, praying, pitiful pin-maker!

Major. Melancholy!

Mrs. Sneak. To be jostled and cramm'd with the crowd; no respect, no place, no precedence; to be choak'd with the smoak of the city; no country jaunts but to Islington; no balls but at Pewterers-hall.

Major.

Major. Intolerable!

Mrs. Sneak. I fee, Sir, you have a proper fense of my sufferings.

Major. And would shed my best blood

to relieve them.

Mrs. Sneak. Gallant gentleman!

Major. The brave must favour the fair.

Mrs. Sneak. Intrepid Major! Mjor. Divine Mrs. Sneak!

Mrs. Sneak. Obliging commander!

Major. Might I be permitted the honor—

Mrs. Sneak. Sir-

Major. Just to ravish a kiss from your hand. Mrs. Sneak. You have a right to all we can grant.

Major. Courteous, condescending, com-

plying-Hum-Ha!

Enter Sneak.

Sneak. Chuck, my brother and fister Bruin are just turning the corner; the Clapham stage was quite full, and so they came by water.

Mrs. Sneak. I wish they had all been sous'd in the Thames—A praying, imperti-

nent puppy!

Major. Next time I will clap a centinel

to fecure the door.

Mrs. Sneak. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment; my dress demands a little repair.

Major. Your ladyship's most entirely de-

voted.

Mrs. Sneak. Ladyship! he is the very Broglio and Belleisle of the army!

Sneak. Shall I wait upon you, dove?

Mrs. Sneak. No, dolt; what, would you leave the Majoralone? is that your manners, you mongrel?

Major. Oh, madam, I can never be alone; your sweet idera will be my constant com-

panion.

Mrs. Sneak. Mark that: I am forry, Sir, I am obligated to leave you.

Major. Madam—

Mrs. Sneak. Especially with such a wretched companion.

Major. Oh, madam-

Mrs. Sneak. But as foon as my dress is restored, I shall fly to relieve your distress.

Major. For that moment I shall wait with the greatest impatience.

Mrs. Sneak. Courteous commander.

Major. Barragon of women!

Mrs Sneak. Adieu!

Major. Adieu! [Exit Mrs. Sneak. Sneak. Notwithstanding, Sir, all my chicken has said, I am special company when she is not by.

Major. I doubt not, master Sneak.

Sneak. If you would but come one Thursday-night to our club, at the Nag's-Head, in the Poultry, you would meet some roaring, rare boys, i'faith; There's Jemmy Perkins,

kins, the packer; little Tom Simkins, the grocer; honest Master Muzzle, the mid-wife—

Major. A goodly company!

Sneak. Ay, and then sometimes we have the Choice Spirits from Comus's Court, and we crack jokes, and are so jolly and funny; I have learnt myself to sing "An old woman clothed in grey." But I durst not sing out loud, because my wife would overhear me; and she says as how I bawl worser than the broom-man.

Major. And you must not think of disobliging your lady.

Sneak. I never does: I never contradicts

her, not I.

Major. That's right: she is a woman of infinite merit.

Sneak. O, a power: and don't you think the is very pretty withal?

Major. A Venus!

Sneak. Yes, werry like Wenus—Mayhap you have known her some time?

Major. Long.

Sneak. Belike, before the was married?

Major. I did, Master Sneak.

Sneek. Ay, when the was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance, by your kiffing her hand; for we ben't quite fo familiar as that—But then, indeed, we han't been married a year.

Major.

Major. The meer honey-moon.

Sneak. Ay, ay, I suppose we shall come

to it by degrees.

Bruin [within] Come along Jane; why you are as purfy and lazy, you jade—

Enter Bruin and Wife; Bruin with a cotton cap on; his Wife with his wig, great-coat, and fishing-rod.

Bruin. Come, Jane, give me my wig; you flut, how you have tousled the curls? Master Sneak, a good morning to you. Sir, I am your humble servant, unknown.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Mrs. Sneak begs to speak with the Major.

Major. I will wait on the lady imme-

diately.

Sneak. Don't tarry an instant; you can't think how impatient she is. Fexit Major.

Sneak. A good morrow to you, brother Bruin; you have had a warm walk across the fields.

Mrs. Bruin. Good lord, I am all in a muck.—

Bruin. And who may you thank for it, hussy? If you had got up time enough, you might have secur'd the stage; but you are a lazy lie-a-bed.

Mrs. Bruin. There's Mr. Sneak keeps

my fifter a chay.

Bruin,

Bruin. And so he may; but I know better what to do with my money: indeed, if the war had but continued awhile, I don't know what mought ha' been done; but this plaguy peace, with a pox to't, has knock'd up all the trade of the Alley.

Mrs. Bruin. For the matter of that, we

can afford it well enough as it is.

Bruin. And how do you know that? Who told you as much, Mrs. Mixen? I hope I know the world better than to trust my concerns with a wife: no, no, thank you for that, Mrs. Jane.

Mrs. Bruin. And pray who is more fit-

terer to be trusted?

Bruin. Hey-day! Why, the wench is bewitch'd: come, come, let's have none of your palaver here—Take twelve-pence and pay the waterman.—But first see if he has broke none of the pipes—And, d'ye hear Jané, be sure to lay the fishing-rod safe.

[Exit Mrs. Bruin.

Sneak. Ods me, how finely she's manag'd! what would I give to have my wife as much under!

Bruin. It is all your own fault, brother Sneak.

Sneak. D'ye think so? she is a sweet pretty creature.

Bruin. A vixen.

Sneak.

Sneak. Why, to fay the truth, she does now and then hector a little; and, between ourselves, domineers like the devil: OLord, I lead the life of a dog: why, she allows me but two shillings a week for my pocket.

Bruin. No!

Sneak. No, man; 'tis she that receives and pays all: and then I am forc'd to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, pattens, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was still a'prentice.

Bruin. Zounds! I would fouse them all

in the kennel.

Sneak. I durst not—And then at table, I never gets what I loves.

Bruin. The devil!

Sneak. No; she always helps me herself to the tough drumsticks of turkies, and the damn'd fat flaps of shoulders of mutton; I don't think I have eat a bit of under-crust since we have been married: you see brother Bruin, I am almost as thin as a lath.

Bruin. An absolute skeleton!

Sneak. Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would fo fwinge and leather my lambkin; God, I would fo curry and claw her.

Bruin. By the lord Harry, she richly deserves it.

Sneak. Will you, brother, lend me a lift. Bruin. Command me at all times.

Sneak.

Sneak. Why then, I will verily pluck up a spirit; and the first time she offers to—

Mrs. Sneak [within] Jerry, Jerry Sneak! Sneak. Gad's my life, fure as a gun that's her voice: look-ye, brother, I don't chuse to breed a disturbance in another body's house; but as soon as ever I get home—

Bruin. Now is your time.

Sneak. No, no; it would not be decent. Mrs. Sneak. [within.] Jerry! Jerry!—Sneak. I come, lovy. But you will be

fure to fland by me?

Bruin. Trot, nincompoop.

Sneak. Well, if I don't-I wish-

Mrs. Sneak. [within.] Where is this lazy puppy a-loitering?

Sneak. I come, chuck, as fast as I can—Good Lord, what a sad life do I lead!

[Exit Sneak.

Bruin. Ex quovis linguo: who can make a filk purse of a sow's ear?

Enter Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Come, fon Bruin, we are all feated at table, man; we have but just time for a fnack: the candidates are near upon coming.

Bruin. A poor, paltry, mean-spirited— Damn it, before I would submit to such a—

Sir Jac. Come, come, man; don't be so crusty.

Bruin

Bruin. I follow, Sir Jacob: Damme' when once a man gives up his prerogative' he might as well give up—But, however, it is no bread and butter of mine—Jerry, Jerry!—Zounds, I would Jerry and jerk her too.

[Exit.

End of the First Act.

ACT II. Scene continues.

Sir Jacob, Major Sturgeon, Mr. and Mrs. Bruin, Mr. and Mrs. Sneak, discovered.

Mrs. Sneak.

NDEED, Major, not a grain of curiofity. Can it be thought that we, who have a Lord-Mayor's show every year, can take any pleasure in this?

Major. In time of war, madam, these meetings are not amis: I fancy a man might pick up a good many recruits: but in these piping times of peace, I wonder Sir

Jacob permits it.

Sir Jac. It would, Major, cost me my popularity to quash it: the common people are as fond of their customs as the barons were of their Magna Charta: besides, my tenants make some little advantage.

Enter

THE MAYOR

Enter Roger.

Rog. Crispin Heel-Tap, with the electors,

are set out from the Adam and Eve.

Sir Jac. Gad-so, then they will soon be upon us: come, good solks, the balcony will give us the best view of the whole. Major, you will take the ladies under protection.

Major. Sir Jacob, I am upon guard.

Sir Jac. I can tell you, this Heel-Tap is

an arch rascal.—

Sneak. And plays the best game at cribbage in the whole corporation of Garratt.

Mrs. Sneak. That puppy will always be

a-chattering.

Sneak. Nay, I did but-

Mrs. Sneak. Hold your tongue, or I'll

fend you home in an instant-

Sir Jac. Pr'ythee, daughter!—You may to-day, Major, meet with fomething that will put you in mind of more important transactions.

Major. Perhaps fo.

Sir Jac. Lack-a-day, all men are alike; their principles exactly the same: for tho art and education may disguise or polish the manners, the same motives and springs are universally planted.

Major. Indeed!

Sir Jac. Why, in this mob, this group of plebeians, you will meet with materials to make a Sylla, a Cicero, a Solon, or a Cæsar;

let

et them but change conditions, and the world's great lord had been but the best

wrestler on the green.

Major. Ay, ay, I could have told these things formerly; but fince I have been in the army, I have entirely neglected the classes.

Mob without huzza.

Sir Jac. Buttheheroes are at hand, Major. Sneak. Father Sir Jacob, might not we

have a tankard of stingo above?

Sir Jac. By all means. Sneak. D'ye hear, Roger.

Exeunt into the balcony.

SCENE, A STREET.

Enter Mob, with Heel-Tap at their head; fome crying a Goofe; others a Mug; others a Primmer.

Heel-Tap. Silence, there; filence! 1st. Mob. Hear neighbour Heel-Tap.

2d Mob. Ay, ay, hear Crispin.

3d Mob. Ay, ay, hear him, hear Crispin: He will put us into the model of the thing at once.

Heel-Tap. Why then, filence! I fay.

All. Silence.

Heel-Tap. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confusion usual upon these occasions.

1/t Mob. Ay, ay, there is no doing with-

out that.

All. No, no, no.

Heel-Tap. Silence then, and keep the peace: what, is there no respect paid to authority? am not I the returning officer?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel-Tap. Chosen by yourselves, and approved of by Sir Jacob?

All. True, true.

Heel-Tap. Well then, be filent and civil; fland back there, that gentleman without a fhirt, and make room for your betters: where's Simon Snuffle the Sexton?

Snuffle. Here.

Heel-Tap. Let him come forward; weappoint him our fecretary: for Simon is a scolard, and can read written hand; and so let him be respected accordingly.

3d Mob. Room for Master Snuffle.

Heel-Tap. Here, stand by me: and let us neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing: but first, your reverence to the lord of the manor: a long life and a merry one to our landlord Sir Jacob! Huzza!

Mob. Huzza!

Sneak. How fares it, honest Crispin?

Heel-Tap. Servant, Master Sneak.—Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I shall do briefly, with all the loquacity possible; that is, in a medium way; which, that we may the better do it, let the secretary read the names of the candidates,

and

and what they say for themselves; and then we shall know what to say of them: Master Snuffle, begin.

Snuffle. "To the worthy inhabitants of " the ancient corporation of Garratt: Gen-"tlemen, your votes and interest are hum-"bly requested in favour of Timothy "Goose, to succeed your late worthy may-"or, Mr. Richard Dripping, in the said " office, he being" -

Heel-Tap. This Goose is but a kind of Gosling, a fort of sneaking scoundrel: who

is he?

Snuffle. Ajourneyman taylor, from Put-

ney.

Heel-Tap. A journeyman taylor! A rafcal, has he the impudence to transpire to be mayor? D'ye confider, neighbours, the weight of this office? Why, it is a burthen for the back of a porter; and can you think that this cross-legg'd cabbage-eating son of a cucumber, this whey-fac'd ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has strength to support it?

If Mob. No Goose! no Goose!

2d Mob. A Goose!

Heel-Tap. Hold your hissing, and proceed to the next.

Snuffle. "Your votes are defired for " Matthew Mug."

1st Mob. A Mug! A Mug!

Heel-Tap. Oh, oh, what you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard: but, fair and foft, good neighbours, let us taste this Master Mug, before we swallow him; and unless I am mistaken, you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

1st Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

2d Mob. Hear him; hear Master Heel-Tap.

ist Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Meel-Tap. Harkye, you fellow, with your mouth full of Mug, let me ask you a question: bring him forward: pray is not this Matthew Mug a victualler?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel-Tap. And lives at the fign of the Adam and Eve?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel-Tap. Now answer upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the present price of a quart of home-brew'd at the Adam and Eve?

3d Mob. I don't know.

Heel-Tap. You lie, firrah: an't it a groat;

3d Mob. I believe it may.

Heel-Tap. Oh, may be so: now, neighbours, here's a pretty rascal; this same Mug, because, d'ye see, state-affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale; this scoundrel, not content-

ed to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raise it a penny.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Heel-Tap. So, I thought I should crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

Snuffle. The next upon the list is Peter

Primmer, the schoolmaster.

Heel-Tap. Ay, neighbours, and a fufficient man: let me tell you, Master Primmer is the man for my money; a man of learning; that can lay down the law: why, adzooks, he is wise enough to puzzle the parson: and then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Russia and Prussia: Ecod, George Gage the exciseman is nothing at all to un.

4th Mob. A Primmer!

Heel-Tap. Ay, if the folks above did but know him; why, lads, he will make us all statesmen in time.

2d Mob. Indeed!

Heel-Tap. Why, he swears as how all the miscarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3d Mob. Indeed!

Heel-Tap. For, fays Peter, fays he, if they would but once submit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might rise.

Ist Mob.

Ist Mob. Ay, I wish they would.

Sneak. Crifpin, what is Peter Primmer a candidate?

Heel-Tap. He is, Master Sneak.

Sneak. Lord, I know him, mun, as well as my mother: why, I used to go to his lectures to Pewterers-hall 'long with deputy Firkin.

Heel-Tap. Like enough.

Sneak. Odds-me, brother Bruin, can you tell me what is become of my vife?

Bruin. She is gone off with the Major.

Sneak. May hap to take a walk in the garden; I will go and take a peep at what they are doing.

(Exit Sneak.

Mob without huzza.

Heel-Tap. Gad-fo! the candidates are coming. Come, neighbours, range your-felves to the right and left, that you may be canvafs'd in order: let us fee who comes first?

1/t Mob. Master Mug.

Heel-Tap. Now, neighbours, have a good caution that this Master Mug does not cajole you; he is a damn'd palavering fellow.

Enter Matthew Mug.

Mug. Gentlemen, I am the lowest of your slaves: Mr. Heel-Tap, have the honour of kissing your hand.

Heel-Tap. There, did not I tell you?

Mug.

Mug. Ah, my very good friend, I hope your father is well?

1st Mob. He is dead.

Mug. So he is. Mr. Grub, if my wishes prevail, your very good wife is in health. 2d Mob. Wife! I never was married.

Mug. No more you were. Well, neighbours and friends-Ah! what honest Dick Bennet.

3d Mob. My name is Gregory Gubbins.

Mug. You are right, it is so; and how fares it with good Master Gubbins?

3d Mob. Pretty tight, Master Mug.

Mug. I am exceedingly happy to hear it.

4th Mob. Harkye, Master Mug.

Mug. Yourpleafure my very dear friend? 4th Mob. Why as how, and concerning our young one at home.

Mug. Right; the is a prodigious promif-

ing girl.

4th Mob. Girl! Zooks, why 'tis a boy. Mug. True; a fine boy! I love and honour the child.

4th Mob. Nay, 'tis none fuch a child; but you promis'd to get un a place.

Mug. A place! what place?

4th Mob. Why, a gentleman's service, you know.

Mug. It is done; it is fixed; it is fettled. 4th Mob. And when is the lad to take on! Mug. He must go in a fortnight at farthest.

Ath Mob.

4th Mob. And is it a pretty goodish birth

Master Mug?

Mug. The best in the world; head butler to lady Barbara Bounce.

4th Mob. A lady!

Mug. The wages are not much, but the nails are amazing.

4th Mob. Barbara Bunch?

Mug. Yes; the has routs on Tuesdays and Sundays, and he gathers the tables; only he finds candles, cards, coffee, and tea.

4th Mob. Is Lady Barbara's work pretty

tight?

Mug. As good as a fine-cure; he only writes cards to her company, and dreffes his miftress's hair.

4th Mob. Hair! Zounds, why Jack was

bred to dreffing of horses.

Mug. True; but he is suffered to do that by deputy.

4th Mob. May be fo.

Mug. It is fo. Harkye, dear Heel-Tap, who is this fellow? I should remember his face.

Heel-Tap. And don't you?

Mug. Not I, I profess.

Heel-Tap. No!

Mug. No.

Heel-Tap. Well faid, Master Mug; but come, time wears: haveyou any thing more to say to the Corporation?

Mug.

Mug. Gentlemen of the Corporation of Garratt.

Heel-Tap. Now, twig him; now, mind him: mark how he hauls his muscles about.

Mug. The honour I this day folicit, will be to me the most honourable honour that can be conferr'd; and, should I succeed, you, gentlemen, may depend on my using my utmostendeavours to promote the good of the borough; for which purpole, the encouragement of your trade and manufactories will most principally tend. Garratt it must be own'd, is an inland town and has not, like Wandsworth and Fulham and Putney, the glorious advantage of a port; but what nature has denied, industry may supply; cabbage, carrots, and colly-flowr's, may be deemed at present, your staple commodities; but why should not your commerce be extended? Were I, gentlemen, worthy to advise, I should recommend the opening a new branch of trade; sparagrass, gentlemen, the manufacturing of sparagrass: Battersea, I own, gentlemen, bears, at present, the belle; but where lies the fault? In ourselves, gentlemen: let us, gentlemen, but exert our natural strength, and I will take uponme to fay, that a hundred of grass from the Corporation of Garratt, will in a short time, at the London market, be held, at least as an equivalent to a Battersea bundle.

Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Heel-Tap. Damnthe fellow what at ongue he has! God, I must step in, or he will carry the day. Harkee, Master Mug!

Mug. Your pleasure my very good friend: Heel-Tap. No flummering me: I tell thee, Matthew, 'twon't do: why, as to this article of ale here, how comes it about that you have raised it a penny a quart?

Mug. A word in your ear, Crifpin; you and your friends shall have it at threepence.

Heel-Tap. What, firrah, d'ye offer a bribe! D'ye dare to corrupt me, you scoundrel!

Mug. Gentlemen-

Heel-Tap. Here, neighbours; the fellow has offer'd to bate a penny a quart, if so be as how I would be consenting to impose upon you.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Mug. Neighbours, friends-

Mob. No Mug!

Mug. I believe this is the first borough that ever was lost by the returning officer's refusing a bribe.

[Exit Mug.

2d Mob. Letus go and pull down his sign.

Heel-Tap. Hold, hold, no riot: but that we may not give Mug time to pervert the votes and carry the day, let us proceed to the election.

Mob. Agreed! agreed!

Exit Heel-Tap, and Mob.

Sir Jacob, Bruin, and Wife, come from the balcony.

Sir Jac. Well, fon Bruin, how d'ye re-

'lish the Corporation of Garratt?

Bruin. Why, lookye, Sir Jacob, my way is always to speak what I think: I don't approve on't at all.

Mrs. Bruin. No!

Sir Jac. And what's your objection? Bruin. Why, I was never over-fond of your May-games: besides, corporations are too serious things; they are edge-tools, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant; but I never heard much

of their edge.

Mrs. Bruin. Well now, I protest, I am

pleas'd with it mightily.

Bruin. And who the devil doubts it?— You women folks are eafily pleas'd.

Mrs. Bruin. Well, I like it so well, that

I hope to fee one every year.

Bruin. Do you? Why then you will be damnably bit; you may take your leave I can tell you, for this is the last you shall see.

Sir Jac. Fye, Mr. Bruin, how can you be fuch a bear: is that a manner of treating

your wife?

Bruin. What, I suppose you would have me such a sniveling sot as your son-in-law Sneak. C 4

Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to—

Enter Sneak, in a violent hurry.

Sneak. Where's brother Bruin? OLord! brother, I have such a dismal story to tell you—

Bruin. What's the matter?

Sneak. Why, you know I went into the garden to look for my vife and the Major, and there I hunted and hunted as sharp as if it had been for one of my own minikens; but the deuce a Major or Madam could I fee: at last a thought came into my head to look for them up in the summer house.

Lruin. And there you found them?

Sneak. I'll tell you, the door was lock'd; and then I look'd thro' the key-hole: and, there, Lord a mercy upon us! [Whispers] as fure as a sun.

Bruin. Indeed! Zounds, why did not you

break open the door?

Sneak I durst not: what, would you have me fet my wit to a soldier? I warrant the Major would have knock'd me down with one of his boots; for I could see they were both of them off.

Bruin. Very well! Pretty doings? You fee, Sir Jacob, these are the fruits of indulgence: you may call me a bear, but your daughter shall never make me a boast.

Mob.

Mob huzzas.

Sir Jac. Hey day! What is the election over already.

Enter Crispin, &c.

Heel- Tap. Where is master Sneak?

Sneak. Here, Crifpin.

Heel-Tap. The ancient Corporation of Garratt, in confideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of respect to their landlord, Sir Jacob, have unanimously chosen you mayor.

Sneak. Me! huzza! good Lord, who would have thought it: but how came

Malter Primmer to lofe it?

Heel-Tup. Why, Phill Fleam had told the electors, that Master Primmer was an Irishman; and so they would none of them

give their vote for a foreigner.

Sneak. So then, I have it for certain: Huzza! Now, brother Bruin, you shall see how I'll manage my Madam: Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of authority; she shan't think to bullock and domineer over me.

Bruin. Now for it, Sneak; the enemy's at hand.

Sneak. You promise to stand by me, brother Bruin.

Bruin. Tooth and nail.

Sneak. Then now for it; I am ready, let her come when the will.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Sneak.

Mrs. Sneak. Where is the puppy?

Sneak. Yes, yes, she is axing for me.

Mrs. Sneak. So, for what is this true.

Mrs. Sneak. So, fot; what, is this true that I hear?

Sneak. May be 'tis, may be 'tan't: I don't chuse to trust my affairs with a voman. Is that right, brother Bruin?

Bruin. Fine! don't bate her an inch.

Sneak. Stand by me.

Mrs. Sneak. Hey-day! I am amaz'd!

Why, what is the meaning of this?

Sneak. The meaning is plain, that I am grown a man, and vil do what I please, without being accountable to nobody.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, the fellow is furely

bewitch'd.

Sneak. No, I am unwitch'd, and that you shall know to your cost; and since you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind: what, I am the husband, I hope?

Eruin. That's right: at her again.

Sneak. Yes; and you shan't think to hector and domineer over me as you have done; for I'll go to the club when I please, and stay out as late as I list, and row in aboat to Putney on Sundays, and wish my friends at Vitsontide, and keep the key of the till, and help myself at table to vhat vittles I like, and I'll have a bit of the brown.

Bruin

Bruin. Bravo, brother! Sneak, the day's your own.

Sneak. An't it? vhy, I did not think it

vas in me: shall I tell her all I know?

Bruin. Every thing; you fee she is struck dumb.

Sneak. As an oyster: besides madam, I have something surder to tell you: ecod, if some folks go into gardens with Majors, mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids.—There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin.

Mrs. Sneak. Why doodle! jackanapes!

harkee, who am I?

Sneak. Come, don't go to call names: am I? why my vife, and I am your master.

Mrs. Sneak. My master! you paltry, puddling puppy; you sneaking shabby, scrubby, sniveling-whelp!

Sneak. Brother Bruin, don't let her

come near me.

Mrs. Sneak. Have I, firrah, demean'd myself to wed such a thing, such a reptile as thee! Have I not made myself a byeword to all my acquaintance! Don't all the world cry, Lord, who would have thought it! Miss Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak; to take up at last with such a noodle as he!

Sneak. Ay, and glad enough you could catch me: you know, you was pretty near your last legs.

Mrs. Sneak.

Mrs. Sneak. Was there ever such a confident cur? My last legs! Why, all the country knows, I could have pick'd and chus'd where I would: did not I resuse 'Squire Ap-Griffith from Wales? did not Counsellor Crab come a courting a twelvemonth? did not Mr. Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I should keep my post-chay?

Sneak. Nay, brother Bruin, she has had

werry good proffers, that is certain.

Mrs. Sneak. My last legs!—but I can rein my passion no longer; let me get at the villain.

Bruin. O fye, fister Sneak.

Sneak. Hold her fast.

Mrs. Sneak. Mr. Bruin, unhand me: what, is it you that have stirred up these coals then; he is set on by you to abuse me.

Bruin. Not I; I would only have a man

behave like a man.

Mrs. Sneak. What, and are you to teach him, I warrant—But here comes the Major.

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Oh Major! fuch a riot and rumpus! Like a man indeed! I wish people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with matters that does not concern them: but all in good time; I shall one day catch him alone when he has not his bullies to back him.

Sneak.

Sneak. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin; what shall I do when she has me at home, and nobody by but ourselves?

Bruin. If you get her once under, you

may do with her whatever you will.

Major. Look ye, Master Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may suit with a citizen; but, were you an officer, and Major Sturgeon upon your court-martial--

Bruin. What then?

Major. Then! why then you would be broke.

Bruin. Broke! and for what?

Major. What! read the articles of war: but these things are out of your spear; points of honour are for the sons of the sword.

Sneak. Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my vife in the garden?

Major. Now, Sir Jacob, this is the curse of our cloth; all suspected for the faults

of a few.

Sneak. Ay, and not without reason; I heard of your tricks at the king of Bohemy, when you was campaining about, I did: father Sir Jacob, he is as wicious as an old ram.

Major. Stop whilst you are safe, Master Sneak; for the sake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is past—But for you—

Bruin. Well.

Major. Dreadthe whole force of my fury.

Bruin.

Bruin. Why, lookye, Major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and sharps, because why, they are out of my way; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts—

Major. Box! box! blades! bullets!

Bagshot!

Mrs. Sneak. Nor for the world, my dear Major! oh, risk not so precious a life. Ungrateful wretches! and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done? After all his marchings, his sousings, his sweatings, his swimmings; must his dear blood be spilt by a broker!

Major. Be fatisfy'd, fweet Mrs. Sneak; these little fracases we soldiers are subject to; trisles, bagatailes, Mrs. Sneak: but that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant.

Mrs. Sneak. Major, Sir Jacob; what, are you all leagu'd against his dear——A man! yes, a very manly action indeed to set married people a quarreling, and ferment a difference between husband and wife: if you were a man, you would not stand by and see a poor woman beat and abus'd by a brute, you would not.

Sneak. Oh Lord, I can hold out no longer! why, brother Bruin, you have fet her a veeping: my life, my lovy, don't

veep:

veep: did I ever think I should have made my Molly to veep?

Mrs. Sneak. Last legs! you lubberly—

Strikes him.

Sir Jac. Oh, fye! Molly. Mrs. Sneak. What, are you leagu'd

against me, Sir Jacob?

Sir 7ac. Prithee, don't expose yourself before the whole parish: but what has been the occasion of this?

Mrs. Sneak. Why has not he gone and made himself the fool of the fair? Mayor of Garratt indeed! ecod, I could trample him under my feet.

Sneak.. Nay, why should you grudge

me my purfarment?

Mrs. Sneak. Did you ever hear such an oaf? why thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goest: lookye, Jerry, mind what I fay; go get 'em to chuse somebody else, or never come near me again.

Sneak. What shall Ido, father Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Nay, daughter, you take this thing intoo serious a light; my honest neighbours thought to compliment me: but come, we'll fettle the business at once. Neighbours, my fon Sneak being feldom amongst us, the duty will never be done, fo we will get our honest friend Heel-Tap to execute the office; he is, I think every way qualified.

Mob. A Heel-Tap!

Heel-Tap. What d'ye mean, as Master Jeremy's deputy? Sir Sir Jac. Ay, ay, his Locum Tenens. Sneak. Do, Crispin: do be my Locum Tenens.

Heel-Tap. Give me your hand, Master Sneak, and to oblige you I will be the Locum Tenens.

Sir Jac. So, that is fettled; but now to heal the other breich: come, Major, the gentlemen of your cloth feldom bear malice; let me interpose between you and my son.

Major. Your son-in-law, Sir Jacob, does deserve a castigation; but on recollection, a cit would but sully myarms. I forgive him.

Sir Jac. That's right; as a token of amity, and to celebrate our feast, let us call in the fiddles. Now if the Major had but his shoes, he might join in a country-dance.

Major. Sir Jacob, no shoes, a Major must be never out of his boots; always ready for action. Mrs. Sneak will find me

lightsome enough.

Sneak. What are all the vomen engaged? why then my Locum Tenens and I will jig together. Forget and forgive, Major.

Major. Freely.

Nor be it faid, that, after all my toil, I stain'd my regimentals by a broil.

To you I dedicate boots, fword, and shield, Sir Jac. As harmless in the chamber as the field.

ORATORS

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN THE HAY-MARKET.

WRITTEN BY

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

Where more is meant than meets the ear. IL PENSEROSO.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, 38, BEDFORD STREET.

1808.

LECTURER,

PUPILS, &c. .

Mr. Foote.

Mr. Weston.

Mr. Pynn. Mr. Quick. Mr. Bannister.

Mr. Davis.

Mr. Loveman.

Mr. Castle. Mr. Palmer.

Mr. Strange. Mr. Smith.

Mr. Pearce.

Mr. Keen.

Mr. Gardiner.

Mr. Newton. Mr. Shuter.

ORATORS.

ACT I.

Enter Will Tirehack, and Harry Scamper, booted, with Whips in their Hands, into a Side-Box.

Scamper.

PSHAW! zounds; prithee, Will, let us go; what

signifies our staying here?

Tirehack. Nay, but tarry a little; besides, you know we promised to give Poll Bayliss and Bett Skinner the meeting.

Scamper. No matter, we shall be sure to find

them at three at the Shakspeare.

Tirehack. But as we are here, Harry, let us know

a little what it's about?

Scamper. About! Why lectures, you fool! Have not you read the bills? and we have plenty of them at Oxford you know!

Tirehack. Well, but for all that, there may be

fun.

Scamper. Why then, stav and enjoy it yourself; and I'll step to the Bull and Gate, and call upon Jerry Lack-Latin, and my horse. We shall see you at three.

[Rising.

Tirehack. Nay, but prithee, stay.

Scamper. Rot me if I do.

Going out of the Box.

Tirehack. Halloo, Harry! Harry-

Scamper. Well, what's the matter now?

Returning.

Tirchack. Here's Poll Bayliss come into the gallery.

Scamper. No.-Tirehack. She is, by-

Scamper. [looking.] Yes, faith! it is she, sure

enough.-How goes it, Poll?

Tirehack. Well, now, we shall have you, I hope? Ay, if I thought we should get any fun. Scamper. Tirehack. I'll make an enquiry. Halloo! snuffers, snuffers!

Enter Candle-snuffer.

Your pleasure, sir?

Tirehack. What is all this business about here?

Snuffer. Can't say, sir.

Scamper. Well but you could if you would, let us into the secret.

Snuffer. Not I, upon my honour!

Tirehack. Your honour, you son of a whore! D'ye hear, bid your master come hither, we want to ask him a question.

Snuffer. I will-Exit.

Tirehack. Scamper, will you ask him, or shall I? Scamper. Let me alone to him-

Enter FOOTE.

Tirehack. O! here he is-

Foote. Your commands with me, gentlemen?

Scamper. Why, you must know Will and I here are upon a scheme from Oxford; and because cash begins to run low-How much have you, Will?

Tirehack. Three and twenty shillings, besides the

crown I paid at the door.

Scamper. And I eighteen; now, as this will last us but to-night, we are willing to husband our time;

let us see, Will, how are we engaged?

Tirehack. Why at three, with Bett and Poll, there, at the Shakspeare; after that to the Coronation; for you know we have seen it but nine timesScamper. And then back to the Shakspeare again; where we sup, and take horse at the door.

Tirehack. So there's no time to be lost, you see; we desire, therefore, to know what sort of a thing this affair here of yours is? What, is it damn'd funny and comical?

Foote. Have you not seen the Bills?

Scamper. What, about the lectures? ay, but that's all slang, I suppose; no, no. No tricks upon travellers; no, we know better—What, are there any more of you; or do you do it all yourself?

Foote. If I was in want of comedians, you gentlemen, are kind enough to lend me a lift; but upon my word, my intentions, as the bill will inform you,

are serious-

Tirehack. Are they? then I'll have my money again. What, do you think we come to London to learn any thing?—Come, Will. [Going.

Foote. Hold, Gentlemen, I would detain you if

possible. What is it you expect?

Scamper. To be jolly, and laugh, to be sure—

Foote. At what?

Tirehack. At what—damme, I don't know—at you, and your frolicks and fancies—

Foote. If that is all you desire, why, perhaps we

shan't disappoint you-

Scamper. Shan't you?—why, that is an honest fellow—come, begin—

Foote. But you'll be so kind as not to interrupt me?

Scamper. Never fear-

Foote. Ladies and gentlemen-

[Suds from the opposite box calls to Foote, and stops him short.

Suds. Stop a minute; may I be permitted to speak?

Foote. Doubtless, Sir-

Suds. Why the affair is this: My wife Alice—for you must know my name is Ephraim Suds, I am a soap-hoiler in the city,—took it into her head, and

nothing would serve her turn, but that I must be a common-council man this year; for, says Alice, says she. It is the onlie t way to rise in the world.

Foote. A just observation—you succeeded?

Suds. Oh! there was no danger of that—yes, yes, I got it all hollow; but now to come to the marrow of the business. Well, Alice, says I, now I am chosen, what's next to be done? "Why now, says Alice, says she, thee must learn to make speeches; why dost not see what purferment neighbour Grogram has got; why man, 'tis all brought about by his speechifying. I tell thee what, Ephraim, if thee can'st but once learn to lay down the law, there's no knowing to what thee may'st rise—"

Foote. Your lady had reason.

Suds. Why I thought so too; and, as good luck would have it, who should come into the city, in the very nick of time but master professor along with his lectures—Adod, away, in a hurry, Alice and I danced to Pewterers Hall.

Foote. You improved, I hope?

Suds. O Lud! it is unknown what knowledge we got; we can read—Oh! we never stop to spell a word now—and then he told us such things about verbs, and nouns, and adverbs, that never entered our heads before, and emphasis, and accent; heaven bless us, I did not think there had been such things in the world.

Foote. And have you speechified yet?

Suds. Soft? soft and fair; we must walk before we can run—I think I have laid a pretty foundation. The Mansion-house was not built in a day, Master Foote. But to go on with my tale, my dame one day looking over the papers, came running to me; Now, Ephraim, says she, thy business is done; rare news, lad; here is a man at the other end of the town, that will make thee a speecher at once, and out she pull'd your proposals. Ah, Alice, says I, thee be'st but a fool, why I know that man, he is all

upon his fun; he lecture—why 'tis all but a bam—Well, 'tis but seeing, says she, so, wolens nolens, she would have me come hither; now if so be you be serious, I shall think my money wisely bestowed; but if it be only your comical works, I can tell you, you shall see me no more.

Foote. Sir, I should be extremely sorry to lose

you; if I knew but what would content you?

Suds. Why, I want to be made an orator on; and to speak speeches, as I tell you, at our meetings, about politicks, and peace, and addresses, and the new bridge, and all them kind of things.

Foote. Why, with your happy talents I should

think much might be done.

Suds. I am proud to hear you say so. Indeed I am. I did speechify once at a vestry concerning new lettering the church buckets, and came off cutely enough; and, to say the truth, that was the thing that provoked me to go to Pewterers-Hall.

Sits dovon again.

Foote. Well, sir, I flatter myself, that in proportion to the difference of abilities in your two instructors, you will here make a tolerable progress. But now, sir, with your favour, we will proceed to explain the nature of our design, and I hope in the process, you, gentlemen, will find entertainment, and you, sir, information.

Mr. FOOTE then proceeded in his lecture.

My plan, gentlemen, is to be considered as a superstructure on that admirable foundation laid by the modern professor of English, both our labours tending to the same general end; the perfectioning of our countrymen in a most essential article, the right use of their native language.

But what he has happily begun, I have the vanity o think I have as happily finished; he has, it is true, troduced you into the body of the church, but I nduct you into the choir of the cathedral: Or, to

explain myself by a more familiar allusion, though he is the Poitier who teaches you the step and the grounds; yet I am the Gallini who gives you the air, and the grace of the minuet.

His aim is propriety alone; mine propriety with

elegance.

For though reading, so shamefully neglected, not only by those of tender years, but the adult; not only by children, but even by grown men and women; not only in our private seminaries, but in our public universities; is allowed to be a necessary ingredient towards the formation of an orator; yet, a great many other rules, a great many other precepts are requisite to obtain this perfection.

Nay, perhaps we might, to support an argument without the danger of a defeat, at least if we may trust observation, that of all the professions that require a verbal intercourse with the public, there is no one to which reading is of so little utility as

that of oratory.

I need not insist upon this head, as I believe every gentleman's experience will furnish him with instances of men, eminent in oratory, who, from an early vivacity have neglected, or the indulgence of their parents have been emancipated from the attention and application necessary, it is true, to acquire this rugged art, but at the same time so ill-suited to their tender years, and so opposite to those innocent amusements in which children are known universally to delight. Thwart not a child, for you spoil his temper—is, or at least ought to be, an English proverb, as it is an universal practice.

I would not here be understood to depreciate the usefulness of reading, or to detract from the exceeding merit of the professor's plan; no, my meaning is only just to drop a hint that I may occasionally use him as a walking stick; a kind of an elegantly clouded Mocoa, or an airy Anamaboo: yet

that it is by no means my intention to depend upon him as a *support*, or lean upon him as a *crutch*; in a word, he will be rather ornamental than necessary to me.

But useless as is his plan to me, I sincerely wish it success for the sake of the public; and if my influence was equal to my inclination, I would have a law enacted, upon the plan of the militia bill, that annually, or biennially, draughts should be made from every parish of two, three, or more, as in that act of able-bodied, so in this of intelligent persons, who at the expence of the several counties, should be sent to the capital, and there compelled to go through as many courses of the professor's lectures as he shall deem sufficient; thus, by those periodical rural detachments, the whole nation will, in a few years, be completely served, and a stock of learning laid in, that will last till time shall be no more.

Would our rulers but adopt this scheme! how superior would England be even to the most illustrious periods of Greece and Rome! what an unrivalled happiness for us, what an eternal fund of fame for them! Ye Solons, ye Lycurgus's, ye Numas, hide your diminished heads; see what a revolution two laws in a few years have produced; see a whole people, sunk in more than Gothic ignorance, accustomed to no other iron implements than the pacific plough-share, or the harmless spade, start out at once profound scholars and veteran soldiers: If at this happy period, a Frenchman, thinking any thing out of his own country worthy his attention, should condescend to pay this kingdom a visit, methinks, I anticipate the account he will give us at his return, (like his countryman of old, who, at the taking of Rome, bursting into the capitol, and there finding the senate fixed and immovable in their seats, declared them an assembly of kings,) so will he at once pronounce the whole British nation to be an army of generals,

and one congregation of doctors. Happy country! where the Arma & Toga are so fortunately blended, as to prevent all contention for the pre-eminence.

I know but one objection that can be made to this plan, and that merely a temporary one; that the culture of our lands will sustain an infinite injury, if such a number of peasants were to deparochiate, there being already scarce hands sufficient, from the recruits constantly made for Germany, &c. &c. &c. to carry on the common ness of husbandry.

But what are riches, perishable commodities, glittering, transitory, fallacious goods, when compared to the substantial, incorruptible endowments of the mind! this truth is indeed, happily inculcated

by an old English adage;

"When lands and goods are gone and spent,

"Then learning is most excellent."

This sensible and poetical distich, I would recommend to Mr. Professor, as a motto for his intended treatise; but I suppose he is already well provided with an apt *Latin*, if not a *Greek* one, to

either of which I must yield the preference.

But to wave this ethical argument; I think I can easily foil the force of this objection, by a natural and obvious Succedaneum. Suppose a clause was to be added to the bill for the importation of tallow, raw hides, and live cattle from Ireland, that, during this literary emigration, a sufficient number of inhabitants of that country may be transported hither to supply the vacancy: but here it must be observed, that for this purpose an act of parliament is indispensibly necessary; for though it would be difficult, if not impossible, for us, in our present condition, to get in even our harvests, without the aid of hands annually exported for that purpose from Ireland; yet this is at the best but an illicit trade, and the men themselves are to be considered

under the article of smuggled goods; a very heavy penalty being laid by statute on all masters of vessels, who shall venture to import any of the abovecited commodity into this realm, without special licence; to this purpose I recollect a case in point, the fifth of William and Mary, Ban. Reg. The King contra Oflaarty. Vide V. Rep. vol. iii.

chap. 9. page 4. But if this should be thought by the people in power too great an indulgence to the Irish, as we have never been remarkably profuse in our favours to our loyal and affectionate sister, I see no other method of redressing the imaginary evil, than by exempting from this service all the males till a general peace, and accepting, in their room, a suitable number of discreet middle-aged females; and these when they have been properly perfected in the mysteries of our language, may be returned to their several parishes, and there form little infantine communities of literati, which will be a stock for the succeeding generation; and, indeed, upon consideration, I don't know whether this won't prove the best method for the introduction and universal propagation of the plan.

For the English common people, naturally sullen and obstinate, and religiously attached to their old customs, might be shocked and scandalized to see, at one bold stroke, the fescues and fasces, which have been, from time immemorial, consigned to one, or more matron in every village, ravished at once from their hands, and delivered over to the admi-

nistration of the opposite sex.

But to return to my own subject, from which my zeal for Mr. Professor's success has tempted me to

make rather too long a digression.

When I ventured to affirm that the profession of an Orator might exist independently of an accurate knowledge of the arrangement, and different combinations of the four and-twenty letters so far

as (in the words of the Professor) they relate to their being the arbitrary marks of meaning upon paper; yet, I would not be understood to assert this generally, as to every species of oratory, but to confine myself to those particular branches only, where the orator's own mind suggests the matter that his own mouth discharges: For instance, now, as when affairs of state are weighed at a common council, religious points militated at the Robin-Hood, the arts and sciences handled in the Strand, or politics debated near Westminster-abbey; here the arguments and words given are supposed to arise from the immediate impulse of the giver; but where they are concurrent agents, as in the oratory peculiar to the pulpit and the stage, where one individual furnishes the matter, and another administers the manner, the case is widely different.

In the first instance, a tolerable proficiency in reading is indispensibly requisite, as scarce any memory but the late Mr. Heydegger's could retain, to any degree of certainty, the various parts of the Liturgy, the Old and New Testament, briefs, faculties, excommunications, &c. &c. &c. and a lapse on those solemn occasions might be attended with very aukward circumstances! nor would I here be supposed to insinuate, that the pieces of oratory delivered from the pulpit are not the composition of the deliverer; no—This is so far from being generally the case, that I have often heard complaints made against particular agents, that that they have forced upon their congregations their own crude and insipid productions, when, at the same time, their native language would furnish them with so extensive and noble a collection of admirable materials. But here the auditor, unless he be well read in theology, may be led into a mistake; for there are some men, who, by a particular happiness in their manner, have the address to make the works of other men so absolutely their own,

that there is no distinguishing the difference; at this the poet hints in his male dum recitas, &c. For these various reasons, I think a warm application to the art of reading cannot be too strongly recommended to the professors of this kind of

oratory.

With regard to the professors of the stage, tho' reading is undoubtedly useful, yet, as the performer is to repeat, and not to read, the deficiency may be supplied by the introduction of a third agent, viz. a person to read to him till the words are rooted in his memory. This expedient, tho' tedious, I have known frequently practised with good success: little blunders will now and then unavoidably arise, either from the misapprehension of the second agent, or the ignorance or waggery of the third; but these slips are generally unobserved, or, through inattention or indulgence, over-looked by an audience. But to return to the consideration of my own plan, from which no temptation shall, for the future seduce me to digress.

We will first, then, consider the utility of oratory. Secondly, the distinct and various kinds, or species, of that science, as they are practised at

this day in this kingdom.

Thirdly, we will demonstrate, that every branch of English oratory is peculiarly our own, owes its rise, progress, and perfection to this country, and was not only unknown to the ancients, but is intirely repugnant to all those principles they have endeavoured to establish.

Fourthly, that any rhetorical system now existing, instead of a cross in the hands, with letters to direct you on your road, will prove only but a Will in the Wisp, to confound, perplex and bewilder you.

Fifthly, from hence will result a necessity for the immediate establishment of an academy, for the promulgation and inculcation of modern oratory.

To which academy, the author of these propo-

sals does hope, sixthly, that he shall be appointed

perpetual professor.

Perhaps it may not be impertinent here to observe that the author has industriously avoided, and will, in the course of this treatise, avoid all poetical allusion, all grandeur of expression, all splendor of diction; in short, renounce every rhetorical prop, as knowing that, on didactic subjects, order, simplicity, and perspicuity, are the means to gain his end, which is not to gratify the imagination, but to improve and polish the understanding of my countrymen.

First, then, we are to demonstrate the utility of oratory: and, this, we flatter ourselves, will, in a great measure, be evident from the consideration of its universality, and the distinctions it procures, both lucrative and honourable, to any man emi-

nent in the art.

There is, by the constitution of this kingdom, an assembly of many individuals, who, as the seventh son of a seventh son is born a physician, are orators by hereditary right; that is, by birth they are enabled to give their opinions and sentiments on all subjects, where the interest of their country is concerned: To this we are to add another assembly, consisting of 558 individuals, where, tho' the same privilege is enjoyed as in the first instance, yet this advantage is not possessed in virtue of any inherent natural right, but is obtained in consequence of an annual, triennial, or septennial deputation from the whole body of the people; if then we add to this list the number of all those candidates who are ambitious of this honour, with the infinite variety of changes that a revolution of twenty years will produce, we cannot estimate those funds of national orators in esse, posse, and velle, to a smaller quantity than 20,000; and, this I believe, by the disciples of Demoivre, will be thought a very moderate computation.

The two orders of the long robe next demand our attention; and as the pre-eminence is unquestionably due to the priesthood, let us consider what number of persons is necessary to supply that service? England is divided into nine thousand nine hundred and thirteen parishes: now, if we suppose two pastors for every parish, this learned body will be found to consist of nineteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-six individuals; but as the most sacred characters are no more exempted from that fatal stroke that puts a temporary period to our existence, than the profane, it is necessary that a provision should be made of fit and able persons; so that at all events there be no lack of labourers in this plentiful vineyard: nor has the policy of this nation been so blinded as not to guard against this possible contingency, by erecting schools, seminaries, and universities, in which a convenient quantity of our youth are properly trained, in order to fill up chasms which may be occasionally made by the insatiable scythe of death. If then we estimate this corps de reserve at the half only of the standing force, we shall find the army entire amount to 29,739.

I foresee that an objection will be made to this calculation, viz. That two pastors to every parish is a most exorbitant and improbable charge; for that many parishes, from impropriations, appropriations, and other accidents, instead of two, are scarce able to support one pastor; and that this complaint is almost general throughout the whole principality of Wales, where many individuals of this respectable order, to the great damage of their dignity, are obliged to have recourse to very unclerical professions for the support of themselves and families.

This objection we will allow its full force; but then if it be considered that in our original estimate we omitted all deans, canons, prebends, heads and fellows of colleges, chaplains to ships, regiments and private families, together with the whole body of dissenting ministers of all denominations, field-preachers, and parish clerks, I believe we shall be thought rather to have diminished than exaggerated

the real quantity.

As I have not been able to get admittance to the archives of the several inns of court in this metropolis, I am afraid we shall not be able to determine, with the same degree of certainty, the exact number of those who have devoted their lives and labours to the explanation and due execution of our municipal laws: I am, therefore, obliged to depend on circumstantial evidence, which, in some cases, is admitted, even in our courts, to have equal force with proof positive.

And here the reason of the law (as the law is the perfection of reason) is extremely clear. To

illustrate this by an instance:

A swears a robbery against B; A may lye, or at least be mistaken; but if the goods stolen from A, and previously described by him, are found, with their mark, in the possession of B, B not being able to account for such possesion, that circumstance shall be deemed of at least equal weight against B, as if A was to swear positively to the personal identity of B. This being the practice of the courts, we shall proceed, with all possible expedition (which, indeed, is not the practice of the courts) to produce our proofs circumstantial. As in the former instance we have grounded our calculation on the number of parishes, we shall in this derive our computation from the number of houses in the kingdom.

To any man tolerably acquainted with the country of England, it is unnecessary to observe, that not only in every town, but almost in every hamlet through which he travels, his eyes are constantly caught by the appearance of a smart house, prefaced with white rails, and prologued by a red door,

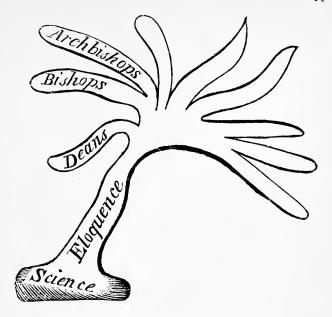
with a brass knocker; when you desire to be acquainted with the name and quality of the owner of this mansion, you are always told that it belongs to lawyer such a one; now, if a hamlet containing thirty houses, with perhaps an environ of an equal number, where labour and the fruits of the earth are the only sources of wealth, can support one attorney in this rural magnificence, what an infinite number of lawyers can a commercial capital sustain? But because I would rather retrench than exceed, I will only quarter one attorney upon fifty houses. The number of houses in the reign of George the First (since which time the quantity is considerably encreased,) was computed at 1,175,951. The number of attorneys then will be 25,518; and, if we reckon one barrister to twenty attorneys, the sum total is 24,693.

I know it will be here objected, that but one small part of this numerous body can be benefitted by my plan, the privilege of speaking publickly being permitted to the superior order, the barristers alone: but this criticism is confined to the observation of what passes merely in Westminster-Hall, without considering that, at every quarter and petty session, at all county-courts, courts-leet, courts-baron, &c. &c. &c. full power of pleading is permited to every practitioner of the law.

As the number of those who incorporate themselves to promote, not only with their cash but their counsel, the progress of the arts and sciences, is unlimited, it will be impossible for any fixed period to ascertain their quantity; nor can we, with any certainty, as the Court-Register has been silent to the members of common-council, determine the amount of the city orators; besides, as what has been already offered is more than sufficient to prove the utility of our scheme from its universality, we shall not trouble our readers nor ourselves with any farther calculations; for tho'

they are replete with great depth of knowledge, are the result of intense application, and the vehicles of mathematical truths, yet to the million the disquisition is but dry and tedious, and our purpose always was, and is, to mix with our instruction a proper portion of delection.

We will, therefore, for these reasons, hasten to the consideration of the second point proposed, viz. An inquiry into the various kinds of oratory now existing in this country. And we shall not, on this occasion, trouble ourselves with the investigation of all the smarler branches of this art; but, like the professors in anatomy, contenting ourselves with the dissection of the noble parts, remit the examination of the ignoble ones to the care of subaltern artists. Leaving, then, to the minute philosophers of the age all the orators of vestries, clubs, and coffee-houses, Paulo majora canamus; and for the better illustration of this head, permit me, reader, to be a little fanciful. We will suppose oratory to be one large tree, of which tree science is the radix; eloquence the trunk; from which trunk sprout nine distinct ramifications; from which ramifications depends a fruit peculiar to each. But to make this clearer, we will present thee with the tree itself, not enigmatically hieroglyfied, but plainly and palpably pourtrayed.



But here, reader, let me not arrogate to inyself the merit of this happy explication; I own the hint was first given me with my grammar. The ingenious, profound Lilly, after he has led his pupils through the various and almost impervious provinces of nouns, pronouns, verbs, participles, and adverbs, conducts them to the foot of that arduous and stupendous mountain Qui mihi: here, dreading lest their youthful ardour might be damp'd with the steep ascent, he reanimates their slackened nerves with the mystic picture of an apple-tree, the access to whose boughs, though tedious and difficult, will yet be amply rewarded by leave to revel uncontrouled through the whole region of pepins. May the luscious fruit sprouting from the apex of each of my ramifications prove an equal spur to every beardless orator

I don't know whether the mentioning another order of orators, as they are not at present existing

in this kingdom, may not be deemed an impropriety. But as I am a sincere lover of my country, I can't help recommending an immediate importation of some of those useful and able artists. Sir WilliamTemple, in his essay on poetry, has recorded their virtues; and as the race was not extinguished in his time, it is to be hoped that it still remains.

In Ireland, says sir William, the great men of their septs, among many officers of their family, had not only a physician, a huntsman, a smith, and

such like, but a poet and tale teller.

The first recorded and sung the actions of their ancestors, and entertained the company at feasts; the latter amused them with tales, when they were melancholy and could not skep: and a very gallant gentleman has told me, of his own experience, that it his wolf-hunting there, when he used to be abroad in the mountains three or four days together, and lye very ill at nights, so as he could not well sleep, they would bring one of those tale-tellers, that when he lay down would begin a story of a king, or a giant, a dwarf and a damsel, and continue all night long in such an even tone that you heard him going on whenever you awakened; and he believed nothing any physicians could give had so good and so innocent an effect to make men sleep in any pains or distempers of body or mind. These are sir William Temple's words, which contain an amazing instance of the power of those orators over the passions, it requiring full as much art and address to assuage and quell, as to blow up, and excite, a tumult in the mind.

In a bill not long since depending in parliament, for the better regulating the city watch, a clause was recommended, by a late respectable magistrate, that, to prevent the watchmen from sleeping at nights on bulks (the source of many disorders) the said watchmen should be compelled to sleep six hours in the day; an arch member seconded the

the motion, and begged to be included in this clause; for that, being grievously afflicted with the gout, he could not for many days sleep a single wink; now if he could be compelled to take a six hours sleep every day, he apprehended that his fits would be of a much shorter duration. Upon this dry comment, the motion was rashly rejected; but if the house had received the least intimation of the astonishing abilities of the Rockers, (for by that appellation I choose to distinguish this order of orators,) I am convinced that the above clause would not only have been received, but that proper encouragement would have been given, by parliament, for the introduction and establishment of this useful oratorical sect.

Nor, indeed, considering the vast addition to our customary cares, from the unaccountable fluctuation of our funds, the cause of concern to many thousand individuals, do I think a visit from a convenient quantity of those artists would be now out of season; but how this honour is to be obtained, whether any of these great men are now residing amongst us, under the disguise of chairmen and hackney coachmen; or whether it would not be more adviseable to employ those gentlemen who have so lately and successfully rummaged the Highlands of Scotland and Ireland for the remains of Runic poetry in search of the ablest professors; is submitted to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts.

I am aware that, on this occasion, some arch wag, possessed of the same spirit with the above senator, will object to my scheme of importation, by alledging, that we have of our own growth an ample provision of rockers, and refer us for proof to our several churches and chapels, during the hours of eleven and two on a Sunday, where the sleep-compelling power will be experimentally demonstrated to exist in its full force amongst us; but not to derogate

from the abilities of my countrymen, surely the shortness of the time, the cause of the nap, rarely continuing above fifteen or sixteen minutes, will not admit of a proper experiment: besides, how can one orator supply a whole parish, unless, indeed, our churches were to be converted into dormitories, which I can't think will happen, as this would be attended with inconveniences to obvious to need a recital.

Abstracted from this last order, the English orators are to be divided into four distinct classes, the pulpit, the senate, the bar, and the stage; with the first of these branches, the pulpit, I shan't interfere, and, indeed, so few people now of consequence and consideration frequent the churches, that the art is scarce worth cultivation. The bar—

Scamper. Pshaw! there's enough of this dull prosing; come, give us a little of something that's funny; you talked about pupils. Could not we see them?

Foote. Rather too precipitate, Sir; but however in some measure to satisfy you, and demonstrate the success of our scheme; give me leave to introduce to you a most extraordinary instance, in the person of a young Highlander. It is not altogether a year since this astonishing subject spoke nothing but Erse. Encouraged by the prodigies of my brother professor's skill, whose fame, like the Chevalier Taylor's, pierces the remotest regions, his relations were tempted to send this young genius to Edinburgh; where he went through a regular course of the professor's lectures, to finish his studies; he has been about six weeks under my care, and, considering the time, I think you will be amazed at his progress. Donald!—

Enter Donald.

What's yer wull, sir?

Foote. Will you give these ladies and gentlemen a proof of your skill?

Donald. Ah, ye wad ha' a specimen of my oratorical art.

Foote. If you please.

Donald. In gude troth on ye sal; wol ye gi' me a topick?

Foote. O! chuse for yourself. Donald. Its aw one to Donald.

Foote. What think you of a short panegyrick on the science we are treating of?

Donald. On oratory? wi' aw my heart.

Foote. Mind your action; let that accompany

your words -

Donald. Dunna heed, mon - The topick I presum to haundle, is the miraculous gifts of an orator, wha' by the bare power of his words, he leads men, women, and bairns as he lists -

Scamper. And who?

Donald. [tartly.] Men, women and bairns.

Scamper. Bairns; who are they?

Foote. Oh! children—his meaning is obvious

enough.

Donald. Ay, ay; men, women, and bairns wherever he lists; and first for the antiquity of the art-Ken ye, my lads, wha was the first orator? Mayhap, ye think it was Tully the Latinest; ye are wide o'the mark; or Demosthenes the Greek? in gude troth, ye're as far off as before-Wha was it then? It was e'en that arch-chiel, the Deevil himsel —

Scamper. [Hastily.] The devil it was; how do

you prove that?

Donald. Guds zounds, mon, ye brake the thrid of my harang; an ye'll but ha'd your tongue, I'se prove it as plain as a pike-staff.

Tirehack. Be quiet, Will, and let him go on.

Donald. I say it was that arch-chiel, the Deevil himsel. Ye ken weel, my lads, how Adam and Eve were planted in Eden, wi' plenty o' bannocks and cail, and aw that they wished, but were prohibited the eating of pepins -

Scamper. Apples ——
Donald. Weel, weel, and are na pepins and apples aw the same thing?

Foote. Nay, pray, gentlemen, hear him out.

Go on with your pepins -

Donald. Prohibited the eating of pepins; upon which what does me the orator Satan, but he whispers a saft speech in her lug; egad our grannum fell to in an instant, and eat a pepin without staying to pare it —(Addresses himself to the Oxonians.) Ken ye lads, wha was the first orator, now?

Tirehack. [to Scamper.] What say you to that? Scamper. By my soul, the fellow's right-

Donald. Ay, but ye wan'na ha' patience —ye wan'na ha' patience, lads —

Tirehack. Hold your jaw, and go on -

Donald. Now, we come to the definition of an orator; and it is from the Latin words oro, orare, to intreat, or perswad; and how, by the means o' elocution, or argument, which argument consists o' letters, which letters joined mak syllables, which syllables compounded mak words, which words combined mak sentences, or periods, or which aw together mak an orator, so the first gift of an orator is words---

Scamper. Here, Donald, you are out.

Donald. How so?

Scamper. Words, the first gift of an orator! No, Donald, no, at school I learned better than that: Do'st not remember, Will, what is the first perfection of an orator? action. The second, action. The third, action.

Tirehack. Right, right, Harry, as right as my nail; there, Donald, I think he has given you a dose—Donald. An ye stay me, i' the midst o' my ar-

gument -

Scamper. Why don't you stick to truth?

Donald. I tell ye, I can logically.

Tirehack. Damn your logick —

Donald. Mighty weel—Maister Foote, how

ca' ye this usage?

Foote. Oh! never mind them—proceed.

Donald. In gude troth, I'se nat say ane word mare.

Foote. Finish, finish, Donald.

Donald. Ah! they have jumbled aw my ideas together; but an they will enter into a fair argumentation, I'se convince 'em that Donald Macgregor is mare than a match.

Scamper. You be ---Donald. Very weel -

Foote. Nay, but my dear Donald-

Donald. Hands aff, maister Foote-I ha' finished my tale, the De'el a word mare sal ye get out o' Donald—yer servant, sir. [Exit. Foote. You see, gentlemen, what your impati-

ence has lost us.

Scamper. Rot him, let him go; but is this fellow one of your pupils? why, what a damnable twang he has got, with his men, women and bairns!

Foote. His pronunciation is, I own, a little irregular; but then consider he is but merely a novice; why, even in his present condition, he makes no bad figure for his five minutes at the Robin-Hood; and in a month or two, we shan't be ashamed to

start him in a more respectable place.

But now, gentlemen, we are to descend to the peculiar essential qualities of each distinct species of oratory; and first for the bar-but as no didactic rules can so well convey, or words make a proper impression, we will have recourse to more palpable means, and endeavour, by a lively imitation, to demonstrate the extent of our art. We must, for this end, employ the aid of our pupils; but as some preparation is necessary, we hope you will indulge us in a short interruption.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, A Hall of Justice.

Enter FOOTE.

THE first species of Oratory we are to demonstrate our skill in, is that of the bar; and, in order to give our lecture an air of reality, you are to suppose this a court of justice, furnished with proper ministers to discharge the necessary functions. But, to supply these gentlemen with business, we must likewise institute an imaginary cause; and, that the whole may be ideal, let it be the prosecution of an imaginary being; I mean the phantom of Cock-lane, a phænomenon that has much puzzled the brains, and terrified the minds, of many of our fellow subjects.

You are to consider, ladies and gentlemen, that the language of the bar is a species of oratory distinct from every other. It has been observed, that the ornaments of this profession have not shone with equal lustre in an assembly near their own hall; the reason assigned, though a pleasant, is not the true one. It has been hinted, that these gentlemen were in want of their briefs; but was that the disease, the remedy would be easy enough: they need only have recourse to the artifice successfully practised by some of their colleagues; instead of having their briefs in their hands, to hide them at the bottom of their hats.

[Calls to his pupils, who enter dressed as a justice, a clerk, a serjeant at law, and a counsellor.]

You will remember, gentlemen, your proper pauses, repetitions, hums, ha's, and interjections: now seat yourselves, and you the counsel remem-

ber to be mighty dull, and you the justice to fall asleep. I must prepare to appear in this cause as a witness.

[Exil.]

Justice. Clerk, read the Indictment.

Clerk reads.

Middlesex, to wit.

Fanny Phantom, you are indicted, That on or before the first day of January, 1762, you the said Fanny did, in a certain house, in a certain street, called Cock-lane, in the county of Middlesex, maliciously, treacherously, wickedly, and wilfully, by certain thumpings, knockings, scratchings, and flutterings against doors, walls, wainscots, bedsteads, and bedposts, disturb, annoy, assault, and terrify divers innocent, inoffensive, harmless, quiet, simple people, residing in, at, near or about the said Cock-lane, and elsewhere, in the said county of Middlesex, to the great prejudice of said people in said county. How say you, guilty, or—

(Counsellor stops the Clerk short.)

May it please your worship—hem—I am counsel in this cause for the ghost—hem—and before I can permit her to plead, I have an objection to make, that is—hem—I shall object to her pleading at all.

—Hem—It is the standing law of this country—hem—and has—hem—always been so allowed, deemed, and practised, that—hem—all criminals should be tried par pares, by their equals—hem—that is—hem—by a jury of equal rank with themselves. Now, if this be the case, as the case it is; I—hem—I should be glad to know, how my client can be tried in this here manner. And first, who is my client? She is in the indictment called a phantom, a ghost; What is a ghost? a spirit. What is a spirit? a spirit is a thing that exists independently of, and is superior to, flesh and blood. And can any man go for to think, that I can advise my client

to submit to be tried by people of an inferior rank to herself? certainly no—I therefore, humbly move to squash this indictment, unless a jury of ghosts be first had, and obtained; unless a jury of ghosts be first had and obtained. [Sits down.

Serjeant. I am, in this cause, counsel against Fanny Phantom the ghost;—eh—and notwith-standing the rule laid down by Mr. Prosequi, be -eh-right in the main, yet here it can't avail his client a whit. We allow—eh—we do allow, please your worship, that Fanny quoad Phantom,-ehhad originally a right to a jury of ghosts; but —eh—if she did, by any act of her own, forfeit this right, her plea cannot be admitted. Now, we can prove, please your worship, prove by a cloud of witnesses, that said Fanny did, as specified in the indictment, scratch, knock, and flutter;—eh -which said scratchings, knockings, and flutterings -eh-being operations, merely peculiar to flesh, blood, and body-eh-we do humbly apprehend -eh-that by condescending to execute the aforesaid operations, she has waved her privilege as a ghost, and may be tried in the ordinary form, according to the statute so made and provided in the reign of, &c. &c. &c.

Your worship's opinion.

Tirehack. Smoke the justice, he is as fast as a church.

Scamper. I fancy he has touched the tankard too much this morning; he'll know a good deal of

what they have been saying.

fustice. [Is waked by the Clerk, who tells him they have pleaded.] Why the objection—oh—brought by Mr. Prosequi, is (whispers the clerk) doubtless provisionally a valid objection; but then, if the culprit has, by an act of her own, defeated her privilege, as asserted in Mr. Serjeant's replication; we conceive she may be legally tried—oh,—besides—oh,—besides, I, I, I, can't well see how we could im—

pannel a jury of ghosts; or—oh—how twelve spirits, who have no body at all, can be said to take a corporal oath, as required by law—unless, indeed, as in case of the peerage, the prisoner may be tried on their honour.

Counsellor. Your worship's distinction is just; knockings, scratchings, &c. as asserted by Mr.

Serjeant.

Serjeant. Asserted—Sir, do you doubt my in-

structions?

Counsellor. No interruptions, if you please, Mr. Serjeant; I say as asserted, but can assertions be admitted as proofs? certainly no ----

Serjeant. Our evidence is ready -

Counsellor. To that we object, to that we object, as it will anticipate the merits-your worship --

Serjeant. Your worship ----

Justice. Why, as you impeach the ghost's privilege, you must produce proofs of her scratchings. Serjeant. Call Shadrach Bodkin.

Clerk. Shadrach Bodkin, come into court.

Enter Bodkin.

Serjeant. Pray, Mr. Bodkin, where do you live? Rodkin. I sojourn in Lukener's-lane.

Serjeant. What is your profession?

Bodkin. I am a teacher of the word, and a taylor.

Scamper. Zounds, Will, it is a methodist. Tirehack. No, sure!

Scamper. By the lord Harry, it is.

Clerk. Silence.

Serjeant. Do you know any thing of Fanny the Phantom?

Bodkin. Yea-I do.

Serjeant. Can you give any account of her thumpings, scratchings, and flutterings?

Bodkin. Yea --- manifold have been the scratchings and knockings that I have heard.

Serjeant. Name the times.

Bodkin. I have attended the spirit Fanny from the first day of her flutterings, even to the last scratch she gaye.

Serjeant. How long may that be?
Bodkin. Five weeks did she flutter, and six weeks did she scratch.

Scamper. Six weeks—Damn it, I wonder she did not wear out her nails.

Clerk. Silence.

Serjeant. I hope the court is convinced.

Counsellor. Hold, master Bodkin, you and I must have a little discourse. A taylor, you say. Do you work at your business?

Bodkin. No -

Counsellor. Look upon me, look upon the court —Then your present trade is your teaching?

Bodkin. It is no trade.

Counsellor. What is it then, a calling?

Bodkin. No, it is no calling—it is rather—as I may say—a forcing—a compelling——

Counsellor. By whom?

Bodkin. By the spirit that is within me -

Scamper. It is an evil spirit, I believe; and needs must when the devil drives, you know, Will.

Tirehack. Right, Harry-Counsellor. When did you first feel these spiri-

tual motions?

Bodkin. In the town of Norwich, where I was born; -One day as I was sitting cross-legged on my shop-board, new seating a cloth pair of breeches of Mr. Alderman Crape's-I felt the spirit within me, moving upwards and downwards, and this way and that way, and tumbling and jumbling—at first I thought it was the colic —

Counsellor. And how are you certain it was not? Bodkin. At last I heard a voice whispering within me, crying, Shadrach, Shadrach, cast away the things that belong to thee, thy thimble and sheers, and do the things that I bid thee.

Counsellor. And you did?

Bodkin. Yea, verily.

Counsellor. I think I have heard a little of you, master Bodkin; and so you quitted your business, your wife, and your children?

Bodkin. I did.

Counsellor. You did—But then you communed with other men's wives?

Bodkin. Yea, and with widows, and with

maidens.

Counsellor. How came that about, Shadrach? Bodkin. I was moved thereunto by the spirit.

Counsellor. I should rather think by the flesh—I have been told, friend Bodkin, that twelve became pregnant—

Bodkin. Thou art deceived—They were barely

but nine.

Counsellor. Why, this was an active spirit. Serjeant. But to the point, Mr. Prosequi.

Counsellor. Well, then—you say you have heard those scratchings and knockings?

Bodkin. Yea-

Counsellor. But why did you think they came

from a spirit?

Bodkin. Because the very same thumps, scratches, and knocks, I have felt on my breast-bone from the spirit within me——

Counsellor. And these noises you are sure you

heard on the first of January?

Bodkin. Certain —

Serjeant. But to what do all those interrogatories tend?

Councellor. To a most material purpose; your worship observes, that Bodkin is positive as to the noises made on the first day of January by Fanny the Phantom: now if we can prove an alibi, that is, that, on that very day, at that very time, the said

Fanny was scratching and fluttering any where else, we apprehend that we destroy the credit of this witness—Call Peter Paragraph.

Clerk. Peter Paragraph, come into court.

Counsellor. This gentleman is an eminent printer, and has collected, for the public information, every particular relative to this remarkable story; but as he has the misfortune to have but one leg, your worship will indulge him in the use of a chair.

Clerk. Peter Paragraph, come into court.

Enter Paragraph.

Counsellor. Pray, Mr. Paragraph, where was you born?

Paragraph. Sir, I am a native of Ireland, and born and bred in the city of Dublin.

Counsellor. When did you arrive in the city of

London?

Paragraph. About the last autumnal equinox; and now I recollect, my Journal makes mention of my departure for England, in the Bessborough Packet, Friday, October the tenth, N. S. or New Stile.

Counsellor Oh! then the Journal is yours?

Paragraph. Please your worship, it is; and relating thereto I believe I can give you a pleasant conceit—Last week I went to visit a peer, for I know peers, and peers know me. Quoth his lordship to me, Mr. Paragraph, with respect to your Journal, I would wish that your paper was whiter, or your ink blacker. Quoth I to the peer, by way of reply, I hope you will own there is enough for the money; his lordship was pleased to laugh. It was such a pretty repartee, he, he, he, he

Justice. Pray, Mr. Paragraph, what might be

your business in England?

Paragraph. Hem—a little love affair, please your worship.

Counsellor. A wife, I suppose-

Paragraph. Something tending that way; even

so long ago as January 1739-40, there past some amorous glances between us; she is the daughter of old Vamp of the Turnstile; but at that time I stifled my passion, Mrs. Paragraph being then in the land of the living.

Counsellor. She is now dead?

Paragraph. Three years and three quarters, please your worship: we were exceeding happy together; she was, indeed, a little apt to be jealous.

Counsellor. No wonder-

Paragraph. Yes: they can't help it, poor souls; but notwithstanding, at her death, I gave her a prodigious good character in my Journal.

Counsellor. And how proceeds the present affair? Paragraph. Just now, we are quite at a stand—Counsellor. How so?

Paragraph. The old scoundrel her father has played me a slippery trick.

Counsellor. Indeed!

Paragraph. As he could give no money in hand, I agreed to take her fortune in copies; I was to have the Wits Vade Mucum entire; four hundred of News from the Invisible World, in sheets; all that remained of Glanvil upon Witches; Hill's Bees, Bardana, Brewing, and Balsam of Honey, and three eights of Robinson Crusoe.

Counsellor. A pretty fortune!

Paragraph. Yes; they are things that stir in the trade; but you must know that we agreed to go halves in Fanny the Phantom. But whilst I and two authors, whom I had hired to ask questions, at nine shillings a night, were taking notice of the knockings at the house of Mr. Parsons himself, that old rascal Vamp had privately printed off a thousand eighteenpenny scratchings, purchased of two methodist preachers, at the public house over the way -

Counsellor. Now we come to the point-look upon this evidence; was he present at Mr. Par-

sons's knockings?

Paragraph. Never; this is one of the rascally methodists—Harkee, fellow, how could you be such a scoundrel to sell for genuine your counterfeit scratchings to Vamp?

Bodkin. My scratchings were the true scratch-

ings —

Paragraph. Why, you lying son of a whore, did not I buy all my materials from the girl's father himself?

Bodkin. What the spirit commanded, that did I.

Paragraph. What spirit?

Bodkin The spirit within me ——

Paragraph. If I could but get at you, I would soon try what sort of a spirit it is—stop, you villain. — [Exit Bodkin.]—The rogue has made his escape—but I will dog him, to find out his haunts, and then return for a warrant—His scratchings! a scoundrel; I will have justice, or I'll turn his tabernacle into a pigstye. [Exit Paragraph.

Counsellor. I hope, please your worship, we

have sufficiently established our Alibi.

Justice. You are unquestionably entitled to a jury of ghosts.

Counsellor. Mr. Serjeant, you will provide us a

list?

Serjeant. Let us see—you have no objection to sir George Villars; the evil genius of Brutus; the ghost of Bancuo; Mrs. Veal.

Counsellor. We object to a woman-your wor-

ship—

Justice. Why, it is not the practice; this, it must be owned, is an extraordinary case. But, however, if, on conviction, the Phantom should plead pregnancy, Mrs. Veal will be admitted into the jury of matrons.

Serjeant. I thank your worship; then the court

is adjourned.

[Terence and Dermot in an upper box.

Terence. By my shoul, but I will spake Dermot. Arrah, be quiet, Terence.

Terence. Dibble burn me but I will; hut, hut, not spake, what should ail me? harkee you, Mr. Justice—

Scamper. Halloo, what's the matter now, Will?

Dermot. Leave off, honey Terence, now you are well—

Terence. Dermot, be easy-

Scamper. Hear him-

Tirehack. Hear him-

Terence. Ay, hear him, hear him; why the matter is this, Mr. Justice, that little hopping fellow there, that Dublin journal man, is as great a liar as ever was born—

Tirehack. How so?

Terence. Ay, prithee don't bodder me; what, dy'e learn no more manners at Oxford college, than to stop a gentleman in the midst of his speech before he begins? oh, for shame of yourself—Why the matter is this, Mr. Justice, that there what the debble dy'e call him, Pra-Praragraf, but by my shoul, that is none of his name neither, I know the little bastard as well as myself; as to Fanny the Phantom, long life to the poor gentlewoman, he knows no more of her than the mother that bore her—

Suds. Indeed! good Lord, you surprise me!

Terence. Arrah, now, honey Suds, spake when you are spoke to; you arn't upon the jury, my jewel, now; by my shoul you are a little too fat for a ghost.

Tirehack. Prithee, friend Ephraim, let him go

on; let's hear a little what he would be at-

Terence. I say, he knows nothing about the case that is litigated here, dy'e see, at all, at all; because why, I hant ha been from Dublin above four weeks, or a month; and I saw him in his shop every day; so how could he be here and there too? unless, indeed, he used to fly backwards and forwards, and that you see is impossible, because why, he has got a wooden leg.

Scamper. What the devil is the fellow about? Tirehack. I smoke him-harkee, Terence, who

do you take that lame man to be?

Terence. Oh, my jewel, I know him well enough sure by his parson, for all he thought to conceal himself by changing his name——

Scamper. Why, it is Foote, you fool. Terence. Arrah, who? Tirehack. Foote.

Terence. Fot, what the lecture-man? Pa-

Tirehack. Yes.
Terence. Arrah, be easy, honey—
Scamper. Nay, enquire of Suds.

Suds. Truly I am minded 'twas he.

Your humble servant yourself, Mr. Suds; by my shoul, I'll wager you three thirteens to a rap, that it is no such matter at all, at all.

Scamper. Done-and be judged by the com-

pany.

Terence. Done—I'll ask the orator himself here he comes;

Enter Foote.

harkee, honey Fot, was it yourself that was happing about here but now?

Foote. I have heard your debate, and must give

judgment against you ----

Terence. What, yourself, yourself!

Foote. It was -

Terence. Then, faith, I have lost my thirteens-Arrah, but Fot, my jewel, why are you after playing such pranks to bring an honest jontleman into company where he is nat -But what is this selling of lectures a thriving profession?

Foote. I can't determine as yet; the public have been very indulgent; I have not long opened.

Terence. By my shoul, if it answers, will you be my pupil and learn me the trade?

Foote. Willingly -

Terence. That's an honest fellow, long life to you, lad. [Sits down.

Enter M'George.

M'George. Here is doctor Friscano without.

Foote. Friscano—who is he?

M'George. The German physician from James-Street.

Foote. Well; what is his business with me?

M'George. He is in danger of losing his trade.

Foote. How so?

M'George. He says, last summer, things went on glibly enough, for then he had the market all to himself; but this year there is an Italian fellow started up in the Garden, that with his face and grimace has taken all his patients away.

Foote. That's hard.

M'George. Dreadful—if you was to hear the poor man's terrible tale you would really be moved to compassion: he says that his bleeding won't find him in bread; and as to the tooth trade, excepting two stumps, for sixpence a piece, 'tis a month since he looked in a mouth—

Foote. How can I help him?

M'George. Why he thinks oratory will do all with the English; and if you would but teach him to talk, he should get his custom again——

Foote. Can he read?

M'George. Oh Lord! poor man, no. Foote. Well let him attend here on—

M'George. He hopes that you will quickly dispatch him, for if he finds he can't do as a doctor, he intends to return to the curing of horses again.

Foote. Well, tell him he may rest assured, he

shall either bleed or shoe in a fortnight.

[Exit M'George.

Foote. Having thus completed our lecture on the eloquence peculiar to the bar, we shall produce

one great group of orators, in which will be exhibited specimens of every branch of the art. You will have, at one view, the choleric, the placid, the voluble, the frigid, the frothy, the turgid, the calm, and the clamorous; and as a proof of our exquisite skill, our subjects are not such as a regular education has prepared for the reception of this sublime science, but a set of illiterate mechanics, whom you are to suppose assembled at the Robin-Hood in the Butcher-row, in order to discuss and adjust the various systems of Europe; but particularly to determine the separate interest of their own mother country.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, The Robin-Hood.

The PRESIDENT.

Dermot O' Droheda, a Chairman; Tim Twist, a Taylor; Strap, a Shoemaker; Anvil, a Smith; Sam Slaughter, a Butcher; Catchpole, a Bailiff. All with pewter pots before them.

President.

SILENCE, gentlemen; are your pots replenished with porter?

All. Full, Mr. President.

President. We will then proceed to the business of the day; and let me beg, gentlemen, that you will, in your debates, preserve that decency and decorum that is due to the importance of your deliberations, and the dignity of this illustrious assembly- Gets up, pulls off his hat, and reads the motion.-Motion made last Monday to be debated to-day, "That, for the future, instead of that vulgar potation called porter, the honourable members may be supplied with a proper quantity of Irish usque-"Dermot O'Droheda † his mark." baugh.

O'Droheda. [Gets up] That's I myself. President. Mr. O'Droheda.

O'Droheda. Mr. President, the case is this; it is not becase I am any great lover of that same usquebagh that I have set my mark to the motion; but becase I did not think it was decent for a number of gontlemen that were, dy'e see, met to settle the affairs of the nation, to be guzzling a pot of porter; to be sure the liquor is a pretty sort of a liquor enough when a man is hot with trotting

between a couple of poles; but this is another guess matter, becase why, the head is concerned; and if it was not for the malt and the haps, dibble burn me but I would as soon take a drink from the Thames as your porter. But as to usquebagh; ah, long life to the liquor—it is an exhilirator of the bowels, and a stomatic to the head; I say, Mr. President, it invigorates, it stimulates, it—in short it is the onliest liquor of life, and no man alive will die whilst he drinks it.

[Sits down. Twist gets up, having a piece of paper, containing the heads of what he says, in his hat.

President. Mr. Timothy Twist.

Tim. Twist. Mr. President, I second Mr. O'Droheda's motion; and, sir, give me leave—I say, Mr. President—[looks in his hat.]—give me leave to observe, that, sir, tho' it is impossible to add any force to what has been advanced by my honourable friend in the straps; yet, sir,—[looks in his hat again.]—it may, sir, I say, be necessary to obviate some objections that may be made to the motion; and first, it may be thought—I say, sir, some gentlemen may think, that this may prove permicious to our manufacture—[looks in his hat,]—and the duty doubtless it is of every member of this illustrious assembly to have a particular eye unto that; but Mr. President—sir—[looks in his hat, is confused, and sits down.]

President. Mr. Twist, O pray finish, Mr. Twist. Twist. [Gets up.] I say, Mr. President, that, sir, if, sir, it be considered that—as—I say—[looks in his hat.]—I have nothing farther to say.

Sits down, and Strap gets up.

President. Mr. Strap.

Strap. Mr. President, it was not my intention to trouble the assembly upon this occasion, but when I hear insinuations thrown out by gentlemen, where the interest of this country is so deeply concerned, I own I cannot sit silent; and give me leave to say,

sir, there never came before this assembly a point of more importance than this; it strikes, sir, at the very root of your constitution; for, sir, what does this motion imply? it implies that porter, a wholesome, domestic manufacture, is to be prohibited at once. And for what, sir? for a foreign pernicious commodity. I had, sir, formerly the honour, in conjunction with my learned friend in the leather apron, to expel sherbet from amongst us, as I looked upon lemons as a fatal and foreign fruit; and can it be thought, sir, that I will sit silent to this? No, sir, I will put my shoulders strongly against it; I will oppose it manibus totibus. For should this proposal prevail, it will not end here: fatal, give me leave to say, will, I foresee, be the issue; and I shan't be surprised, in a few days, to hear from the same quarter, a motion for the expulsion of gin, and a premium for the importation of whisky.

[A hum of approbation, with significant nods and winks from the other members. He sits down; and Anvil and another member get up together; some cry Anvil,

others Jacobs.

President. Mr. Anvil.

Anvil. Mr. President, sir—

[The members all blow their noses, and cough; Anvil talks all the while, but is not heard.

President. Silence, gentlemen; pray, gentlemen.

A worthy member is up.

Anvil. I say Mr. President, that if we consider this case in its utmost extent—[All the members cough and blow their noses again,]—I say, sir, I will. Nay; I insist on being heard. If any gentleman has any thing to say any where else, I'll hear him.

[Members all laugh, and Anvil sits down in a passion, and Slaughter gets up.

President. Mr. Samuel Slaughter.

Slaughter. Sir, I declare it, at the bare hearing

of this here motion, I am all over in a sweat; for my part I can't think what gentlemen mean by talking in that there manner; not but I likes that every man should deliver his mind; I does mine; it has been ever my way; and when a member opposes me I like him the better for it; it's right; I am pleased; he can't please me more; it is as it should be; and tho' I differ from the honourable gentleman in the flannel night-cap, over the way, yet I am pleased to hear him say what he thinks; for, sir, as I said, it is always my rule to say what I think, right or wrong—[a loud laugh.]—Ay, ay, gentlemen may laugh, with all my heart, I am used to it, I don't mind it a farthing; but, sir, with regard to that there motion, I entirely agree with my worthy friend with the pewter-pot at his mouth. Now, sir, I would fain ask any gentleman this here question; Can any thing in nature be more natural for an Englishman, than porter? I declare, Mr. President, I think it the most wholesomest liquor in the world. But if it must be a change, let us change it for rum, a wholesome palatable liquor, a liquor that—in short, Mr. President, I don't know such a liquor. Ay, gentlemen may stare; I say, and I say it upon my conscience, I don't know such a liquor. Besides, I think there is in this here affair a point of law, which I shall leave to the consideration of the learned, and for that there reason, I shall take up no more of your time.

He sits down, Catchpole gets up.

President. Mr. Catchpole.

Catchpole. I get up to the point of law. And though, sir, I am bred to the business, I can't say I am prepared for this question. But though this usquebagh, as a dram, may not (by name) be subject to a duty, yet, it is my opinion, or rather belief, it will be considered, as in the case of horses, to come under the article of dried goods—But I move that another day this point be debated.

Slaughter. I second the motion.

[Catchpole gives a paper to the President, who reads it.

President. Hear your motion.

"That it be debated next Thursday, whether the dram usquebagh is subject to a particular duty; or, as in the case of horses, to be considered under the article of dried goods."

All. Agreed, agreed.

Foote. And, now, ladies and gentlemen, having produced to you glaring proofs of our great ability in every species of oratory, having manifested, in the persons of our pupils, our infinite address in conveying our knowledge to others, we shall close our morning's lecture, instituted for public good, with a proposal for the particular improvement of individuals. We are ready to give private instructions to any reverend gentleman in his probationary sermon for a lectureship; to young barristers who have causes to open, or motions to make; to all candidates of the sock or buskin; or to the new members of any of those oratorical societies with which this metropolis is at present so plentifully stocked.

[Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.



COMEDIES, TRAGEDIES, FARCES, 12mo.

PRINTED FOR

W. LOWNDES.

The Plays marked thus *, are each embellished with an elegant plate, and those with †, have inferior frontispieces.

POX-Jonson †Friendship in Fashion -Otway *Funeral- Steele +Gamester—Centlivre *Gamester-- Moore Gil Blas--Moore *Good-natured Man—Goldsmith *Grecian Daughter — Mur-Greenwich Park-Mounts. *Henry IV. part 1 †Henry V. †Henry VI. part 1 *Henry VIII. †Henry V .- Hill †Hob in the Well--Hippisley *Hypocrite—Bickerstaff *Jane Gray—Rowe * Jane Shore—Rowe Jealous Wife-Colman *Inconstant—Farquhar +Jovial Crew—Brome *Isabella—Garrick +Island Princess-Motteux *Julius Casar—Shakspeare †King Charles I.—Havard *King John—Shakspeare *King Lear--Garrick Lady's Last Stake—Cibber †Limberham—Dryden *Lionel and Clarissa—Bick-

erstaff

*Love for Love—Congreve Love in a Mist--Cunningham Love in a Riddle—Cibber +Love in a Tub—Etherege *Love makes a Man—Cib-Love's Last Shift—Cibber *Love in a Village - Bickerstaff *Macbeth—Shakspeare Magic Cavern, 8vo-Songs *Mahomet—Miller, &c. *Maid of the Mill-Bickerstaff †Man of Mode—Etherege †Mariamne—Fenton †Massacre of Paris—Lee *Measure for Measure-Shakspeare *Medea—Glover *Merope—Hill *Merry Wives of Windsor —Shakspeare Miller of Mansfield, &c.-Dodsley *Minor—Wrighten *Miser—Fielding †Mistake—Vanbrugh *Mourning Bride--Congreve †Mustapha—Orrery

New Way to pay Old Debts

*Old Bachelor-Congreve

altered

+Nonjuror—Cibber

MINOR

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS:

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE:

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

TANTAM RELIGIO POTUIT SUADERE MALORUM.

LONDON:

Printed for W. Lowndes, J. Bakker and H. Lowndes

1798.

Price One Shilling and Sixpente

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Toole, Canker, Smart, and Pearfe, Perfons in the Introduction.

	Drury Lane.	Covent Garden.	Hay Market.
Sir William Wealthy, Mr. Baddeley.	Mr. Baddeley.	Mr. Wilfon.	Mr. Wewitzer.
Mr. Richard Wealthy, I	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Thompfon.	Mr. Ufter.
Sir George Wealthy, I	Mr. Whitfield.	Mr. Macready.	Mr. Diff.
Shift,	Mr. Banniffer, jun.	Mr. Recs.	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Loader,]	Mr. R. Palmer.	Mr. Cubitt.	Mr. R. Palmer.
Dick,	Mr. Burton.	Mr. Blanchard.	Mr. Burton.
Smirk,	Mr. Bannister, jun.	Mr. Rees.	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Mrs. Cole,	Mr. Bannister, jun.	Mr. Bannifter.	Mr. Bannister, jun
Lucy, I	Mifs Collins.	Mifs Chapman.	Mifs. Heard.

TO HIS GRACE

WILLIAM DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Houshold.

My Lord,

THE MINOR, who is indebted for his appearance on the stage to your Grace's indulgence, begs leave to defire your further protection, at his entering into the world.

Though the allegiance due from the whole dramatic people to your Grace's station, might place this address in the light of a natural tribute; yet, my Lord, I should not have taken that liberty with the Duke of Devonshire, if I could not at the same time, plead some little utility in the design of my piece; and add, that the public approbation has stamped a value on the execution.

The law, which threw the stage under the absolute government of a lord chamberlain, could not fail to fill the minds of all the objects of that power with very gloomy apprehensions; they found themselves (through their own liscentiousness, it must be confessed) in a more precarious dependant state, than any other of his Majesty's subjects. But when their direction was lodged in the hands of a nobleman, whose ancestors had so successfully struggled for national liberty, they ceased to fear for their own. It was not from a patron of the liberal arts they were to expect an oppressor; it was not from the friend of freedom, and of man, they were to dread partial monopolies, or the establishment of petty tyrannies.

Their

Their warmest wishes are accomplished; none of their rights have been invaded, except what, without the first poetic authority, I should not venture to call a right, the Jus Nocendi.

Your tenderness, my Lord, for all the followers of the Muses, has been in no instance more conspicuous, than in your late favour to me, the meanest of their train; your Grace has thrown open (for those who are denied admittance into the palaces of Parnassus) a cottage on its borders, where the unhappy migrants may be, if not magnificently, at least, hospitably entertained.

I shall detain your Grace no longer, than just to echo the public voice, that, for the honour, progress, and perfection of letters, your Grace may long continue their candid Censon, who have always been their generous protector.

I have the honour, my Lord, to be, with the greatest respect, and gratitude,

Your Grace's most dutiful;

most obliged,

and obedient Servant,

Ellestre, July 8, SAMUEL FOOTE.



The MINOR.



M. FOOTE as M. SCOLE. My thoughts are fixed upon a better place. What, I suppose M! Loader, you will be for your old friend the black-ey'd Girl, &c.

Publish'd 26 July 1777. by TLownder & Partners.

THE MINOR.

INTRODUCTION.

Enter CANKER and SMART.

Smart.

BUT are you fure he has leave? Cank. Certain.

Smart. I'm damn'd glad on't. For now we shall have a laugh either with him or at him, it does not fignify which.

Cank. Not I. But is not the door of the

Little Theatre open.

Smart. Yes. Who is that fellow that

feems to ftand centry there?

Cank. By his tattered garb and meagre vifage, he must be one of the troop.

Smart. I'll call him. Holloa, Mr.

Enter Pearse.

What, is there any thing going on over the way?

Pear. A rehears? Smart. Of what? Pear. A new piece. Smart. Focie's?

Pear

Pear. Yes.

Cank. Is he there?

Pear. He is.

Smart. Zounds, let's go and fee what he's about.

Cank. With all my heart.

Smart. Come along then.

[Exeunt.

Enter Foote and an Actor.

Foote. Sir, this will never do! you must get rid of your high notes, and country cant. Oh, 'tis the true strolling.—

Enter Smart and Canker.

Smart. Ha, ha, ha! what, hard at it, my boy!——Here's your old friend Canker and I come for a peep. Well, and hey, what is your plan?

Foote. Plan?

Smart. Ay, what are your characters? Give us your group; how is your cloth fill'd?

Foote. Characters!

Smart. Ay.—Come, come, communicate. What, man, we will lend thee a lift. I have a damn'd fine original for thee, an aunt of my own, just come from the North, with the true Newcastle bur in her throat; and a nose and a chin.—I am as a remedy for that. I'll bring her the first night of your piece, place her in a conspicuous station, and whisper the secret to the whole house. That will be damn'd fine, won't it?

Foote. Oh, delicious!

Smart. But don't name me. For if she fmokes me for the author, I shall be dash'd out of her codicil in a hurry.

Foote. Oh, never fear me. But I should

think your uncle Tom a better character.

Smart. What the politician?

Foote. Ave; that every day, after dinner, as foon as the cloth is remov'd, fights the battle of Minden, batters the French with cherry-stones, and pursues 'em to the banks of the Rhine in a stream of spilt port.

Smart. Oh, damn it, he'll do.

Foote. Or what fay you to your father-in-law, Sir Timothy? who, tho' as brokenwinded as a Hounflow post-horse, is eternally chaunting Venetian ballads. Kata tore cara higlia.

Smart. Admirable! by heavens! — Have

vou got 'em.

Foote. No.

Smart. Then in with 'em my boy. Foote. Not one.

Smart. Pr'ythee why not?

Foote. Why look'e, Smart, though you are, in the language of the world, my friend, yet there is one thing you, I am fure, love better than any body.

Smart. What's that?

Foote, Mischief.

Smart. No, pr'ythee.

Foote. How now am I fure that you, who fo readily give up your relations, may not have fome design upon me?

Smart. I don't understand you.

Foote.

Foote. Why, as foon as my characters begin to circulate a little fuccefsfully, my mouth is ftopp'd in a minute, by the clamour of your relations,—Oh, dam'me—'tis a shame,—it should not be,—people of distinction brought upon the stage!—And so, out of compliment to your cousins, I am to be beggar'd for treating the public with the sollies of your family, at your own request.

Smart. How can you think I would be fuch a dog? What, the devil, then, are we to have nothing personal? Give us the actors

however.

Foote. Oh that's stale. Besides, I think they have, of all men, the best right to complain.

Smart. How fo?

Foote. Because, by rendering them ridiculous in their profession, you at the same time injure their pockets. Now as to the other gentry, they have providentially something besides their understanding to rely on; and the only injury they can receive is, that the whole town is then diverted with what before was only the amusement of private parties.

Canker. Give us then a national portrait: a

Scotchman or an Irishman.

Foote. If you mean merely the dialect of the two countries, I can't think it either a fubject of fatire or humour; it is an accidental unhappines, for which a man is no more accountable, than for the colour of his hair. Now affectation, I take to be the true comic object. If, indeed, a North Briton, struck with

with a scheme of reformation, should advance from the banks of the Tweed, to teach the English the true pronunciation of their own language, he would, I think, merit your laughter: nor would a Dublin mechanic, who, from heading the Liberty-boys in a skirmish on Ormond Quay, should think he had a right to prescribe military laws to the first commander in Europe, be a less right laws thinks. diculous object.

Smart. Are there fuch?

Foote. If you mean that the blunders of a few peafants, or the partial principles of a tingle fcoundrel, are to ftand as characteristical marks of a whole country, your pride may produce a laugh; but believe me, it is at the expence of your understanding.

Canker. Heyday, what a fystem is here! Laws for laughing! And pray, fage Sir, instruct us when we may laugh with propriety?

Foote. At an old beau, a superannuated beauty, a military coward, a stuttering orator, or a gouty dancer. In short, whoever affects to be what he is not, or strives to be what he cannot, is an object worthy the poet's pen, and your mirth.

Smart. Piha, I don't know what you mean by your is nots, and cannots-damn'd ab-

ftruse jargon. Ha, Canker!

Cank. Well, but if you will not give us persons, let us have things. Treat us with a modern amour, and a state intrigue, or a-

Foote. And so amuse the public ear at the expence of private peace. You must excuse me.

Cank.

Cank. And with these principles, you ex-

pect to thrive on this fpot?

Smart. No, no, it won't do. I tell thee the plain roaft and boil'd of the theatres will never do at this table. We must have high season'd ragouts, and rich sauces.

Foote. Why, perhaps, by way of defert, I may produce fomething that may hit your pa-

late.

Smart. Your bill of fare?

Foote. What think you of one of those itinerant field orators, who, tho' at declared enmity with common fense, have the address to poison the principles, and at the same time pick the pockets of half our industrious fellow subjects?

Cank. Have a care. Dangerous ground,

Ludere cum facris, you know.

Foote. Now I look upon it in a different manner. I confider these gentlemen in the light of public performers, like myself; and whether we exhibit at Tottenham-court, or the Haymarket, our purpose is the same, and the place is immaterial.

Cank. Why, indeed, if it be confidered—

Foote. Nay, more, I must beg leave to affert, that ridicule is the only antidote against this pernicious poison. This is a madness that argument can never cure: and should a little wholesome severity be applied, perfecution would be the immediate cry; where then can we have recourse, but to the comic muse? perhaps the archness and severity of her smile may redress an evil, that the laws cannot reach, or reason reclaim.

Cank.

Cank. Why, if it does not cure those already distemper'd, it may be a means to stop the infection.

Smart. But how is your scheme conducted? Foote. Of that you may judge. We are just going upon a repetition of the piece. I thould be glad to have your opinion.

Smart. We will give it you.

Foote. One indulgence: As you are Englishmen, I think, I need not beg, that as from necessity most of my performers are new, you will allow for their inexperience, and encourage their timidity.

Smart. But reasonable.

Foote. Come, then, prompter, begin. Pear. Lord, Sir, we are all at a fland.

Foote. What's the matter?

Pear. Mrs. O-Schohnefy has return'd the part of the bawd; she fays she is a gentle-woman, and it would be a reflection on her family to do any such thing!

Foote. Indeed!

Pear. If it had been only a whore, fays she, I should not have minded; because no lady need be ashamed of doing that.

Foote. Well, there is no help for it; but these gentlemen must not be disappointed.

Well, I'll do the character myself.

ACTI.

Enter Str William Wealthy, and Mr. Richard Wealthy.

OME, come, brother, I know the world. People who have their attention eternally fixed upon one object, can't help being a little narrow in their notions.

R. Weat. A fagacious remark that, and highly probable, that we merchants, who maintain a conflant correspondence with the four quarters of the world, should know less of it than your fashionable fellows, whose whole experience is bounded by Westminster-bridge.

Sir. Will. Nay, brother, as a proof that I am not blind to the benefit of travelling, George, you know, has been in Germany

these four years.

R. Weal Where he is well grounded in gaming and gluttony; France has furnished him with fawning and flattery; Italy equipp'd him with capriols and cantatas: and thus accomplish'd, my young gentleman is return'd with a cargo of whores, cooks, valets de chambre, and fiddlesticks, a most valuable member of the British commonwealth.

Sir. Will. You dislike then my system of

education?

R. Weal. Most fincerely. Sir. Will. The whole?

R. Weal. Every particular.

Sir. Will. The early part, I should imagine,

might merit your approbation.

R. Weal. Least of all. What, I suppose, because he has run the gauntlet thro' a public school, where, at sixteen, he had practis'd more vices than he would otherwise have heard of at fixty.

Sir, Will. Ha, ha, prejudice. R. Weal. Then, indeed, you removed him to the univerfity! where, left his morals should be mended, and his understanding improved, you fairly fet him free from the re-ftraint of the one, and the drudgery of the other, by the priviledged diffinction of a filk gown and a velvet cap.

Sir. Will. And all thefe evils, you think, a

city education would have prevented?

R. Weal. Doubtless. Proverbs, proverbs, brother William, convey wholesome instruction, Idleness is the root of all evil. Regular hours, conftant employment, and good example, can't fail to form the mind.

Sir. Will. Why, truly, brother, had you fluck to your old civic vices, hypocrify, cozenage, and avarice, I don't know whether I might not have committed George to your care; but you cockneys now beat us fuburbians at our own weapons. What, old boy, times are changed fince the date of thy indentures; when the fleek, crop eared prentice used to dangle after his mistress, with the great bible under his arm, to St. Bride's, on a Sunday; bring home the text, repeat the divisions of the discourse, dine at twelve, and regale,

regale, upon a gaudy day, with buns and beer at Islington, or Mile-End.

R. Weal. Wonderfully facetious!

Sir. Will. Our modern lads are of a different metal. They have their gaming clubs in the Garden, their little lodgings, the fnug depositories of their rusty swords, and occa-fional bag-wigs; their horses for the turf; ay, and their commissions of bankruptcy too, before they are well out of their time.

R. Weal. Infamous afperfion!

Sir. Will. But the last meeting at New-market, lord Lofty received at the hazardtable the identical note from the individual taylor to whom he had paid it but the day before for a new fet of liveries.

R. Weal. Invention!

Sir. Will. These are anecdotes you will never meet with in your weekly travels from Cateaton-street to your boarded box in Clapham, brother.

R. Wealth. And yet that boarded box, as your prodigal spendthrift proceeds, will soon be the only feat of the family.

Sir. Will. May be not. Who knows what

a reformation our project may produce!

R. Wealth. I do. None at all.

Sir. Will. Why fo?

R. Wealth. Because your means are illproportioned to their end. Were he my fon, I would ferve him-

Sir. Will. As you have done your daughter. Discard him. But consider, I have but one.

R. Wealth.

R. Wealth. That would weigh nothing with me: for, was Charlotte to fet up a will of her own, and reject the man of my choice, she must expect to share the fate of her sister. I consider families as a smaller kind of kingdoms, and would have disobedience in the one as severely punished as rebellion in the other. Both cut off from their respective societies.

Sir. Will. Poor Lucy! But furely you begin

to relent. Mayn't I intercede?

R. Wealth. Look'e, brother, you know my mind. I will be absolute. If I meddle with the management of your son, it is at your own request; but if, directly or indirectly, you interfere with my banishment of that wilful, headstrong, disobedient hussy, all ties between us are broke; and I shall no more remember you as a brother, than I do her as a child.

Sir. Will. I have done. But to return. You think there is a probability in my plan?

R. Weath. I shall attend the issue.

Sir. Will. You will lend your aid, however?

R. Wealth. We shall see how you go on.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A letter, fir.

Sir. Will. Oh, from Capias, my attorney. Who brought it?

Serv. The person is without, fir.

Sir. Will. Bid him wait. (Reads.) Exit. Serv.

Worthy

Worthy Sir,

The bearer is the person I promised to procure. I thought it was proper for you to examine him in viva voce. So if you administer a sew interrogatories, you will find, by crossquestioning him, whether he is a competent person to prosecute the cause you wot of. I wish you a speedy issue: and as there can be no default in your judgment, am of opinion it should be carried into immediate execution. I am,

Worthy Sir, Sc.

TIMOTHY CAPIAS.

P. S. The party's Name is Samuel Shift. He is an admirable mime or mimic, and most delectable company; as we experience every Tuesday night at our club, the Magpye and Horse-shoe, Fetter-lane.

Very methodical indeed, Mr. Capias !—John

Enter Servant.

Bid the person who brought this Letter, walk in. (Exit Serv.) Have you any curiosity, brother?

R. Wealth. Not a jot. I must to the Change. In the evening you may find me in the counting-house, or at Jonathan's. (Exit.

Sir. Will. You shall hear from me.

Enter Shift and Servant.

Shut the door, John, and remember, I am not at home. [Exit. Serv.] You came from Mr. Capias?

Shift.

Shift. I did, fir.

Sir. Will. Your name I think is Shift?

Shift. It is, fir.

Sir. Will. Did Mr. Capias drop any hint

of my business with you?

Shift. None. He only faid, with his spectacles on his nose, and his hand upon his chain, Sir William Wealthy is a respectable personage, and my client; he wants to retain you in a certain affair, and will open the cafe, and give you your brief himself: if you adhere to his inftructions, and carry your cause, he is generous, and will discharge your bill without taxation.

Sir. Will. Ha! ha! my friend Capias to a hair! Well fir, this is no bad specimen of your abilities. But fee that the door is fast.

Now fir, you are to—

Shift. A moment's pause, if you please. You must know, Sir William, I am a propigious admirer of forms. Now Mr. Capias tells me, that it is always the rule to administer a retaining fee before you enter upon the merits.

Sir. Will. Oh, fir, I beg your pardon!

Shift. Not that I questioned your genero-

fity; but forms you know—-

Sir. Will. No apology, I beg. But, as we are to have a closer connection, it may not be amiss, by way of introduction, to underftand one another a little. Pray, fir, where was you born?

Shift. At my father's.

Sir. Will. Hum! --- And what was he?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir. Will. What was you bred?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir. Will. How do you live?

Shift. Like a gentleman.

Sir. Will. Could nothing induce you to un-

bosom yourself?

Shift. Look'e, Sir William, there is a kind of fomething in your countenance, a certain openness and generosity, a je ne scai quoi in your manner, that I will unlock. You shall fee me all.

Sir. Will. You will oblige me. Shift. You must know then, that Fortune, which frequently delights to raise the noblest structures from the simplest foundations; who from a taylor made a pope, from a gin-shop an empress, and many a prime minister from nothing at all, has thought sit to raise me to my present height, from the humble employment of—Light your Honour—A link boy.

Sir. Will. A pleafant fellow. ---- Who were

your parents?

Shift. I was produced, fir, by a left-handed marriage, in the language of the newspapers, between an illustrious lamp-lighter and an eminent itinerant cat and dog butcher. Cat's meat, and dog's meat.—I dare fay, you have heard my mother fir. But as to this happy pair, I owe little besides my Being, I shall drop them where they dropt me-in the street.

Sir. Will. Proceed.

Shift. My first knowledge of the world I owe to a school, which has produced many a great

a great man; the avenues of the Play-house. There, sir, leaning on my extinguish'd link, I learn'd dexterity from pick-pockets, connivance from constables, politics and fashions from footmen, and the art of making and breaking a promife, from their mafters.

Here, firrah, light me a-cross the kennel

—I hope your honour will remember poor

Jack.—You ragged rascal I have no halfpence—I'll pay you the next time I see
you—But, lack-a-day, fir, that time I saw
as seldom as his tradesmen.

Sir. Will. Very well.

Shift. To these accomplishments from without the Theatre, I must add one that I obtain'd within.

Sir. Will. How did you gain admittance there?

Shift. My merit, fir, that, like my link, threw a radiance round me——A detachment from the head-quarters here, took poffession, in the summer, of a country corporation, where I did the honours of the barn, by fweeping the stage, and clipping the candles. There my skill and address was so conspicuous, that it procured me the same of sice the ensuing winter, at Drury-Lane, where I acquired intrepidity; the crown of all my virtues.

Sir. Will. How did you obtain that?
Shift. By my post. For I think, sir, he that dares stand the shot of the gallery in lighting, snuffing, and sweeping, the first night of a new play, may bid defiance to the pillory, with all its customary compliments. Sir.

Sir. Will. Some truth in that.

Shift. But an unlucky crab-apple, applied to my right eye, by a patriot gingerbread-baker from the Borough, who would not fuffer three dancers from Switzerland, because he hated the French, forced me to a precipitate retreat.

Sir. Will. Poor devil?

Shift. Broglio and Contades have done the fame. But as it happen'd, like a tennis-ball, I rose higher than the rebound.

Sir. Will. How fo?

Shift. My misfortune, fir, moved the compassion of one of our personners, a whimsical man; he took me into his service. To him I owe, what I believe will make me useful to you.

Sir. Will. Explain.

Shift. Why, fir, my mafter was remarkably happy in an art, which, however diferent d at prefent, is by Tully, reckon'd amongst the perfections of an orator; Minickey.

Sir. Will. Why, you are deeply read Mr.

Shift!

Shift. A fmattering—But, as I was faying, fir, nothing came amifs to my master. Bipeds, or quadrupeds; rationals, or animals; from the clamour of the bar, to the cackle of the barn-door; from the soporific twang of the tabernacle of Tottenham-Court, to the melodious bray of their long ear'd brethren in Bunhill-Fields; all were objects of his imitation, and my attention. In a word, fir, for two whole years, under this profeffor, I studied and starved, impoverish'd my body.

body, and pamper'd my mind; till thinking myfelf pretty near equal to my mafter, I made him one of his own bows, and fet up for myfelf.

Sir Will. You have been successful I hope. Shift. Pretty well; I can't complain. My art, fir, is a passe-par-tout. I seldom want employment. Let's see, how stand my engagements. [Pulls out a pocket-book] Hum, —hum, Oh! Wednesday, at Mrs. Gammut's; near Hanover-square; there, there, I shall make a meal upon the Mingotti; for her ladyship is in the opera interest; but, however, I shall revenge her cause upon her rival Mattei. Sunday evening at Lady Sussimuto's concert. Thursday I dine upon the actors, with ten Templars, at the Mitre in Fleet-street. Friday I am to give the amorous parley of two intriguing cats in a gutter, with the disturbing of a hen-roost, at Mr. Deputy Sugarsops, near the Monument. So sir, you see my hands are full. In short, Sir William, there is not a buck or a turtle devoured within the bills of mortality, but there I may, if I please, stick a napkin under my chin.

Sir Will. I'm afraid, Mr. Shift, I must break in a little upon your engagements; but you

shall be no lofer by the bargain.

Shift. Command me.

Sir Will. You can be feeret as well as fer; viceable?

Shift. Mute as a mackarel.

Sir Will. Come hither then. If you betray the to my fon.—

Shift. Scalp me.

Sir Will. Enough.—You must know then, the hopes of our family, are, Mr. Shift, centered in one boy.

Shift. And I warrant he is a hopeful one.

Sir Will. No interruption, I beg. George has been abroad these four years, and from his late behaviour, I have reason to believe, that had a certain event happened, which I am asraid he wished,—my death——

Shift. Yes; that's natural enough.

Sir Will. Nay, pray,—there would foon be an end to an ancient and honourable family.

Shift. Very melancholy, indeed. But families, like befoms, will wear to the stumps, and finally fret out, as you fay.

Sir Will. Pr'ythee peace for five minutes.

Shift. I am tongue-tied.

Sir Will. Now I have projected a scheme to prevent this calamity.

Shift. Ay, I should be glad to hear that.

Sir Will. I am going to tell it you.

Shift. Proceed.

Sir Will. George, as I have contrived it, shall experience all the misery of real ruin, without running the least risque.

Shift. Ay, that will be a coup de maitre. Sir Will. I have prevailed upon his uncle,

a wealthy citizen.

Shift. I don't like a city plot.

Sir Will. I tell thee it is my own.

Shift. I beg pardon.

Sir Will. My brother, I fay, some time since wrote him a circumstantial account of my death; upon which he is returned, in full expectation of succeeding to my estate.

Shift.

Shift. Immediately?

Sir Will. No; when at age. In about three months.

Shift. I understand you.

Sir Will. Now, fir, gueffing into what hands my heedless boy would naturally fall, on his return, I have in a feign'd character, associated myself with a set of rascals, who will spread every bait that can flatter folly, inflame extravagance, allure inexperience, or catch credulity. And when, by their means, he thinks himself reduced to the last extremity; lost even to the most distant hope——

Shift. What then?

Sir Will. Then will I step in, like his guardian-angel, and snatch him from perdition. If mortified by misery, he becomes conscious of his errors, I have saved my son; but if, on the other hand, gratitude can't bind, nor ruin reclaim him, I will cast him out, as an alien to my blood, and trust for the support of my name and family to a remoter branch.

Shift. Bravely refolved. But what part am

I to fustain in this drama?

Sir Will. Why George, you are to know, is already stript of what money he could command, by two sharpers: but as I never trust them out of my fight they can't deceive me.

Shift. Out of your fight!

Sir Will. Why, I tell thee, I am one of the knot: an adept in their science, can slip, shussle, cog, or cut with the best of 'em.

Shift. How do you escape your son's notice? Sir Will. His firm persuasion of my death, with the extravagance of my disguise.

tion

Why, I would engage to elude your penetration, when I am beau'd for the baron. But of that by and by. He has recourse, after his ill success, to the cent. per cent. gentry, usurers, for a further supply.

Shift. Natural enough.

Sir Will. Pray do you know,—I forgot his name,—a wrinkled old fellow, in a thread-bare coat? He fits every morning, from twelve till two, in the left corner of Lloyd's coffee-house; and every evening, from five till eight, under the clock, at the Temple-exchange.

Shift. What, little Transfer the broker! Sir Will. The fame. Do you know him?

Shift. Know him! Ay, rot him. It was but last Easter Tuesday, he had me turn'd out at a feast, in Leather-seller's Hall, for singing Room for Cuckolds, like a parrot; and vowed it meant a reslection upon the whole body cor-

porate.

Sir Will. You have reason to remember him. Shift. Yes, yes, I recommended a minor to him myself, for the loan only of fifty pounds; and would you believe it, as I hope to be saved, we dined, supped, and wetted five-and-thirty guineas upon tick, in meetings at the Crosskeys, in order to settle the terms; and after all, the scoundrel would not lend us a fiver.

Sir Will. Could you perfonate him?

Shift. Him! Oh, you shall see me shift into his shamble in a minute: and with a withered face, a bit of a purple nose, a cautionary stammer, and a sleek silver head, I would undertake to deceive even his banker. But to speak the truth, I have a friend that can do this

inimi-

inimitably well. Have not you fomething of

more consequence for me?

Sir Will. I have. Could not you, mafter Shift, assume another shape? You have attended auctions.

Shift. Auctions! a constant puff. Deep in the mystery; a professed connoisseur, from a Niger to a nautilus, from the Apollo Bel-

videre to a butterfly.

Sir Will. One of these infinuating, oily orators I will get you to personate: for we must have the plate and jewels in our possession, or they will soon fall into other hands.

Shift. I will do it.

Sir Will. Within I'll give you farther inftructions.

Shift. I'll follow you.

Sir Will. [Going, returns.] You will want materials.

Shift. Oh, my drefs I can be furnished with in five minutes. [Exit Sir Will.] A whimfical old blade this. I shall laugh if this scheme miscarries. I have a strange mind to lend it a lift—never had a greater—Pho, a damn'd unnatural connection this of mine! What have I to do with fathers and guardians! a parcel of preaching, prudent, careful, curmudgeonly—dead to pleasures themselves, and the blasters of it in others—Mere dogs in a manger—No, no, I'll veer, tack about, open my budget to the boy, and join in a counter-plot. But hold, hold, friend Stephen, see first how the land lies. Who knows whether this Germaniz'd genius has parts to comprehend, or spirit to reward thy merit. There's danger in that, aye, marry

is there. 'Egad before I shift the helm, I'll first examine the coast; and then if there be but a bold shore, and a good bottom, have a care old Square Toes, you will meet with your match.

Enter Sir George, Loader, and Servant.

Sir Geo. Let the Martin pannels for the visa-vis be carried to Long-Acre, and the pye-balls fent to Hall's to be bitted——You will give me leave to be in your debt till the evening, Mr. Loader. I have just enough left to discharge the beron; and we must, you know, be punctual with him, for the credit of the country.

Load. Fire him, a fnub-nosed fon of a bitch. Levant me, but he got enough last night to purchase a principality amongst his countrymen, the High-dutchians and Hussarians.

Sir Geo. You had your share, Mr. Loader.

Load. Who, I! Lurch me at four, but I was marked to the top of your trick, by the baron, my dear. What, I am no cinque and quartre man. Come, shall we have a dip in the history of the Four Kings this morning?

Sir Geo. Rather too early. Besides, it is

the rule abroad, never to engage a-fresh, till

our old fcores are discharged.

Load. Capot me, but those lads abroad are pretty fellows, let'em fay what they will. Here, fir, they will vowel you, from father to fon, to the twentieth generation. They would as foon now-a-days pay a tradefman's bill, as a play debt. All fense of honour is

gone

gone, not a fliver flirring. They could as foon raife the dead as two pounds two; nick me, but I have a great mind to tie up, and ruin the rascals—What, has Transfer been here this morning?

Enter Dick.

Sir Geo. Any body here this morning, Dick?

Dick. No body, your honour.

Load. Repique the rascal. He promised to be here before me.

Dick. I beg your honour's pardon. Mrs. Cole from the Piazza was here, between feven and eight,

Sir Geo. An early hour for a lady of her

calling.

Dick. Mercy on me! The poor gentle-woman is mortally altered fince we used to lodge there, in our jaunts from Oxford; wrapt up in flannels: all over the rheumatise.

Load. Ay, ay, old Moll is at her last stake. Dick. She bade me say, she just stopt in her way to the tabernacle; after the exhortations.

the fays, the'll call again,

Sir Geo. Exhortation! Oh, I recollect. Well, whilft they only make profelytes from that profession, they are heartily welcome to them.—She does not mean to make me a convert?

Dick. I believe she has some such design upon me: for she offered me a book of hymns, a shilling, and a dram, to go along with her.

Sir Geo. No bad scheme, Dick. Thou hast

a fine fober, pfalm-finging countenance; and when thou hast been some time in their trammels, may make as able a teacher as the best of 'em.

Dick. Laud fir, I want learning.

Sir Geo. Oh, the fpirit, the fpirit will fupply all that, Dick, never fear.

Enter Sir William, as a German Baron.

My dear baron, what news from the Haymarket? What fays the Florenza? Does she yield? Shall I be happy? Say yes, and com-

mand my fortune.

Sir Will. I was never did fee fo fine a woman fince I was leave Hamburgh; dere was all de colour, all red and white, dat was quite natural; point d'artifice. Then she was dance and sing—I vow to heaven, I was never see de like!

Sir Geo. But how did she receive my em-

baffy? What hopes?

Sir Will. Why dere was, monsieur le chevalier, when I first enter, dree or four damn'd queer people! ah, ah, dought I, by gad I guess your business. Dere was one fat big woman's, dat I know long time: le valet de chambre was tell me dat she came from a grand merchant; ha, ha, dought I, by your leave, stick to your shop; or, if you must have de pritty girl, dere is de play-hous, dat do very well for you; but for de opera, pardonnez, by gar dat is meat for your master.

Sir Geo. Infolent mechanic!-but she de-

fpifed him?

Sir Will. Ah', may foy, he is damn'd rich, has beaucoup de guineas; but after de fat woman go, I was tell the fignora, madam, dere is one certain chevalier of dis country, who has travelled, fee de world, bien fait, well made, beaucoup d'Esprit, a great deal of monies, who beg, by gar, to have de honour to drow himfelt at your feet.

Sir Geo. Well, well, baron.

Sir Will. She aska your name; as soon as I tell her, aha, by gar, dans an instant, she melt like de lomp of sugar; she run to her bureau, and, in de minute, return wid de paper.

Sir Geo. Give it me.

Les preliminaires d'une traité entre le chevalier Wealthy, and la Signora Florenza.

A bagatelle, a trifle: she shall have it.

Load. Hark'e, knight, what is all that there outlandish stuff?

Sir Geo. Read, read. The eloquence of an-

gels, my dear baron!

Load. Slam me, but the man's mad! I don't understand their gibberish—What is it in English?

Sir Geo. The preliminaries of a fubfidy treaty, between Sir G. Wealthy, and Signora Florenza? that the faid Signora will refign the possession of her person to the said Sir George, on the payment of three hundred guineas monthly, for equipage, table, domestics, dress, dogs, and diamonds; her debts to be duly discharged, and a note advanced of five hundred by way of entrance.

Loud.

Load. Zounds, what a cormorant! She must be devilish handsome.

Sir Geo. I am told fo.

Load. Told fo! Why, did you never fee her?

Sir Geo. No; and possibly never may, but from my box at the opera.

 $L \rho a d$. Hey-dey! $\dot{\mathbf{W}}$ hy, what the devil—

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, you stare, I don't wonder at it. This is an elegant refinement, unknown to the gross voluptuaries of this part of the world. This is, Mr. Loader, what may be called a debt to your dignity: for an opera girl is as essential a piece of equipage for a man of fashion, as his coach.

Load. The devil!

Sir Geo. 'Tis for the vulgar only to enjoy what they posses: the distinction of ranks and conditions are, to have hounds, and never hunt; cooks, and dine at taverns; houses you never inhabit; mistresses, you never enjoy—

Load. And debts, you never pay. Egad, 1 am not furpriz'd at it; if this be your trade, no wonder that you want money for necessaries, when you give such a damn'd deal for

nothing at all.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Cole, to wait upon your honour.

Sir Geo, My dear baron, run, dispatch my affair, conclude my treaty, and thank her for the very reasonable conditions.

Sir Will. I fall.

Sir Geo. Mr. Loader, shall I trouble you to introduce the lady? She is, I think, your

acquaintance.

Load. Who, old Moll? Ay, ay, she's your market-woman. I wou'd not give fix-pence for your fignoras. One armful of good, wholesome British beauty, is worth a shipload of their trapfing, tawdry trollops. But hark'e, baron, how much for the table? Why, fine must have a devilish large family, or a monstrous stomach.

Sir Will. Ay, ay, dere is her moder, la complaifante to walk in de Park, and to go to de play; two broders, deux valets, dree Spanish

lap-dogs, and de monkey.

Load. Strip me, if I wou'd fet five shillings against the whole gang. May my partner renounce with the game in his hand, if I were you, knight, if I would not-

[Ex. Bar.

Sir Geo. But the lady waits. [Ex. Load.]
A strange fellow this! What a whimsical jargon he talks! Not an idea abstracted from play? To fay truth, I am fincerely fick of my acquaintance: But, however, I have the first people in the kingdom to keep me in countenance. Death and the dice level all diffinctions.

Enter Mrs. Cole, supported by Loader and Dick.

Mrs. Cole. Gently, gently, good Mr-Loader.

Load. Come along, old Moll. Why, you jade, you look as rofy this morning, I must have have a fmack at your mums. Here, tafte her, fhe is as good as old hock to get ye i a fto-mach.

Mrs. Cole. Fic, Mr. Loader, I thought you had forgot me.

Load. I forgot you! I would as foon foreget

what is trumps.

Mrs. Cole. Softly, foftly, young man. There, there, mighty well. And how does your honour do? I han't feen your honour, I can't tell the—Oh! mercy on me, there's a twing———

Sir Geo. What is the matter, Mrs. Cole? Mrs. Cole. My old diforder, the rheumatife; I han't been able to get a wink of—Oh la! What, you have been in town these two days?

Sir Geo. Since Wednefday.

Mrs. Cole. And never once call'd upon old Cole. No, no, I am worn out, thrown by and forgotten, like a tatter'd garment, as Mr. Squintum fays. Oh, he is a dear man! But for him I had been a loft sheep; never known the comforts of the new birth; no,—There's your old friend, Kitty Carrot, at home still.—What, shall we see you this evening? I have kept the green room for you ever since I heard you were in town.

Load. What shall we take a snap at old Moll's Hey, beldam, have you a good batch

of Burgundy abroch?

Mrs. Cole. Bright as a ruby; and for flavour! You know the colonel—He and Jenny Cummins drank three flasks, hand to fist, last night.

Load

Load. What, bilk thee of thy share?

Mrs. Cole. Ah, don't mention it, Mr. Loader. No, that's all over with me. The time has been, when I could have earned thirty shillings a day by my own drinking, and the next morning was neither sick nor forry: But now, O laud, a thimbleful turns me topsy-turvy.

Load. Poor old girl!

Mrs. Cole. Aye, I have done with these idle vanities; my thoughts are fix'd upon a better place.—What, I suppose, Mr. Loader, you will be for your old friend the black-eyed girl, from Rosemary-lane. Ha, ah! Well, 'tis a merry little tit. A thousand pities she's such a reprobate!—But she'll mend; her time is not come: all shall have their call, as Mr. Squintum says, sooner or later; regeneration is not the work of a day. No, no, no,—Oh!

Sir Geo. Not worfe I hope.

Mrs. Cole. Rack, rack, gnaw, gnaw, never easy, a-bed or up all's one. Pray, honest friend, have you any clary, or mint-water in the house?

Dick. A case of French drams.

Mrs. Cole. Heaven defend me! I would not touch a dram for the world.

Sir Geo. They are but cordials, Mrs. Cole.

—Fetch 'em, you blockhead. [Ex. Dick.]

Mrs. Cole. Aye, I am a going; a wasting and a wasting, Sir George. What will become of the house when I am gone, heaven knows——No.——When people are miss'd, then they are mourned. Sixteen years

have

have I lived in the Garden, comfortably and creditably; and, though I fay it, could have got bail any hour of the day: Reputable tradefmen, Sir George, neighbours Mr. Loader knows; no knock-me-down doings in my house. A set of regular, sedate, sober customers. No rioters.—Sixteen did I say—Aye, eighteen years I have paid scot and lot in the parish of St. Paul's, and during the whole time, nobody have said, Mrs. Cole, why do you so? Unless twice that I was before Sir Thomas De Val, and three times in the round-house.

Sir Geo. Nay, don't weep, Mrs. Cole.

Load. May I lose deal, with an honour at bottom, if old Moll does not bring tears into

my eyes.

Mrs. Cole. However, it is a comfort, after all, to think one has past through the world with credit and character. Ah! a good name, as Mr. Squintum says, is better than a gallipot of ointment.

Enter Dick, with a dram.

Load. Come, haste, Dick, haste;—forrow is dry. Here, Moll, shall I fill thee a bum-

per?

Mrs. Cole. Hold, hold, Mr. Loader! Heaven help you, I could as foon fwallow the Thames. Only a fip, to keep the gout out of my stomach.

Load. Why then, here's to thee.—Levant me, but it is supernaculum—Speak when you

have enough.

Mrs. Cole. I won't trouble you for the glass;

my hands do fo tremble and shake, I shall but

spill the good creature.

Load. Well pull'd. But now to bufinefs. Pr'ythee, Moll, did not I fee a tight young wench, in a linen gown, knock at your door this morning?

Mrs. Cole. Aye; a young thing from the

country.

Load. Could we not get a peep at her this

evening?

Mrs. Cole. Impossible! She is engaged to Sir Timothy Totter. I have taken earnest for her these three months.

Load. Pho! what fignifies fuch a fellow as that. Tip him an old trader, and give her to

the knight.

Mrs. Cole. Tip him an old trader! Mercy on us! where do you expect to go when you die, Mr, Loader?

Load. Crop me, but this Squintum has

turned her brains!

Sir Geo. Nay, Mr. Loader, I think the gentleman has wrought a most happy reformation.

Mrs. Cole. Oh, it was a wonderful work! There had I been tosling in a sea of sin without rudder or compass; and had not the good gentleman piloted me into the harbour of grace, I must have struck against the rocks of reprobation, and have been quite swallowed up in the whirlpool of despair. He was the precious instrument of my spiritual sprinkling.—But, however, Sir George, if your mind be set upon a young country thing, to-morrow night, I believe, I can surnish you.

Load.

Load. As how?

Mrs. Cole. I have advertised this morning; in the register office, for servants under seventeen: and ten to one but I light on something that will do.

Load. Pillor me, but it has a face.

Mrs. Cole. Truly, confifently with my confcience, I would do any thing for your honour.

Sir Geo. Right, Mrs. Cole, never lofe fight of that monitor. But, pray, how long has this

heavenly change been wrought in you?

Mrs. Cole. Ever fince my last visitation of the gout. Upon my first fit, seven years ago, I began to have my doubts, and my waverings; but I was lost in a labyrinth, and no body to shew me the road. One time I thought of dying a Roman, which is truly a comfortable communion enough for one of us: but it would not do.

Sir Geo. Why not?

Mrs. Cole. I went, one summer, over to Boulogne, to repent; and, would you believe it, the bare-footed, bald-pate beggars would not give me absolution without I quitted my business—Did you ever hear of such a set of scabby—Besides, I could not bear their barbarity. Would you believe it, Mr. Loader, they lock up for their lives, in a nunnery, the prettiest, sweetest, tender young things!—Oh, six of them for a season would finish my business here; and then I should have nothing to do, but to think of hereafter.

Load. Brand me, what a country!

Sir Geo. Oh, scandalous!

Mrs. Cole. O no, it would not do. So, in my last illness, I was wished to Mr. Squintum, who stepped in with his faving grace, got me with the new birth, and I became, as you see, regenerate, and another creature.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Mr. Transfer, Sir, has fent to know if you be at home.

Sir Geo. Mrs. Cole, I am mortified to part

with you. But, bufinefs, you know -.

Mrs. Cole. True, Sir George. Mr. Loader,

your arm—Gently—oh!oh!

Sir Geo. Would you take another thimble-

ful, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. Cole. Not a drop—I shall see you this evening?

Sir Ğeo. Depend upon me.

Mrs. Cole. To-morrow I hope to fuit you—We are to have, at the tabernacle, an occafional hymn, with a thankfgiving fermon for my recovery. After which I shall call at the register office, and see what goods my advertisement has brought in.

Sir Geo. Extremely obliged to you, Mrss

Cole.

Mrs. Cole. Or, if that should not do, I have a tid bit at home, will fuit your stomach. Never brushed by a beard. Well, heaven bless you——Softly—have a care, Mr. Loader—Richard, you may as well give me the bottle into the chair, for fear I should be taken ill on the road. Gently—so, so!

[Exit Mrs. Cole and Loader.

Sir Geo. Dick, shew Mr. Transfer in—Ha, ha, what a hodge podge! How the jade has jumbled together the carnal and the spiritual; with what ease she reconciles her new birth to her old calling!—No wonder these preachers have plenty of proselytes, whilst they have the address so comfortably to blend the hitherto jarring interests of the two worlds.

Enter Loader.

Well, knight, I have housed her; but they want you within, sir.

Sir Geo. I'll go to them immediately.

ACT II.

Dick.

MY master will come to you presently.

Enter Sir George.

Sir Geo. Mr. Transfer, your fervant. Trans. Your honour's very humble.

thought to have found Mr. Loader here.

Sir Geo. He will return immediately. Well, Mr. Transfer—but take a chair—you have had a long walk. Mr Loader, I presume, opened to you the urgency of my business.

Trans. Aye, aye, the general cry, money, money! I don't know, for my part, where all the money is flown to. Formerly a note, with a tolerable endorsement, was as current

as cash. If your uncle Richard now would join in this security———

Sir Geo. Impossible.

Trans. Aye, like enough. I wish you were of age.

Sir Geo. So do I. But as that will be con-

fidered in the premium——

Trans. True, true,——I see you understand business——And what sum does your honour lack at present?

Sir Geo. Lack!—How much have you

brought?

Trans. Who, I? Dear me! none.

Sir Geo. Zounds, none!

Tranf. Lack-a day, none to be had, I think. All the morning have I been upon the hunt. There, Ephraim Barebones, the tallow chandler, in Thames-street, used to be a never-failing chap; not a guinea to be got there. Then I tottered away to Nebuchadnezzar Zebulon, in the Old Jewry, but it happened to be Saturday; and they never touch on the Sabbath, you know.

Sir Geo. Why what the devil can I do?

Trans. Good me, I did not know your

honour had been fo preffed.

Sir Geo. My honour pressed! Yes, my honour is not only pressed, but ruined, unless I can raise money to redeem it. That blockhead, Loader, to depend upon this old doating—

Trans. Well, well, now I declare, I am quite forry to see your honour in such a taking.

Sir Geo. Damn your forrow.

Trans. But come, don't be cast down:

Tho' money is not to be had, money's worth may, and that's the fame thing.

sir Geo. How, dear Transfer?

Trans. Why I have, at my warehouse in the city, ten casks of whale-blubber, a large cargo of Dantzick dowlas, with a curious affortment of Birmingham hasts, and Whitney blankets for exportation.

Sir Geo. Hey!

Trans. And stay, stay, then, again, at my country-house, the bottom of Gray's Inn-Lane, there's a hundred ton of fine old hay, only damaged a little last winter, for want of thatching; with forty load of slint stones.

Sir Geo. Well.

Trans. Your honour may have all these for a reasonable profit, and convert them into cash.

Sir Geo. Blubber and blankets? Why, you old rafcal, do you banter me?

Trans. Who I? O la', marry, heaven forbid.

Sir Geo. Get out of my—you stuttering secondrel.

Trans. If your honour would but hear me——

Sir Geo. Troop, I fay, unless you have a mind to go a shorter way than you came. [Exit. Tr.] And yet there is something so uncommonly ridiculous in his proposal, that were my mind more at ease—[Enter Loader.] So, fir, you have recommended me to a fine fellow.

Load. What's the matter?

Sir Geo. He can't supply me with a shilling; and wants, befides, to make me a dealer in dowlas.

Load. Aye, and a very good commodity too. People that are upon ways and means, must not be nice, knight. A pretty piece of work you have made here! Thrown up the cards, with the game in your hands.

Sir Geo. Why, prythee of what use would

his----

Load. Use! of every use.-Procure you the spankers, my boy. I have a broker, that in a twinkling, thall take off your bargain.

Sir Geo. Indeed!

Load. Indeed! Aye, indeed. You fit down to hazard and not know the chances! I'll call him back.—Holloa, Transfer.—A pretty little, busy, bustling-You may travel miles, before you will meet with his match. there is one pound in the city, he will get it. He creeps, like a ferret, into their bags, and makes the yellow boys bolt again.

Enter Transfer.

Come hither, little Transfer; what, man, our Minor was a little too hafty; he did not understand trap: knows nothing of the game, my dear.

Trans. What I said, was to serve Sir George;

as he feem'd-

Load. I told him so; well, well, we will take thy commodities, were they as many more. But try, pr'ythee, if thou could'st not procure us some of the ready, for present fpending.

Trans. Let me confider.

Load. Aye, do, come: shuffle thy brains; never fear the baronet. To let a lord of lands

want shiners; 'tis a shame.

Trans. I do recollect, in this quarter of the town, an old friend, that used to do things in this way.

Load. Who?

Trans. Statute, the scrivener.

Load Slam me, but he has nicked the chance.

Tranf. A hard man, master Loader!

Sin Geo. No matter.

Tranf. His demands are exorbitant. Sir Geo. That is no fault of ours.

Load. Well faid, knight!

Trans. But to fave time, I had better mention his terms.

Load. Unnecessary.
Trans. Five per cent, legal interest.

Sir Geo He shall have it. Trans. Ten, the premium.

Sir Geo. No more words.

Trans. Then, as you are not of age, five more for enfuring your life.

Load. We will give it.

Trans. As for what he will demand for the rifque----

Sir Geo. He shall be satisfied.

Trans. You pay the attorney.

Sir Geo. Amply, amply, Loader, dispatch him.

Load. There, there, little Transfer; now every thing is fettled. All terms shall be complied with, reasonable or unreasonable.

What,

What, our principal is a man of honour. [Exit. Tr.] Hey, my knight, this is doing business. This pinch is a sure card.

Re-enter Transfer.

Tranf. I had forgot one thing. I am not the principal; you pay the brokerage.

Load. Aye, aye; and a handsome present

into the bargain, never fear.

Trans. Enough, enough.

Load Hark'e, Transfer, we'll take the Birmingham hafts and Whitney wares.

Tranf. They shall be forthcoming—You

would not have the hay, with the flints?

Load. Every pebble of 'em. The magif-trates of the baronet's borough are infirm and gouty. He shall deal them as new pavement. [Ex. Tr.] So that's fettled. I believe, knight, I can lend you a helping hand as to the last article. I know some traders that will truck: fellows with finery; not commodities of fuch clumfy conveyance as old Transfer's.

Sir Geo. You are obliging.

Load. I'll do it, boy; and get you, into the bargain, a bonny auctioneer, that shall dispose of 'em all in a crack. [Exit.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Your uncle, fir, has been waiting

fome time.

Sir Geo. He comes in a lucky hour. Shew him in. [Ex. Dick.] Now for a lecture. My fituation shan't - fink my spirits, however, Here comes the musty trader, running over with remonstrances. I must banter the cit.

Enter Richard Wealthy.

- R. Weal. So, fir, what I suppose this is a spice of your foreign breeding, to let your uncle kick his heels in your hall, whilst your presence chamber is crouded with pimps, bawds, and gamesters.

Sir Geo. Oh, a proof of my respect, dear nuncle. Would it have been decent now, nuncle, to have introduced you into such com-

pany?

R. Weal. Wonderfully confiderate! Well, young man, and what do you think will be the end of all this? Here I have received, by the last mail, a quire of your draughts from abroad. I see you are determined our neighbours should taste of your magnificence.

Sir Geo. Yes, I think I did some credit to

my country.

R. Weal. and how are all these to be

paid?

Sir Geo. That I submit to you, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. From me!—Not a fouse to keep

you from the counter.

Sir Geo. Why then let the fcoundrels stay. It is their duty. I have other demands, debts

of honour, which must be discharged.

R. Weal. Here's a diabolical diffinction! Here's a profitution of words!—Honour! 'Sdeath, that a rascal, who has picked your pocket, shall have his crime gilded with the most facred distinction, and his plunder punctually

tually paid, whilft the industrious mechanic, who ministers to your very wants, shall have his debts delayed, and his demand treated as infolent.

Sir Geo. Oh! a truce to this thread-bare

trumpery, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. I confess my folly; but make yourself easy; you won't be troubled with many more of my visits. I own I was weak enough to design a short expostulation with you; but as we in the city know the true value of time, I shall take care not to squander away any more of it upon you.

Sir Geo. A prudent resolution.

R. Weal. One commission, however, I can't dispense with myself from executing.——It was agreed between your father and me, that as he had but one son and I one daughter——

Sir Geo. Your gettings should be added to his estate, and my cousin Margery and I squat down together in the comfortable state of matrimony.

R. Weal. Puppy! fuch was our intention.

Now his last will claims this contract.

Sir Geo. Dispatch, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. Why then, in a word, fee me here demand the execution.

Sir Geo. What dy'e mean? For me to marry Margery.

R. Weal. I do.

Sir Geo. What, moi-me?

R. Weal. You, you—Your answer, aye or no?

Sir Geo. Why then, concifely and briefly, without evasion, equivocation, or further circumlocution.—No.

R. Weal. I am glad of it.

Sir Geo. So am I.

R. Weal. But pray, if it would not be too great a favour, what objections can you have to my daughter? Not that I want to remove em, but merely out of curiofity. What objections?

Sir Geo. None. I neither know her, have feen her, enquired after her, or over intend it. R. Weal. What, perhaps, I am the stum-

bling block?

Sir Geo. You have hit it,

R. Weal. Aye, now we come to the point.

Well, and pray-

Sir Geo. Why, it is not fo much a diflike to your person, the' that is exceptionable enough, but your profession, dear nuncle, is an insuperable obstacle.

R. Weal. Good lack! And what harm has

that done, pray?

Sir Geo. Done! So stained, polluted, and tainted the whole mass of your blood, thrown fuch a blot on your escutcheon, as ten regular fuccessions can hardly esface.

R. Weal. The deuce!

Sir Geo. And could you now, confiftently with your duty as a faithful guardian, recommend my union with a daughter of a trader?

R. Weal. Why, indeed, I ask pardon; I am afraid I did not weigh the matter as maturely

as I ought.

Sir Geo. Oh, a horrid barbarous scheme!

R. Weal.

R. Weal. But then I thought, her having the honour to partake of the fame flesh and blood with yourself, might prove in some measure, a kind of suller's-earth, to scour out the dirty spots contracted by commerce.

Sir Geo. Impossible!

R. Weal. Besides, here it has been the

practice even of peers.

Sir Geo. Don't mention the unnatural intercourse! Thank heav'n, Mr. Richard Wealthy, my education has been in another country, where I have been too well inftructed in the value of nobility, to think of intermixing it with the offspring of a Bourgeois. Why, what apology could I make to my children, for giving them fuch a mother?

R. Weal. I did not think of that. Then I

must despair, I am asraid.

Sir Geo. I can afford but little hopes. Tho', upon recollection-Is the Griffette pretty?

R. Weal. A parent may be partial. She

is thought fo.

Sir Geo. Ah la jolie petite Bourgeoise! Poor girl, I fincerely pity her. And i suppose, to procure her emersion from the mercantile mud, no confideration would be spared.

R. Weal. Why, to be fure, for fuch an

honour, one would strain a point.

Sir Geo. Why then, not totally to destroy your hopes, I do recollect an edict in favour of Brittany; that when a man of distinction engages in commerce, his nobility is fuffer'd to fleep.

R. Weal.

R. Weal. Indeed!

Sir Geo. And upon his quitting the contagious connection, he is permitted to refume his rank.

R. Weal. That's fortunate.

Sir Geo. So nuncle Richard, if you will fell out of the stocks, shut up your counting-house, and quit St. Mary Axe for Grosvenorfquare-

R. Weal, What then?

Sir Geo. Why, when your rank has had time to rouse itself, for I think your nobility, nuncle, has had a pretty long nap, if the girl's person is pleasing, and the purchase-money is adequate to the honour, I may in time be prevailed upon to restore her to the right of her family.

R. Weal. Amazing condescension! Sir Geo. Good-nature is my soible. But, upon my foul, I would not have gone fo far for

any body else.

R. Weal. I can contain no longer. Hear me, fpendthrift, prodigal, do you know, that in ten days your whole revenue won't purchase you a feather to adorn your empty head?——

Sir Geo. Hey day, what's the matter now?

R. Weal. And that you derive every acre of your boafted patrimony from you great uncle, a foap boiler!

Sir Geo. Infamous aspersion!

R. Weal. It was his bags, the fruits of his honest industry, that preserved your lazy, beggarly nobility. His wealth repair'd your tottering tottering hall, from the ruins of which, even the rats had run.

Sir Geo. Better our name had perish'd!

Infupportable! foap-boiling, uncle!

R. Weal. Traduce a trader in a country of commerce! It is treason against the community; and, for your punishment, I would have you restored to the fordid condition from whence we drew you, and like your predecessors, the Picts, stript, painted, and fed upon hips, haws and blackberries.

Sir Geo. A truce, dear haberdasher.

R. Weal. One pleasure I have, that to this goal you are upon the gallop; but have a care, the sword hangs but by a thread. When next we meet, know me for the master of your fate.

Sir Geo. Infolent mechanic! But that his Bourgeois blood would have foiled my fword—

Enter Baron and Loader.

Sir Will. What is de matter?

Sir Geo. A fellow here, upon the credit of a little affinity, has dared to upbraid me with being fprung from a foap-boiler.

Sir Will. Vat, you from the boiler of foap!

Sir Geo. Me.

Sir Will. Aha, begar, dat is anoder ting—And harka you, mifter monfieur, ha—how dare a you have d'affrontary—

Sir Geo. How!

Sir Will. De impertinence to sit down, play wid me?

Sir Geo. What is this?

Sir Will. A beggarly Bourgeois vis-a-vis, a baron of twenty descents.

Load. But baron-

Sir Will. Bygar, I am almost ashamed to win of such a low, dirty—Give me my monies, and let me never see your face.

Load. Why, but baron, you mistake this thing. I know the old buck this fellow prates

about.

Sir Will. May be.

Load. Pigeon me, as true a gentleman as the grand fignor. He was, indeed, a goodnatured, obliging, friendly fellow; and being a great judge of foap, tar, and train-oil, he used to have it home to his house, and sell it to his acquaintance for ready money, to serve them.

Sir Will. Was dat all? Load. Upon my honour.

Sir Will. Oh, dat, dat is anoder ting. Bygar I was afraid he was negotiant.

Load. Nothing like it.

Enter Dick.

Dick. A gentleman to enquire for Mr. Loader.

Load. I come—A pretty fon of a bitch, this baron! pimps for the man, picks his pocket, and then wants to kick him out of company, because his uncle was an oilman.

Exi

Sir Will. I beg pardon, chevalier, I was mistake.

Sir Geo. Oh, don't mention it; had the flam been fact, your behavour was natural enough.

Enter

Enter Loader.

Load. Mr. Smirk, the auctioneer. Sir Geo. Shew him in, by all means.

Exit. Loader.

Sir Will. You have affairs.

Sir Geo. If you'll walk into the next room, they will be finished in five minutes.

Enter Loader, with Shift as Smirk.

Load. Here, master Smirk, this is the gentleman. Hark'e, knight, did I not tell you, old Moll was your mark? Here she has brought a pretty piece of man's meat already; as sweet as a nosegay, and as ripe as a cherry, you regue. Dispatch him, mean time we'll manage the girl.

[Exit.

Smirk You are the principal.

Sir Geo. Even fo. I have, Mr. Smirk, fome things of a confiderable value, which I want to difpose of immediately.

Smirk. You have?

Sir Geo. Could you affift me?

Smirk. Doubtless.

Sir Geo. But directly?

Smirk. We have an auction at twelve. I'll add your cargo to the catalogue.

Sir Geo. Can that be done?

Smirk. Every day's practice: it is for the credit of the fale. Last week, amongst the valuable effects of a gentleman, going abroad, I sold a choice collection of china, with a curious service of plate; though the real party was never master of above two Delf dishes, and a dozen of pewter, in all his life.

Sir Geo. Very artificial. But this must be concealed.

Smirk. Buried here. Oh, many an aigrette and folitaire have I fold, to discharge a lady's play-debt. But then we must know the parties; otherwise it might be knockt down to the husband himself. Ha, ha—— Hey ho!

Šir Geo. True. Upon my word, your

profession requires parts.

Smirk. No body's more. Did you ever hear, Sir George, what first brought me into the bufiness?

Sir Geo. Never.

Smirk. Quite an accident, as I may fay. You must have known my predecessor, Mr. Priz, the greatest man in the world, in his way; aye, or that ever was, or ever will be; quite a jewel of a man: he would touch you up a lor! there was no refisfing him. He would force you to bid, whether you would or no. I shall never see his equal.

Sir Geo. You are modest, Mr. Smirk.

Smirk. No, no, but his shadow. Far be it from me, to vie with fo great a man. But, as I was faying, my predecessor, Mr. Prig, was to have a sale as it might be on Saturday. On Friday at noon, I shall never forget the day, he was suddenly seized with a violent cholic. He sent for me to his bedfide, fqueezed me by the hand; Dear Smirk, faid he, what an accident! You know what is to-morrow; the greatest shew this seafon; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; all the world will

be there; Lady Dy Joss, Mrs. Nankyn, the dutchess of Dupe, and every body at all. You see my state, it will be impossible for me to mount. What can I do?—It was not for me, you know, to advise that great man.

Sir Geo. No, no.

Smirk. At last, looking wishfully at me, Smirk, fays he, d'you love me?—Mr. Prig, can you doubt it?—I'll put it to the test, fays he; fupply my place to-morrow.—I, eager to shew my love, rashly and rapidly replied, I

Sir Geo. That was bold.

Smirk. Absolute madness. But I had gone too far to recede: Then the point was, to prepare for the awful occasion. The first want that occurred to me, was a wig; but this was too material an article to depend on my own judgement. I refolved to confult my friends. I told them the affair—You hear, gentlemen, what has happened; Mr. Prig, one of the greatest men in his way; the world ever faw, or ever will, quite a jewel of a man, is taken with a violent sit of the cholic; to-morrow, the greatest shew this season; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterslies, medals, and minimettes; every body in the world to be the stage. nionettes; every body in the world to be there; Lady Dy Joss, Mrs. Nankyn, dutchess of Dupe, and all mankind; it being impossible he should mount, I have consented to sell— They stared—It is true, gentlemen. Now I should be glad to have your opinions as to a wig. They were divided: fome recommended a tye, others a bag: one mentioned a bob, but was foon over-ruled. Now, for my part, Lown.

I own, I rather inclined to the bag; but to avoid the imputation of rafhnefs, I refolved to take Mrs. Smirk's judgement, my wife, a dear good woman, fine in figure, high in tafte, a fuperior genius, and knows old china like a Nabob.

Sir Geo. What was her decision?

Smirk. I told her the case—My dear, you know what has happened. My good friend, Mr. Prig, the greatest man in the world, in his way, that ever was, or ever will be, quite a jewel of a man—a violent sit of the cholic—the greatest shew this season, to-morrow, pictures, and every thing in the world; all the world will be there: now, as it is impossible he should, I mount in his stead. You know the importance of a wig; I have asked my friends—some recommended a tye, others a bag—what is your opinion? Why, to deal freely, Mr. Smirk, says she, a tye for your round, regular, smiling sace, would be rather too formal, and a bag too boyish, desicient in dignity for the solemn occasion; were I worthy to advise, you should wear a something between both.—I'll be hanged if you don't mean a major. I jumpt at the hint, and a major it was.

Sir Geo So, that was fixt.

Smirk. Finally. But next day, when I came to mount the rostrum, then was the trial. My limbs shook, and my tongue trembled. The first lot was a chamber utensil, in Chelsea china, of the pea-green pattern. It occasioned a great laugh; but I got thro' it. Her grace, indeed, gave me great encouragement. I overheard her whisper to lady Dy,

Upon my word, Mr. Smirk does it very well. Very well, indeed, Mr. Smirk, addressing herfelf to me. I made an acknowledging bow to her grace, as in duty bound But one flower flounced involuntarily from me that day, as I may fay. I remember, Dr. Trifle called it enthusiastic, and pronounced it a prefage of my future greatness. Sir Geo. What was that?

Smirk. Why, fir, the lot was a Guido; a fingle figure, a marvellous fine performance; well preferved, and highly finished. It stuck at five and forty; I, charmed with the picture, and piqued at the people, A going for five and forty, no body more than five and forty?—Pray, ladies and gentlemen, look at this piece, quite flesh and blood, and only wants a touch from the torch of Prometheus to ftart from the canvas, and fall a bidding. A general plaudit enfued, I bowed, and in three minutes knocked it down at fixty three, ten.

Sir Geo. That was a stroke at least equal to

your master.

Smirk. O dear me! You did not know the great man, alike in every thing. He had as much to fay upon a ribbon, as a Raphael. His manner was inimitably fine. I remember, they took him off at the playhouse, some time ago; pleasant, but wrong. Public characters should not be sported with—They are sacred ——But we lose time.

Sir Geo. Oh, in the lobby, on the table,

you will find the particulars.

Smirk.

Smirk. We shall see you. There will be a world of company. I shall please you. But the great nicety of our art is, the eye. Mark how mine skims round the room. Some bidders are shy, and only advance with a nod; but I nail them. One, two, three, four, sive. You will be surprized—Ha, ha, ha,—heigh ho. [Exeunt.

ACT. III.

Enter Sir George and Loader. Sir George.

A Most infernal run. Let's see, (Pulls out a card.) Loader a thousand, the Baron two, Tally—Enough to beggar a banker. Every shilling of Transfer's supply exhausted! nor will even the sale of my moveables prove sufficient to discharge my debts. Death and the devil! In what a complication of calamities has a few days plunged me! And no refource?

Load. Knight, here's old moll come to wait on you; she has brought the tid-bit I spoke of. Shall I bid her send her in?

Sir Geo. Pray do.

[Exit Loader.

Enter Mrs. Cole and Lucy.

Mrs. Cole. Come along, Lucy. You bashful baggage, I thought 4 had filenced your scruples. Don't you remember what Mr. Squintum said? A woman's not worth saving,

that wont be guilty of a fwinging fin; for they have matter to repent upon. Here, your honour, I leave her to your management. She is young, tender, and timid; does not know what is for her own good; but your honour will foon teach her. I would willingly flav, but I must not lose the lecture.

Sir Gco. Upon my credit, a fine figure! Aukward—Can't produce her publicly as mine; but she will do for private amusement—Will you be feated, miss?—Dumb! quite a picture! She too wants a touch of the Promethean torch—Will you be so kind, ma'am, to walk from your frame and take a chair?—Come, pry'thee, why so coy? Nay, I am not very adroit in the custom of this country. I suppose I must conduct you—Come, miss.

Lucy. O, fir! Sir Geo. Child!

Lucy. If you have any humanity, spare me. Sir Geo. In tears! What can this mean? Artifice. A project to raise the price, I suppose. Look'e, my dear, you may save this piece of pathetic for another occasion. It won't do with me; I am no novice—So, child, a truce to your tragedy, I beg.

Lucy. Indeed you wrong me, fir; indeed

you do.

Sir Geo. Wrong you! how came you here, and for what purpole?

Lucy. A shameful one; I know it all, and

yet believe me, fir, I am innocent.

Sir Geo. Oh, I don't question that. Your pious patroness is a proof of your innocence.

Lucy.

Lucy. What can I fay to gain your credit? And yet, fir, firong as appearances are against me, by all that's hoty, you see me here, a poor, diffrest, involuntary victim.

Sir Geo. Her style's above the common class; her tears are real.—Rife, child.—How the poor,

creature trembles!

Lucy. Say then I am fafe! Sir Ceo. Fear nothing.

Lucy. May heaven reward you. I cannot. Sir Geo. Pr'ythee child, collect yourfelf, and help me to unravel this mystery. You came hither willingly? There was no force?

Lucy. None.

Sir Geo. You know Mrs Cole.

Lucy. Too well.

Sir Geo. How came you then to trust her? Lucy. Mine, sir, is a tedious, melancholy tale.

Sir Geo. And artlefs too?

Lucy. As innocence.

Sir Geo. Give it me. Lucy. It will tire you.

Sir Geo. Not if it be true. Be just, and you will find me generous.

Lucy. On that, fir, I relied in venturing

hither.

Sir Geo. You did me justice. Trust me with all your story. If you deserve, depend upon

my protection.

Lucy. Some months ago, fir, I was confidered as the joint heirefs of a respectable, wealthy merchant; dear to my friends, happy in my prospects, and my father's favourite.

Sir Geo. His name.

Lucy. There you must pardon me. Unkind and cruel tho' he has been to me, let me discharge the duty of a daughter, suffer in silence, nor bring reproach on him who gave me being.

Sir Geo. I applaud your piety.

Lucy. At this happy period, my father, judging an addition of wealth must bring an increase of happiness, resolved to unite me with a man, fordid in his mind, brutal in his manners, and riches his only recommendation. My refusal of this ill-suited match, tho' mildly given, enflamed my father's temper, naturally choleric, alienated his affections, and banished me his house, distrest and destitute.

Sir Geo. Would no friend receive you?

Lucy. Alas, how few are friends to the unfortunate! Besides, I knew, sir, such a step would he confidered by my father, as an appeal from his justice. I therefore retired to a remote corner of the town, trufting, my only advocate, to the tender calls of nature, in his cool, reflecting hours.

Sir Geo. How came you to know this woman? Lucy. Accident placed me in a house, the mistress of which professed the same principles with my infamous conductress. There, as enthusiasm is the child of melancholy, I caught the infection. A constant attendance on their affemblies, procured me the acquaintance of this woman, whose extraordinary zeal and devotion first drew my attention and confidence. I trusted her with my story, and in return received the warmest invitation to take the protection of her house. This I unfortunately accepted. Sir

Sir Geo. Unfortunately indeed!

Lucy. By the decency of appearances, I was fome time imposed upon. But an accident, which you will excuse my repeating, revealed all the horror of my situation. I will not trouble you with a recital of all the arts used to seduce me; happily they hitherto have failed. But this morning I was acquainted with my destiny; and no other election left me, but immediate compliance, or a jail. In this desperate condition, you cannot wonder, fir, at my choosing rather to rely on the generosity of a gentleman, than the humanity of a creature insensible to pity, and void of every virtue.

Sir Geo. The event shall justify your choice. You have my faith and honour fory our security. For tho' I can't boast of my own goodness, yet I have an honest feeling for afflicted virtue; and, however unfashionable, a spirit that dares assord it protection. Give me your hand. As soon as I have dispatched some pressing business here, I will lodge you in an asylum, facred to the distresses of your fex; where indigent beauty is guarded from temptations, and deluded innocence rescued from infamy. [Execunt.

Enter Shift.

Shif. Zooks, I have toiled like a horse; quite tired, by Jupiter. And what shall I get for my pains? The old fellow here talks of making me easy for life. Easy! and what does he mean by easy? He'll make me an excise-man, I suppose; and so with an ink-horn at my button-hole, and a taper switch in my hand, I shall run about gauging of beer-barrels. No, that will

never do. This lad here is no fool. Foppish indeed. He does not want parts, no, nor principles neither. I overheard his scene with the girl. I think I may trust him. I have a great mind to venture it. It is a shame to have him duped by this old don. It must not be. I'll in and unfold—Ha!—Egad I have a thought too, which, if my heir apparent can execute, I shall still lie concealed, and perhaps be rewarded on both sides.

I have it,—'tis engendered, piping hot, And now, Sir knight, I'll match you with a plot. [Exit.

Enter Sir William and Richard Wealthy.

R. Weal. Well, I suppose, by this time, you are satisfied what a scoundrel you have brought into the world, and are ready to finish your soolery.

Sir Will. Got to the catastrophe, good bro-

ther.

R. Weal. Let us have it over then.

Sir Will. I have already alarmed all his tradefmen. I suppose we shall soon have him here, with a legion of bailiffs and constables.

Oh, you have my will about you?

R. Weal. Yes, ves.

Sir Will. It is almost time to produce it, or read him the clause that relates to his rejecting your daughter. That will do his business. But they come. I must return to my character.

Enter Shift.

Shift. Sir, fir, we are all in the wrong box; our scheme is blown up; your fon has detected Loader

Loader and Tally, and is playing the very devil within.

Sir Will. Oh, the bunglers! Shift. Now for it, youngster.

Enter Sir George, driving in Loader and another.

Sir Geo. Rascals, robbers, that, like the locust, mark the road you have taken, by the ruin and defolation you leave behind you.

Load. Sir George!

Sir Geo. And can youth, however cautious, be guarded against such deep-icid, complicated villainy? Where are the rest of your diabolical crew? your auctioneer, usurer, and-O, fir, are you here?-I am glad you have not escaped us, however.

Sir Will, What de devil is de matter?

Sir Geo. Your birth, which I believe an imposition, preserves you, however, from the discipline those rogues have received. A baron, a nobleman, a sharper! O shame! It is enough to banish all confidence from the world. On whose faith can we rely, when those, whose honour is held as facred as an oath, unmindful of their dignity, descend to rival pick-pockets in their infamous arts. What are these [pulls out dice] pretty implements? The fruits of your leisure hours! They are dexterously done. You have a fine mechanical turn.—Dick, fecure the door.

Mrs. Cole, speaking as entering.

Mrs. Cole. Here I am, at last. Well, and how is your honour, and the little gentlewoman?—Bless me! what is the matter here?

Sir Geo. I am, madam, treating your friends with a cold collation, and you are opportunely come for your share. The little gentlewoman is fafe, and in much better hands than you defigned her. Abominable hypocrite! who, tottering under the load of irreverent age and infamous diseases, inflexibly proceeds in the practice of every vice, impiously prostituting the most facred institutions to the most infernal purpofes.

Mrs Cole. I hope your honour—

Sir Geo. Take her away. As you have been fingular in your penitence, you ought to be diftinguished in your penance; which I promise you, shall be most publickly and plentifully bestowed. Exit Cole.

Enter Dick.

Dick. The constables, fir.

Sir Geo. Let them come in, that I may confign these gentlemen to their care. To Sir Will. Your letters of nobility you will produce in a court of justice. Tho', if I read you right, you are one of those indigent, itinerant nobles of your own creation, which our reputation for hospitality draws hither in shoals, to the shame of our understanding, the imparing of our fortunes, and when you are trusted, the betraying of our designs. Officers, do your duty.

Sir Will. Why, don't you know me? Sir Geo. Just as I guessed. An impostor. He has recovered the free use of his tongue already.

Sir Will. Nay, but George.

Sir Geo. Infolent familiarity! away with him.

Sir Will. Hold, hold, a moment. Brother Richard, fet this matter to rights.

R. Weal. Don't you know him?

Sir Geo. Know him! The very question is an affront.

R. Weal, Nay, I don't wonder at it. 'Tis

your father, you fool.
Sir Geo. My father! Impossible! Sir Will. That may be, but 'tis true,

Sir Geo. My father alive! Thus let me greet the bleffing.

Sir Will. Alive! Aye, and I believe I shan't

be in a hurry to die again.

Sir Geo. But, dear fir, the report of your death—and this difguife—to what—Sir Will. Don't ask any questions. Your uncle will tell you all. For my part, I am fick of the scheme.

R. Weal. I told you what would come of

your politicks.
Sir Will. You did fo. But if it had not been for those clumfy scoundrels, the plot was as good a plot—O George, fuch difcoveries I have to make. Within I'll unravel the whole.

Sir Geo. Perhaps, fir, I may match 'em. Shift. Sir. [Pulls him by the fleeve.

Sir Geo. Never fear. It is impossible, gentlemen, to determine your fate, till this matter is more fully explained; till when, keep 'em in fafe cufledy. Do you know them, fir?

Sir Will. Yes, but that's more than they did me. I can cancel your debts there, and, I believe, prevail on those gentlemen to refund too -But you have been a fad profligate young

dog, George,

Sir Geo. I can't boast of my goodness, sir; but I think I could produce you a proof, that

Sir Geo. I have, fir, this day, refifted a temptation, that greater pretenders to morality might have yielded to. But I will trust myself no longer, and must crave your interposition and protection.

Sir Will. To what?

Sir Geo. I will attend you with the explanation in an instant.

Sir Will. Pr'ythee, Shift, what does he mean? Shift. I believe I can guess.

Sir Will. Let us have it.

Shift. I suppose the affair I overheard just now, a prodigious fine elegant girl, faith, that discarded by her family, for refusing to marry her grandfather, fell into the hands of the venerable lady you faw, who being the kind caterer for your fon's amusements, brought her hither for a purpose obvious enough. But the young gentleman, touched with her flory, truth and tears, was converted from the spoiler of her honour to the protector of her innocence.

Sir Will. Look'e there, brother, did not I tell you that George was not fo bad at the bottom!

R. Weal. This does indeed atone for half the -But they are here.

Enter Sir George and Lucy.

Sir Geo. Fear nothing, madam, you may fafely rely on the—

Lucy.

Lucy. My father! R. Weal. Lucy!

Lucy. O, fir, can you forgive your poor distrest unhappy girl? You scarce can guess how hardly I've been used, since my banishment from your paternal roof. Want, pining want, anguish and shame, have been my constant partners.

Sir Will. Brother!

Sir Geo. Sir! Lucy. Father!

R. Weal. Rife, child, 'tis I must ask thee forgiveness. Canst thou forget the woes I've made thee suffer? Come to my arms once more thou darling of my age.—What mischief had my rashness nearly compleated. Nephew, I scarce can thank you, as I ought, but——

Sir Geo. I am richly paid, in being the happy instrument—Yet, might I urge a wish——

R. Weal. Name it.

Sir Geo. That you would forgive my follies of to-day; and, as I have been providentially the occasional guardian of your daughter's honour, that you would bestow on me that right for life.

R. Weal. That must depend on Lucy; her will, not mine, shall now direct her choice—

What fays your father?

Sir Will. Me, oh, I'll shew you in an instant. Give me your hands. There children, now you are joined, and the devil take him that wishes to part you.

Sir Geo. I thank you for us both. R. Weal. Happiness attend you.

Sir Will. Now, brother, I hope you will allow me to be a good plotter. All this was brought to bear by my means.

Shift. With my affiftance, I hope you'll

own, fir.

Sir Will. That's true, honest Shift, and thou shalt be richly rewarded; nay, George shall be your friend too. This Shift is an in-

genious fellow, let me tell you, fon.

Sir Geo. I am no stranger to his abilities, sir. But, if you please, we will retire. The various struggles of this fair sufferer require the soothing softness of a sister's love. And now, sir, I hope your fears for me are over; for had I not this motive to restrain my sollies, yet I now know the town too well to be ever its bubble, and will take care to preserve, at least,

Some more estate, and principles, and wit, Than brokers, bawds, and gamesters shall think fit.

SHIFT, addressing himself to SIR GEORGE.

And what becomes of your poor fervant Shift? Your father talks of lending me a lift-A great man's promise, when his turn is served! Capons on promifes would foon be starved: No, on myfelf alone, I'll now rely: 'Gad I've a thriving traffic in my eye--Near the mad mansions of Moorsields I'll bawl;) Friends, fathers, mothers, fifters, fons, and all, Shut up your shops, and listen to my call. With labour, toil, all fecond means difpense, And live a rent-charge upon Providence. Prick up your ears; a story now I'll teil, Which once a widow, and her child befel, I knew the mother, and her daughter well;] Poor, it is true, they were; but never wanted, For whatfoe'er they ask'd, was always granted.

THE MINOR.

One fatal day, the matron's truth was tried,
She wanted meat and drink, and fairly cried.
[Child.] Mother, you cry! [Moth.]Oh, child, I've got no bread.

[Child.] What matter that? Why Providence an't dead! With reason good, this truth the child might say, For there came in at noon, that very day, Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton, A better fure a table ne'er was put on: Aye, that might be, ye cry, with those poor fouls: But we ne'er had a rasher for the coals. And d'ye deserve it? How d'ye spend your days? In pastimes, prodigality, and plays! Let's go fee Foote? ah, Foote's a precious limb! Old-nick will foon a foot ball make of him! For foremost rows in side-boxes you shove, Think you to meet with fide-boxes above? Where gigling girls, and powder'd fops may fit? No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit, And croud the house for Satan's benefit. Oh, what you fnivel! well, do fo no more, Drop, to atone, your money at the door, And, if I please——I'll give it to the poor.

FINIS.

THE

L Y A R;

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS:

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

SAMUEL FOOTE, Efq.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL

IN

DRURY LANE AND THE HAYMARKET.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, 38, BEDFORD STREET.

1805.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

PROLOGUE.

WHAT various revolutions in our art Since Thefpis first fold ballads in a cart! By nature fram'd the witty war to wage, And lay the deep foundations of the flage, From his own foil that bard his pictures drew; The gaping crowd the mimic features knew. And the broad jest with fire electric flew. Succeeding times, more polish'd and refin'd. To rigid rules the comic muse confin'd. Robb'd of the nat'ral freedom of her fong. In artful measures now she floats along. No fprightly fallies rouse the flumb'ring pit: Thalia, grown mere architect in wit, To doors and ladders has confin'd her cares. Convenient closets, and a fnug back-stairs; 'Twixt her and Satire has diffolv'd the league. And jilted Humour to enjoy Intrigue. To gain the fuff'rage of this polish'd age, We bring to-night a stranger on the stage: His fire, De Vega; we confess this truth, Left you mistake him for a British youth. Severe the centure on my feeble pen, Neglecting manners, that the copies men. Thus, if I hum or hah, or name report, 'Tis Serjeant Splitcaufe from the Inns of Court. If at the age that ladies cease to dance, To romp at Ranelagh, or read romance, I draw a downger inclin'd to man, Or paint her rage for china or japan, The true original is quickly known, And Lady Squab proclaim'd throughout the town: But in the following group let no man dare To claim a limb, nay, not a fingle hair; What gallant Briton can be fuch a fot To own the child a Spaniard has begot?

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Drury Lane.	Haymarket.
Men.	Men.
Sir James ElliotMr. De Camp	Mr. Bartley
Old WildingMr. Powell	Mr. Denman
Young WildingMr. Dwyer	Mr. Elliston
PapillionMr. Wewitzer	Mr. Chapman
Women.	Women.
Miss GranthamMiss Mellon	Mrs. Harlowe
Mifs GodfreyMrs. Gunning.	Mrs. Gaudry
KittyMifs Tidfwell	Mrs. Cleland.

THE LYAR.

ACT I.

SCENE—Young Wilding's Lodgings.
Young Wilding and Papillion discovered.

Young Wilding.

AND am I now, Papillion, perfectly equipp'd?

Pap. Perfonne mieux. Nobody better.

Y. Wild. My figure?

Pap. Fait a peindre. Y. Wild. My air?

Pap. Libre.

Y. Wild. My address?

Pap. Parifiene.

Y. Wild. My hat fits eafily under my arm; not like the draggled tail of my tatter'd academical habit.

Pap. Ah, bien autre chose.

Y. Wild. Why, then, adieu Alma Mater, and bien venue la ville de Londre; farewell to the schools, and welcome the theatres; presidents, proctors, short commons with long graces, must now give place to plays, bagnios, long tavern bills with no graces at all.

Pap. Ah, bravo! bravo!

Y. Wild. Well, but my dear Papillion, you must give me the chart du pays. This town is a new world to me: my provident papa, you know, would never suffer me near the smoke of London; and what can be his motive

tive for permitting me now, I can't readily conceive.

Pap. Ni moi.

Y. Wild. I shall, however, take the liberty to conceal my arrival from him for a few days.

Pap. Vous avez raison.

Y. Wild. Well, my Mentor, and how am I to manage? Direct my road: where must I begin? But the debate is, I suppose, of confequence?

Pap. Vraiment.

Y. Wild. How long have you left Paris, Papillion?

Pap. Twelve, dirteen year.

Y. Wild. I can't compliment you upon your progress in English.

Pap. The accent is difficult.

Y. Wild. But here you are at home.

Pap. C'est vrai.

Y. Wild. No ftranger to fashionable places.

Pap. Au fait!

Y. Wild. Acquainted with the fashionable figures of both fexes.

Pap. Sans doute.

Y. Wild. Well, then, open your lecture:—and, d'ye hear, Papillion, as you have the honour to be promoted from the mortifying condition of an humble valet to the important charge of a private tutor, let us discard all distance between us. See me ready to slake my thirst at your fountain of knowledge, my Magnus Apollo.

Pap. Here, then, I disclose my Helicon to

my poetical pupil.

Y. Wild. Hey, Papillion?

Pap. Sir?

Y. Wild. What is this? Why, you speak English!

Pap. Without doubt.

Y. Wild. But, like a native!

Pap. To be fure.

Y. Wild. And what am I to conclude from all this?

Pap. Logically thus, Sir: whoever speaks pure English is an Englishman. I speak pure English; ergo, I am an Englishman. There's a categorical syllogism for you, major, minor, and consequence. What! do you think, Sir, that, whilst you was busy at Oxford, I was idle? No, no, no.

Y. Wild. Well, Sir, but, notwithstanding your pleasantry, I must have this matter ex-

plain'd.

Pap. So you shall, my good Sir; but don't be in such a hurry. You can't suppose I would give you the key, unless I meant you should open the door.

Y. Wild. Why, then, prythee unlock it.

Pap. Immediately. But, by way of entering upon my post as preceptor, suffer me first to give you a hint. You must not expect, Sir, to find here, as at Oxford, men appearing in their real characters: every body there, Sir, knows that Dr. Mussy is a fellow of Maudlin, and Tom Trisle a student of Christ-church; but this town is one great comedy, in which not only the principles, but frequently the persons, are seign'd.

Y. Wild. A useful observation.

Pap. Why now, Sir, at the first coffee-house I shall enter you, you will perhaps meet a man, from whose decent sable dress, planar

cid countenance, infinuating behaviour, short fword, with the waiter's civil addition of A dish of coffee for Dr. Julap, you would suppose him to be a physician.

Y. Wild. Well?

Pap. Does not know diafcordium from diachylon. An absolute French spy, concealed under the shelter of a huge medicinal perriwig.

Y. Wild. Indeed!

Pap. A martial figure, too, it is odds but you will encounter, from whose scars, title, dress, and address, you would suppose to have had a share in every action since the peace of the Pyrenees; runner to a gaming table, and bully to a bawdy house. Battles, to be sure, he has been in—with the watch; and frequently a prisoner, too, in the round-house.

Y. Wild. Amazing!

Pap. In short, Sir, you will meet with lawyers who practife smuggling, and merchants who trade upon Hounslow-heath; reverend atheists, right honourable sharpers, and Frenchmen from the county of York.

Y. Wild. In the last list I presume you roll.

Pap. Just my situation.

Y. Wild. And pray, Sir, what may be your motive for this whimtical transformation?

Pap. A very harmless one, I promise you. I would only avail myself at the expence of folly and prejudice.

Y. Wild. As how?

Pap. Why, Sir—But, to be better understood, I believe it will be necessary to give you a short sketch of the principal incidents of my life.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Prythee do.

Pap. Why then, you are to know, Sir, that my former lituation has been rather above my present condition, having once sustained the dignity of sub-preceptor to one of those cheap rural academies with which our county of York is so plentifully stock'd.

Y. Wild. But to the point: Why this dif-

guife? why renounce your country?

Pap. There, Sir, you make a little mistake; it was my country that renounced me.

Y. Wild. Explain.

Pap. In an instant: upon quitting the school, and first coming to town, I got recommended to the compiler of the Monthly Review.

Y. Wild. What, an author too?

Pap. Oh, a voluminous one. The whole region of the belles lettres fell under my infpection; physic, divinity, and the mathematics, my mistress managed herself. There, Sir, like another Aristarch, I dealt out fame and damnation at pleasure. In obedience to the caprice and commands of my master, I have condemn'd books I never read; and applauded the sidelity of a translation, without understanding one syllable of the original.

Y. Wild. Ah! why, I thought acuteness of discernment and depth of knowledge were

necessary to accomplish a critic.

Pap. Yes, Sir; but not a monthly one. Our method was very concise. We copy the title-page of a new book; we never go any further. If we are ordered to praise it, we have at hand about ten words, which, scatter'd through as many periods, effectually does

the business; as, " laudable design, happy ar-"rangement, spirited language, nervous sen-"timent, elevation of thought, conclusive ar-"gument." If we are to decry, then we have, unconnected, flat, falfe, illiberal, stricture, " reprehensible, unnatural." And thus, Sir, we pepper the author, and foon rid our hands of his work.

Y. Wild. A short recipe!

Pap And yet, Sir, you have all the materials that are necessary? These are the arms with which we engage authors of every kind. To us all subjects are equal; plays or fermons, poetry or politics, music or midwifery, it is the same thing.

Y. Wild. How came you to refign this easy

employment?

Pap. It would not answer. Notwithstanding what we say, people will judge for themselves: our work hung upon hand, and all I could get from the Publisher was four shillings a-week and my small beer. Poor pittance!

Y. Wild. Poor, indeed. Pap. Oh, half starved me.

Y. Wild. What was your next change?

Pap. I was mightily puzzled to choose.

Some would have me turn player, and others methodist preacher; but as I had no money to build me a tabernacle, I did not think it could answer; and as to player,—whatever might happen to me, I was determined not to bring a difgrace upon my family; and fo I resolved to turn footman.

Y. Wild. Wifely resolved.

Pap. Yes, Sir, but not so easily executed.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. No!

Pap. Oh no, Sir. Manya weary step have I taken after a place. Here I was too old, there I was too young; here the last livery was too big, there it was too little; here I was aukward, there I was knowing: Madam disliked me at this house, her ladyship's woman at the next: so that I was as much puzzled to find out a place, as the great Cynic philosopher to discover a man. In short I was quite in a state of despair, when chance threw an old friend in my way that quite retrieved my affairs.

Y. Wild. Pray, who might he be?

Pap. A little bit of a Swiss genius, who had been French usher with me at the same school in the country. I open'd my melancholy story to him over threepenny-worth of beef-a-lamode, in a cellar in St. Ann's. My little soreign friend pursed up his lanthorn jaws, and, with a shrug of contempt, "Ah, maitre Jean, vous n'avez pas la politique; you have no sinesse: to thrive here, you must study the folly of your own country." "How, Monsieur?" "Taisez vous: keep a your tongue. Autresois I teach you speak French, now I teach-a you to forget English. Go vid me to my lodgement, I vil give you proper dress: den go present yourself to de same hotels, de very same house; you will find all de doors dat was shut in your face as sootman Anglois, vil sly open demselves to a French valet de chambre."

Y. Wild. Well, Papillion?

Pap. Gad, Sir, I thought it was but an honest artifice, so I determined to follow my friend's advice.

Y. Wild. Did it succeed?

Pap. Better than expectation. My tawny face, long quieu, and broken English, was a passe-partout. Besides, when I am out of place, this disguise procures me many resources.

Y. Wild. As how?

Pap. Why, at a pinch, Sir, I am either a teacher of tongues, a friseur, a dentist, or a dancing-master: these, Sir, are hereditary professions to Frenchmen. But now, Sir, to the point: As you were pleased to be so candid with me, I was determined to have no reserve with you. You have studied books, I have studied men; you want advice, and I have some at your service.

Y. Wild. Well, I'll be your customer.

Pap. But guard my fecret. If I should be so unfortunate as to lose your place, don't shut me out from every other.

Y. Wild. You may rely upon me.

Pap. In a few years I shall be in a condition to retire from business; but whether I shall settle at my family-seat, or pass over to the continent, is as yet undetermined. Perhaps, in gratitude to the country, I may purchase a marquisate near Paris, and spend the money I have got by their means generously amongst them.

Y. Wild. A grateful intention. But let us

fally. Where do we open?

Pap. Let us fee—one o'clock—it is a fine day: the Mall will be crowded.

Y. Wild. Allons.

Pap. But don't stare, Sir: survey every thing with an air of habit and indifference.

Y. Wild. Never fear.

Pap. But I would, Sir, crave a moment's audience, upon a subject that may prove very material to you.

Y. Wild. Proceed.

Pap. You will pardon my prefumption; but you have, my good master, one little soible that I could wish you to correct.

Y. Wild. What is it?

Pap. And yet it is a pity, too; you do it fo very well.

Y. Wild. Prythee be plain.

Pap. You have, Sir, a lively imagination, with a most happy turn for invention.

Y. Wild. Well.

Pap. But now and then in your narratives you are hurried, by a flow of spirits, to border upon the improbable; a little given to the marvellous.

Y. Wild. I understand you: what, I am

fomewhat fubject to lying?

Pap. Oh, pardon me, Sir; I don't fay that'; no, no: only a little apt to embellish; that's all. To be fure it is a fine gift; that there is no disputing: but men in general are so stupid, so rigorously attach'd to matter of fact—And yet this talent of yours is the very soul and spirit of poetry; and why it should not be the same in prose, I can't for my life determine.

Y. Wild. You would advise me, then, not

to be quite so poetical in my prose?

Pap. Why, Sir, if you would descend a little to the grovelling comprehension of the million, I think it would be as well.

Y. Wild. I'll think of it.

Pap. Besides, Sir, in this town, people are more smoky and suspicious. Oxford, you know, is the seat of the muses; and a man is naturally

naturally permitted more ornament and garniture to his conversation than they will allow in this latitude.

Y. Wild. I believe you are right. But we shall be late. D'ye hear me, Papillion: if at any time you find me too poetical, give me a hint; your advice shan't be thrown away.

Exit.

Pap. I wish it mayn't; but the disease is too rooted to be quickly removed. Lord, how I have sweat for him! yet he is as unembarrassed, easy, and fluent, all the time, as if he really believed what he said. Well, to be sure, he is a great master: it is a thousand pities his genius could not be converted to some public service. I think the government should employ him to answer the Moniteur. I'll be hang'd if he is not too many for Monsieur Talleyrand, at his own weapons.

SCENE—The Park.

Enter Miss Grantham, Miss Godfrey, and Servant.

M. Gr. John, let the chariot go round to Spring-gardens; for your mistress and I shall call at Lady Bab's, Miss Arabella Allnight's, the Countess of Crumple's, and the tall man's, this morning. My dear Miss Godfrey, what trouble I have had to get you out! Why, child, you are as tedious as a long morning.— Do you know, now, that of all places of public rendezvous I honour the Park?—forty thousand million of times preferable to the play house! Don't you think so, my dear?

M. God. They are both well in their way. M. Gr. Way! why, the purpose of both is

the

the same; to meet company, isn't it? What, d'ye think I go there for the plays, or come here for the trees?—ha, ha!—well, that is well enough. But, O Gemini! I beg a million of pardons; you are a prude, and have no relish for the little innocent liberties with which a fine woman may indulge herself in public.

M. God. Liberties in public!

M. Gr. Yes, child; such as encoring a fong

at an opera, interrupting a play in a critical scene of distress, hallooing to a pretty fellow 'crofs the Mall as loud as if you were calling a coach. Why, do you know, now, my dear, that by a lucky stroke in dress, and a few high airs of my own making, I have had the good fortune to be gazed at and followed by as great a crowd, on a Sunday, as if I was the Turkish ambassador?

M. God. The good fortune, Ma'am! Surely the wish of every decent woman is to be un-

noticed in public.

M. Gr. Decent! oh, my dear queer creature, what a phrase have you found out for a woman of fashion! Decency is, child, a mere bourgeois, plebeian quality, and fit only for those who pay court to the world, and not for us to whom the world pays court. Upon my word, you must enlarge your ideas. You are a fine girl, and we must not have you lost: I'll undertake you myself. But, as I was saying -Pray, my dear, what was I faying? M. God. I profess I don't recollect.

M. Gr. Hey! Oh, ah! the Park. One great reason for my loving the Park is, that one has so many opportunities of creating connections.

M. God.

M. God. Ma'am!

M. Gr. Nay, don't look grave. Why, do you know that all my male friendships are form'd in this place?

M. God. It is an odd fpot: but you must

pardon me if I doubt the possibility.

M. Gr. Oh, I will convince you in a moment; for here feems to be coming a good fmart figure that I don't recollect. I will throw out a lure.

M. God. Nay, for Heaven's fake!

M. Gr. I am determined, child: that is—

M. God. You will excuse my withdrawing.

M. Gr. Oh, please yourself, my dear.

Exit Miss Godfrey.

Enter Young Wilding with Papillion.

Y. Wild. Your Ladyship's handkerchief, Ma'am.

M. Gr. I am, Sir, concern'd at the trouble—Y. Wild. A most happy incident for me, Madam; as chance has given me an honour,

in one lucky minute, that the most diligent attention has not been able to procure for me in the whole tedious round of a revolving year.

M. Gr. Is this meant to me, Sir?

Y. Wild. To whom else, Madam? Surely, you must have mark'd my respectful assiduity, my uninterrupted attendance: to plays, operas, balls, routs, and ridottos, I have pursued you like your shadow; I have besieged your door for a glimpse of your exit and entrance, like a distressed creditor, who has no arms against privilege but perseverance.

Pap. So, now he is in for it; stop him who

can.

Y. Wild. In short, Madam, ever since I quitted America, which I take now to be about a year, I have as faithfully guarded the live-long night your ladyship's portal, as a centinel the powder magazine in a fortissed city.

Pap. Quitted America! well pull'd.

M. Gr. You have ferved in America, then? Y. Wild. Full four years, Ma'am: and during that whole time, not a fingle action of confequence but I had an opportunity to fignalize myfelf; and I think I may, without vanity, affirm, I did not mifs the occasion.—You have heard of Quebec, I prefume?

Pap. What the deuce is he driving at now? Y. Wild. The project to surprise that place

was thought a happy expedient, and the first mounting the breach a gallant exploit. There, indeed, the whole army did me justice.

M. Gr. I have heard the honour of that

conquest attributed to another name.

Y. Wild. The mere taking the town, Ma'am. But that's a trifle: fieges, now-adays, are reduced to certainties. It is amazing how minutely exact we, who know the business, are at calculation. For instance, now, we will suppose the commander in chief, addressing himself to me, was to say, "Colonel, I want to reduce that fortress; what will be the expence?"—"Why, please your highness, the reduction of that fortress will cost you one thousand and two lives, sixty-nine legs, ditto arms, fourscore fractures, with about twenty dozen of flesh wounds."

M. Gr. And you should be near the mark? Y. Wild. To an odd joint, Ma'am. But,

Madam, it is not to the French alone that my feats are confined: Cherokees, Catabaws, with all the Aws and Eces of the continent, have felt the force of my arms.

Pap. This is too much, Sir.

Y. Wild. Hands off!—Nor am I less adroit at a treaty, Madam, than terrible in battle. To me we owe the friendship of the Five Nations; and I had the first honour of smoking the pipe of peace with the Little Carpenter.

M. Gr. And fo young!

Y. Wiid. This gentleman, though a Frenchman and an enemy, I had the fortune to deliver from the Mohawks, whose prisoner he had been for nine years. He gives a most entertaining account of their laws and customs: he shall present you with the wampum belt and a scalping-knise. Will you permit him, Madam, just to give you a taste of the military-dance, with a short specimen of their war-hoop?

Pap. For Heaven's fake!

M. Gr. The place is too public.

Y. Wild. In short, Madam, after having gathered as many laurels abroad as would garnish a Gothic cathedral at Christmas, I return'd to reap the harvest of the well-fought field. Here it was my good fortune to encounter you. Then was the victor vanquished: what the enemy could never accomplish, your eyes in an instant atchieved; prouder to serve here than command in chief elsewhere; and more glorious in wearing your chains, than in triumphing over the vanquish'd world.

M. Gr. I have got here a most heroical lover. But I see Sir James Elliot coming, and

must

must dismiss him. [Aside.] — Well, Sir, I accept the tendre of your passion, and may find a time to renew our acquaintance; at present it is necessary we should separate.

Y. Wild. "Slave to your will, I live but to obey you." But, may I be indulged with the knowledge of your residence?

M. Gr. Sir ?

Y. Wild. Your place of abode.

M. Gr. Oh, Sir, you can't want to be acquainted with that; you have a whole year flood centinel at my ladyship's portal.

Y. Wild. Madam, I—I—I—.

M. Gr. Oh, Sir, your fervant. Ha, ha, ha! What, you are caught? ha, ha, ha! Well, he has a most intrepid assurance. Adieu, my Mars. Ha, ha, ha! [Exit.

Pap. That last was an unlucky question, Sir.

Y. Wild. A little mal-a-propos, I must confefs.

Pap. A man should have a good memory

who deals much in this poetical profe.

Y. Wild. Poh! I'll foon re-establish my credit. But I must know who this girl is. Hark ye, Papillion; could not you contrive to pump out of her footman-I fee there he stands-the name of his mistress?

Pap. I will try. Exit.

[Wilding retires to the back of the stage.

Enter Sir James Elliot and Servant.

Sir Ja. Music and an entertainment?

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Sir Ja. Last night, upon the water! Ser. Upon the water, last night.

Sir Ja. Who gave it?

Ser. That, Sir, I can't fay.

To them Wilding.

Y. Wild. Sir James Elliot, your most devoted. Sir Ja. Ah, my dear Wilding! you are welcome to town.

Y. Wild. You will pardon my impatience; I interrupted you; you feem'd upon an interesting subject?

Sir Ja. Oh, an affair of gallantry.

Y. Wild. Of what kind?

Sir Ja. A young lady regaled last night by her lover on the Thames.

Y. Wild. As how?

Sir Ja. A band of music in boats.

Y. Wild. Were they good performers? Sir Ja. The best. Then conducted to Marblehall, where she found a magnificent collation.

Y. Wild. Well order'd?

Sir Ja. With elegance. After supper a ball; and, to conclude the night, a firework.

Y. Wild. Was the last well design'd?

Sir Ja Superb.

Y. Wild. And happily executed?

Sir Ja. Not a fingle faux pas.

Y. Wild. And you don't know who gave it? Sir Ja. I can't even guefs.

Y. Wild. Ha ha, ha!

Sir Ja. Why do you laugh?

Y. Witd. Ha, ha, ha! It was me.

Sir Ja. You!

Pap. You, Sir!

Y. Wild. Moi-me.

Pap. So, fo, fo; he's enter'd again.

Sir Ja. Why, you are fortunate to find a miftress in to short a space of time.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Short! why, man, I have been in London these six weeks.

Pap. O Lord, O Lord!

Y. Wild. It is true, not caring to encounter my father, I have rarely ventured out but at nights.

Pap. I can hold no longer. Dear Sir-

Y. Wild. Peace, puppy.

Pap. A curb to your poetical vein.

Sir Ja. I shall hear it with pleasure——This is a lucky adventure: but he must not know he is my rival.

[Aside.]

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, between fix and feven my goddess embarked at Somerset-stairs, in one of the companies barges, gilt and hung with damask, expressly for the occasion.

Pap. Mercy on us!

Y. Wild. At the cabin-door she was accossed by a beautiful boy, who, in the garb of a Cupid, paid her some compliments in verse of my own composing. The conceits were pretty; allusions to Venus and the sea—the lady and the Thames—no great matter; but, however, well timed, and, what was better, well taken.

Sir Ja. Doubtless.

Pap. At what a rate he runs!

Y. Wild. As foon as we had gained the centre of the river, two boats, full of trumpets, French-horns, and other martial music, struck up their sprightly strains from the Surry side, which were echoed by a suitable number of lutes, slutes, and hautboys, from the opposite shore.

shore. In this state, the oars keeping time, we majestically sail'd along, till the arches of the New Bridge gave a pause, and an opportunity for an elegant dessert in Dresden China, by Robinson. Here the repast closed with a few savourite airs from Eliza, Tenducci, and the Mattei.

Pap. Mercy on us!

Y. Wild. Opposite Lambeth I had prepared a naval engagement, in which Boscawen's victory over the French was repeated: the action was conducted by one of the commanders on that expedition, and not a single incident omitted.

Sir Ja. Surely you exaggerate a little. Pap. Yes, yes, this battle will fink him.

Y. Wild. True to the letter, upon my honour. I shan't trouble you with a repetition of our collation, ball, feu d'artifice, with the thousand little incidental amusements that chance or design produced: it is enough to know, that all that could flatter the senses, fire the imagination, or gratify the expectation, was there produced in a lavish abundance.

Sir Ja. The facrifice was, I prefume, grate-

ful to your deity.

Y. Wild. Upon that subject you must pardon my silence.

Pap. Modest creature!

Sir Ja. I wish you joy of your success—For the present you will excuse me.

Y. Wild. Nay, but stay and hear the con-

clusion.

Sir Ja. For that I shall seize another occafion. [Exit.

Pap. Nobly perform'd, Sir.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Yes, I think happily hit off.

Pap. May I take the liberty to offer one question?

Y. Wild. Freely.

Pap. Pray, Sir, are you often visited with these waking dreams?

Y. Wild. Dreams! what doft mean by

dreams?

Pap. Those ornamental reveries, those frolics of fancy, which, in the judgment of the vulgar, would be deem'd absolute flams.

Y. Wild. Why, Papillion, you have but a

poor, narrow, circumfcribed genius.

Pap. I must own, Sir, I have not sublimity sufficient to relish the full fire of your Pindaric muse.

Y. Wild. No; a plebeian foul! But I will animate thy clay: mark my example, follow my steps, and in time thou may'lt rival thy master.

Pap. Never, never, Sir; I have not talents to fight battles without blows, and give feafts that don't cost me a farthing—Besides, Sir, to what purpose are all these embellishments? Why tell the lady you have been in London a year?

Y. Wild. The better to plead the length, and confequently the strength, of my passion.

Pap. But why, Sir, a foldier?

Y. Wild. How little thou know'st of the sex! What, I suppose thou would'st have me attack them in mood and figure, by a pedantic classical quotation, or a pompous parade of jargon from the schools. What, do'st think that women are to be got like degrees?

Pap. Nay, Sir-

Y. Wild. No, no; the fçavoir vivre is the fcience for them; the man of war is their man: they must be taken, like towns, by lines of approach, counter-scarps, angles, trenches, coehorns, and covert-ways; then enter sword-in-hand, pell-mell! Oh, how they melt at the Gothic names of General Swapinback, Count Rousomousky, Prince Montecuculi, and Marshal Fustenburg! Men may say what they will of their Ovid, their Petrarch, and their Waller; but I'll undertake to do more business by the single aid of the London Gazette, than by all the sighing, dying, crying crotchets, that the whole race of rhymers have ever produced.

Pap. Very well, Sir; this is all very lively: but remember the travelling pitcher. If you don't one time or other, under favour, lie yourself into some consounded scrape, I will

be content to be hanged.

Y. Wild. Do you think so, Papillion?—And whenever that happens, if I don't lie myself out of it again, why then I will be content to be crucified. And so, along after the lady—[Stops short, going out.] Zounds, here comes my father! I must fly. Watch him, Papillion, and bring me word to Cardigan.

[Exeunt separately.

ACT II.

SCENE-A Room in a Tavern.

Young Wilding and Papillion rifing from table.

Young Wilding.

GAD, I had like to have run into the old gentleman's mouth.

Pap. It is pretty near the fame thing, for I faw him join Sir James Elliot: fo your arrival

is no longer a fecret.

Y. Wild. Why then I must lose my pleafure, and you your preferment: I must submit to the dull decency of a sober family, and you to the customary duties of brushing and powdering. But I was so flutter'd at meeting my father, that I forgot the fair: prythee, who is she?

Pap. There were two.

Y. Wild. That I faw.

Pap. From her footman I learnt her name was Godfrey.

Y. Wild. And her fortune?

Pap. Immense.

Y. Wild. Single, I hope?

Pap. Certainly.

Y. Wild. Then will I have her.

Pap. What! whether she will or no?

Y. Wild. Yes.

Pap. How will you manage that?

Y. Wild. By making it impossible for her to marry any one else.

Pap. I don't understand you, Sir.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Oh! I shall only have recourse to that talent you so mightily admire. You will see, by the calculation of a few anecdotes, how soon I will get rid of my rivals.

Pap. At the expence of the lady's reputa-

tion, perhaps.

Y. Wild. That will be as it happens. Pap. And have you no qualms, Sir? Y. Wild. Why, where's the injury? Pap. No injury to ruin her fame!

Y. Wild. I will restore it to her again.

Pap. How?

Y. Wild. Turn tinker, and mend it my el.

Pan. Which way?

Y. Wild. The old way; folder it by marriage: that, you know, is the modern falve for every fore.

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. An elderly gentleman to enquire for Mr. Wilding.

Y. Wild. For me! what fort of a being is it?

Wait. Being, Sir!

Y. Wild. Ay; how is he drefs'd?

Wait. In a tye-wig and fnuff-colour'd coat.

Pap. Zooks, Sir, it is your father.

Y. Wild. Show him up. [Exit Waiter.

Pap. And what must I do?

Y. Wild. Recover your broken English, but preserve your rank; I have a reason for it.

Enter Old Wilding.

O. Wild. Your fervant, Sir: you are welcome to town.

Y. Wild. You have just prevented me, Sir: I was preparing to pay my duty to you.

O.Wild.

O. Wild. If you thought it a duty, you should, I think, have fooner discharged it.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. Was it quite so decent, Jack, to be fix weeks in town, and conceal yourself only from me?

Y. Wild. Six weeks! I have fcarce been

fix hours.

- O. Wild. Come, come; I am better informed.
- Y. Wild. Indeed, Sir, you are impos'd upon. This gentleman (whom first give me leave to have the honour of introducing to you), this, Sir, is the Marquis de Chatteau Brilliant, of an ancient house in Brittany; who, travelling through England, chose to make Oxford for some time the place of his residence, where I had the happiness of his acquaintance.

O. Wild. Does he fpeak English?

Y. Wild. Not fluently, but understands it perfectly.

Pap. Pray, Sir-

O. Wild. Any fervices, Sir, that I can render you here, you may readily command.

Pap. Beaucoup d'honneur.

Y. Wild. This gentleman, I fay, Sir, whose quality and country are sufficient securities for his veracity, will assure you, that yesterday we left Oxford together.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Pap. C'est vrai.

O. Wild. This is amazing. I was at the fame time inform'd of another circumstance too, that, I confess, made me a little uneasy,

as it interfered with a favourite scheme of my own.

Y. Wild. What could that be, pray, Sir?

O. Wild. That you had conceived a violent affection for a fair lady.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. And had given her very gallant and very expensive proofs of your passion.

Y. Wild. Me, Sir!

O. Wild. Particularly last night; music, collations, balls, and fireworks.

Y. Wild. Monfieur le Marquis!—And pray,

Sir, who could tell you all this?

O. Wild. An old friend of yours. Y. Wild. His name, if you please? O. Wild. Sir James Elliot.

Y. Wild. Yes; I thought he was the man.

O. Wild. Your reason.

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, though Sir James Elliot has a great many good qualities, and is upon the whole a valuable man, yet he has one fault which has long determined me to drop his acquaintance.

O. Wild. What may that be? Y. Wild. Why you can't, Sir, be a stranger to his prodigious skill in the traveller's talent?

O. Wild. How!

Y. Wild. Oh, notorious to a proverb. His friends, who are tender of his fame, gloss over his foible, by calling him an agreeable novelist; and so he is with a vengeance. Why, he will tell ye more lies in an hour, than all the circulating libraries put together will publish in a year.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Y. Wild. Oh, he is the modern Mandeville

at Oxford: he was always distinguished by the facetious appellation of the Bouncer.

O. Wild. Amazing!

Y. Wild. Lord, Sir, he is fo well understood in his own country, that, at the last Hereford affize, a cause, as clear as the sun, was absolutely thrown away by his being merely mentioned as a witness.

O. Wild. A strange turn!
Y. Wild. Unaccountable. But there, I think, they went a little too far; for if it had come to an oath, I don't think he would have bounced neither; but in common occurrences, there is no repeating after him. Indeed, my great reason for dropping him was, that my credit began to be a little suspected too.

Pap. Poor gentleman!

O. Wild. Why, I never heard this of him.

Y. Wild. That may be; but can there be a stronger proof of his practice than the flam he has been telling you of fireworks, and the Lord-knows-what? And I dare fwear, Sir, he was very fluent and florid in his description.

O. Wild. Extremely.

Y. Wild. Yes, that is just his way; and not a fyllable of truth from the beginning to the ending, Marquis!

Pap. Oh, dat is all a fiction, upon mine

honour.

Y. Wild. You see, Sir, Sir-

O. Wild. Clearly. I really can't help pitying the poor man. I have heard of people, who, by long habit, become a kind of conftitutional lyars. Y. Wild. Y. Wild. Your observation is just; that is exactly his case.

Pap. I'm fure it is yours. [Afide.

O. Wild. Well, Sir, I suppose we shall see

you this evening.

- Y. Wild. The Marquis has an appointment with some of his countrymen, which I have promised to attend: besides, Sir, as he is an entire stranger in town, he may want my little services.
- O. Wild. Where can I fee you in about an hour? I have a fhort vifit to make, in which you are deeply concern'd.

Y. Wild. I shall attend your commands; but

where?

O. Wild. Why, here. Marquis, I am your obedient fervant.

Pap. Votre ferviteur tres humble.

Exit Old Wilding.

Y. Wild. So, Papillion, that difficulty is difpatch'd. I think I am even with Sir James for his tattling.

Pap. Most ingeniously managed: -but are

not you afraid of the consequence?

Y. Wild. I don't compreĥend you.

Pap. A future explanation between the parties.

Y. Wild. That may embarrass: but the day is distant. I warrant I will bring myself off.

Pap. It is in vain for me to advise.

Y. Wild. Why, to fay truth, I do begin to find my fystem attended with danger. Give me your hand, Papillion—I will reform.

Pap. Ah, Sir!

Y. Wild. I positively will. Why, this practice may in time destroy my credit.

Pap.

Pap. That is pretty well done already. [Aside.]

-Ay, think of that, Sir.

Y. Wild. Well, if I don't turn out the meerest dull matter-of-fact fellow—But, Papillion, I must scribble a billet to my new slame. I think her name is—

Pap. Godfrey; her father, an India governor shut up in the strong room at Calcutta, left her all his wealth: she lives near Miss

Grantham, by Grosvenor square.

Y. Wild. A governor!—Oh ho!—Bushels of rupees and pecks of pagodas, I reckon. Well, I long to be rummaging. But the old gentleman will soon return: I will hasten to finish my letter. But, Papillion, what could my father mean by a visit in which I am deeply concern'd?

Pap. I can't guess.

Y. Wild. I shall know presently. To Miss Godfrey, formerly of Calcutta, now residing in Grosvenor-square. Papillion, I won't tell her a word of a lie.

Pap. You won't, Sir?

Y. Wild. No; it would be ungenerous to deceive a lady. No; I will be open, candid, and fincere.

Pap. And if you are, it will be the first time. [Exeunt.

SCENE—An Apartment in Miss Grantham's House.

Enter Miss Grantham and Miss Godfrey.

M. God. And you really like this gallant fpark?

M. Gr. Prodigiously! Oh, I'm quite in love with his affurance! I wonder who he is: he

can't have been long in town. A young fellow of his easy impudence must have soon

made his way into the best of company.

M. God. By way of amusement he may prove no disagreeable acquaintance; but you can't furely have any ferious defigns upon him?

M. Gr. Indeed but I have.

M. God. And poor Sir James Elliot is to be discarded at once?

M. Gr. Oh, no!

M. God. What is your intention in regard to him?

M. Gr. Hey?—I can't tell you. Perhaps, if I don't like this new man better, I may marry him.

M. God. Thou art a strange giddy girl.

M. Gr. Quite the reverse! a perfect pattern of prudence; why, would you have me lefs careful of my person than my purse?

M. God. My dear?

M. Gr. Why, I fay, child, my fortune being in money, I have fome in India-bonds, fome in the bank, fome on this loan, fome on the other! fo that if one fund fails, I have a fure resource in the rest.

M. God. Very true.

M. Gr. Well, my dear, just so I manage my love affairs: if I should not like this man-if he should not like me-if we should quarrelif, if-or in short, if any of the ifs should happen which you know break engagements every day, why, by this means I shall be never at a loss.

M. God. Quite provident. Well, and pray on on how many different fecurities have you at

present plac'd out your love?

M. Gr. Three: the fober Sir James Elliot; the new America-man; and this morning I expect a formal proposal from an old friend of my father.

M. God. Mr. Wilding?

M. Gr. Yes; but I don't reckon much upon him: for you know, my dear, what can I do with an aukward, raw, college cub! Though upon fecond thoughts, that mayn't be too bad neither; for as I must have the fashioning of him, he may be easily moulded to one's mind.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mr. Wilding, Madam.

M. Gr. Show him in. [Exit Servant.]—You need not go, my dear; we have no particular business.

M. God. I wonder, now, what she calls particular business.

Enter Old Wilding.

O. Wild. Ladies, your fervant. I wait upon you, Madam, with a request from my son, that he may be permitted the honour of kissing your hand.

M. Gr. Your fon is in town then?

O. Wild. He came last night, Ma'am; and though but just from the university, I think I may venture to affirm with as little the air of a pedant as—

M. Gr. I don't, Mr. Wilding, question the accomplishments of your son; and shall own too, that his being descended from the old

friend

friend of my father is to me the strongest recommendation.

O. Wild. You honour me, Madam.

- M. Gr. But, Sir, I have something to say— O. Wild. Pray, Madam, speak out; it is impossible to be too explicit on these important occasions.
- M. Gr. Why then, Sir, to a man of your wisdom and experience, I need not observe, that the loss of a parent to counsel and direct at this folemn criss, has made a greater degree of personal prudence necessary in me.

O. Wild. Perfectly right, Ma'am.
M. Gr. We live, Sir, in a very cenforious world; a young woman can't be too much on her guard; nor should I choose to admit any man in the quality of a lover, if there was not at least a strong probability-

O. Wild. Of a more intimate connection. I hope, Madam, you have heard nothing to

the disadvantage of my son.

M. Gr. Not a syllable: but you know, Sir, there are fuch things in nature as unaccountable antipathies, aversions, that we take at first fight. I should be glad there could be no dan-

ger of that.

O. Wild. I understand you, Madam: you shall have all the satisfaction imaginable: Jack is to meet me immediately; I will conduct him under your window; and if his figure has the misfortune to displease, I will take care his addresses shall never offend you. Your most obedient servant. [Exit.

M. Gr. Now, there is a polite, fenfible, old father for you.

M. God: Yes; and a very discreet, prudent daughter daughter he is likely to have. Oh, you are a great hypocrite, Kitty.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A letter for you, Madam. [To Miss Godfrey.] Sir James Elliot to wait on your ladythip. [To Miss Grantham.]

M. Gr. Lord, I hope he won't stay long here. He comes, and feems entirely wrapt up in the difmals: what can be the matter now?

Enter Sir James Elliot.

Sir Ja. In passing by your door, I took the liberty, Ma'am, of enquiring after your health. M. Gr. Very obliging. I hope, Sir, you

received a favourable account.

Sir Ja. I did not know but you might have

caught cold last night.

M. Gr. Cold! why, Sir, I hope I didn't fleep with my bed-chamber window open.

Sir Ja. Mo'am! M. Gr. Sir!

Sir Ja. No, Ma'am; but it was rather hazardous to stay so late upon the water.

M. Gr. Upon the water!

Sir Ja. Not but the variety of amusements, it must be owned, were a sufficient temptation.

M. Gr. What can he be driving at now?

Sir Ja. And pray, Madam, what think you of young Wilding? Is not he a gay, agreeable, sprightly—

M. Gr. I never give my opinion of people

I don't know.

Sir Ja. You don't know him!

M. Gr. No.

Sir Ja. And his father I did not meet at your door!

M. Gr. Most likely you did.

Sir Ja. I am glad you own that, however. But for the fon, you never—

M. Gr. Set eyes upon him.

Sir Ja. Really! M. Gr. Really.

Sir Ja. Finely supported! Now, Madam, do you know that one of us is just going to make a very ridiculous figure?

M. Gr. Sir, I never had the least doubt of

your talents for excelling in that way.

Sir Ja. Ma'am, you do me honour: but it does not happen to fall to my lot upon this occasion, however.

M. Gr. And that is a wonder!—what, then I am to be the fool of the comedy, I suppose?

Sir Ja. Admirably rallied! But I shall dash the spirit of that triumphant laugh.

M. Gr. I dare the attack. Come on, Sir.

Sir Ja. Know then, and blush, if you are not all lost to shame as dead to decency, that I am no stranger to last night's transactions.

M. Gr. Indeed!

Sir Ja. From your first entering the barge at Somerset-house, to your last landing at Whitehall.

M. Gr. Surprifing!

Sir Ja. Cupids, collations, feafts, fireworks, all have reach'd me.

M. r. Why, you deal in magic.

Sir Ja. My intelligence is as natural as it is infallible.

M. Gr. May I be indulged with the name of your informer?

Sir Ja.

Sir Ja. Freely, Madam. Only the very individual spark to whose folly you were indebted for this gallant profusion.

M. Gr. But his name?

Sir Ja. Young Wilding.

M. Gr. You had this story from him?

Sir Ja. I had.

M. Gr. From Wilding!—That is amazing.

Sir Ja. Oh ho! what, you are confounded at last; and no evasion, no subterfuge, no—
M. Gr. Look ye, Sir James; what you can mean by this strange story, and very extraordinary behaviour, it is impossible for me to conceive; but if it is meant as an artifice to palliate your infidelity to me, less pains would have answer'd your purpose.

Sir Ja. Oh, Madam, I know you are pro-

vided.

M. Gr. Matchless insolence! As you can't expect that I should be prodigiously pleased with the subject of this visit, you won't be sur-

pris'd at my wishing it as short as possible.

Sir Ja. I don't wonder you feel pain at my presence; but you may rest secure you will have no interruption for me; and I really think it would be a pity to part two people fo exactly formed for each other. Your Lady-ship's servant. [Going]—But, Madam, though your sex secures you from any farther resentment, yet the present object of your favour

may have fomething to fear.

M. Gr. Very well. Now, my dear, I hope you will acknowledge the prudence of my plan. To what a pretty condition I must have been reduced, if my hopes had rested upon

one lover alone!

M. God. But are you fure that your method to multiply may not be the means to reduce the number of your flaves?

M. Gr. Impossible !—Why, can't you difcern that this flam of Sir James Elliot's is a

mere fetch to favour his retreat?

M. God. And you never faw Wilding! M. Gr. Never.

M. God. There is some mystery in this. I have, too, here in my hand, another mortification that you must endure.

M. Gr. Of what kind?

M. God. A little allied to the last: it is from the military spark you met this morning.

M. Gr. What are the contents?

M. God. Only a formal declaration of love.

M. Gr. Why, you did not fee him. M. God. But it feems he did me.

M. Gr. Might I peruse it? --- " Battlesno wounds fo fatal—cannon-balls—Cupid—fpring a mine—cruelty—die on a counterfcarp -eyes-artillery-death-the stranger." is address'd to you.

M. God. I told you fo.
M. Gr. You will pardon me, my dear; but I really can't compliment you upon the fupposition of a conquest at my expence.

M. God. That would be enough to make me vain. But why do you think it was fo im-

posiible?

M. Gr. And do you positively want a reason?

M. God. Positively.

M. Gr. Why, then, I shall refer you for an answer to a faithful counsellor and most accomplish'd critic.

M. God. Who may that be?

M. Gr. The mirror upon your toilette.

M. God. Perhaps you may differ in judgment.

M. Gr. Why, can glasses flatter?

M. God. I can't fay I think that necessary.

M. Gr. Saucy enough!—But come, child, don't let us quarrel upon so whimsical an occasion: time will explain the whole. You will favour me with your opinion of Young Wilding at my window.

M. God. I attend you.

M. Gr. You will forgive me, my dear, the little hint I dropt; it was meant merely to ferve you; for indeed, child, there is no quality fo infufferable in a young woman as felf-conceit and vanity.

M. God. You are most prodigiously obliging.

M. Gr. I'll follow you, Miss. [Exit Miss Godfrey.] Pert thing!—She grows immoderately ugly. I always thought her aukward, but she is now an absolute fright.

M. God. (within.) Miss, Miss Grantham,

your hero's at hand.

M. Gr. I come.

M. God. As I live, the very individual flranger!

M. Gr. No fure! - Oh Lord, let me have

a peep!

M. God. It is he!—it is he!—it is he!

[Exeunt.

SCENE—The Street.

Enter Old Wilding, Young Wilding, and Papillion.

O. Wild. There, Marquis, you must pardon me; for though Paris be more compact, yet furely

furely London covers a much great quantity-Oh, Jack, look at that corner house: how d'ye like it?

Y. Wild. Very well; but I don't see any

thing extraordinary.

O. Wild. I wish, though, you were the master of what it contains.

Y. Wild. What may that be, Sir?

O. Wild. The mistress, you rogue you: a fine girl, and an immense fortune; ay, and a prudent sensible wench into the bargain. Y. Wild. Time enough yet, Sir.

O. Wild. I don't fee that: you are, lad, the last of our race, and I should be glad to fee some probability of its continuance.

Y. Wild. Suppose, Sir, you were to repeat your endeavours; you have cordially my con-

fent.

O. Wild. No; rather too late in life for that

experiment.

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, would you recommend a condition to me, that you disapprove of

yourself?

O. Wild. Why, firrah, I have done my duty to the public and my family, by producing you. Now, Sir, it is incumbent on you to discharge your debt.

. Y. Wild. In the college cant, I shall beg

leave to tick a little longer.

O. Wild. Why, then, to be ferious, fon, this is the very business I wanted to talk with you about. In a word, I wish you married; and, by providing the lady of that manfion for the purpose, I have proved myself both a father and a friend.

Y. Wild. Far be it from me to question your

your care; yet some preparation for so important a change-

O. Wild. Oh, I will allow you a week.

Y. Wild. A little more knowledge of the world.

O. Wild. That you may fludy at leifure. Y. Wild. Now all Europe is in arms, my defign was to ferve my country abroad.

O. Wild. You will be full as useful to it by

recruiting her subjects at home.

Y. Wild. You are then resolved?

O. Wild. Fix'd.

Y. Wild. Positively?

O. Wild. Peremptorily. Y. Wild. No prayers—O. Wild. Can move me.

Y. Wild. How the deuce shall I get out of this toil? [Afide.]—But suppose, Sir, there should be an unfurmountable objection?

O. Wild. Oh, leave the reconciling that to

me: I am an excellent casuist.

Y. Wild. But I say, Sir, if it should be impossible to obey your commands?

O. Wild. Impossible !- I don't understand

you.

Y. Wild. Oh, Sir!—But on my knees first let me crave your pardon.

O. Wild. Pardon! for what?

Y. Wild. I fear I have lost all title to your future favour.

O. Wild. Which way?
Y. Wild. I have done a deed——

O. Wild. Let's hear it.

Y. Wild. At Abingdon, in the county of Berks.

O. Wild. Well?

Y. Wild. I am-

O. Wild. What? Y. Wild. Already married.

O. Wild. Married!

Pap. Married!

Y. Wild. Married.

O. Wild. And without my confent?

Y. Wild. Compell'd; fatally forced. Oh, Sir, did you but know all the circumstances of my fad, fad story, your rage would soon convert itself to pity.

O. Wild. What an unlucky event!-But

rife, and let me hear it all.

Y. Wild. The shame and confusion I now feel renders that task at present impossible; I must therefore rely for the relation on the good offices of this faithful friend.

Pap. Me, Sirl I never heard one word of

the matter.

O. Wild. Come, Marquis, favour me with

the particulars.

Pap. Upon my vard, Sire, dis affair has so shock me, dat I am almost as incapable to tell de tale as your son.—[To Young Wilding.]—Dry-a your tears. What can I say, Sir?

Y. Wild. Any thing.—Oh!—[Seems to

weep.]

Pap. You fee, Sire.

O. Wild. Your kind concern at the misfortunes of my family calls for the most grateful acknowledgment.

Pap. Dis is great misfortune, fans doute.

O. Wild. But if you, a stranger, are thus affected, what must a father feel?

Pap. Oh, beaucoup; a great deal more.

O. Wild. But fince the evil is without a remedy,

medy, let us know the worst at once. Well, Sir, at Abingdon?

Pap. Yes, at Abingdon.

O. Wild. In the county of Berks?

Pap. Dat is right, in the county of Berks.

Y. Wild. Oh, oh!

O. Wild. Ah, Jack, Jack! are all my hopes then—Though I dread to ask, yet it must be known; who is the girl, pray, Sir?

Pap. De girl, Sir-[Aside to Young Wilding.]

----Who fhall I fay?

Y. Wild. Any body.

Pap. For de girl, I can't fay, upon my vard.

O. Wild. Her condition?

Pap. Pas grande condition; dat is to be fure. But dere is no help—[Aside to Young Wilding.]—Sir, I am quite a-ground.

O. Wild. Yes, I read my shame in his re-

ferve: fome artful huffey.

Pap. Dat may be. Vat you call huffey?

O. Wild. Or perhaps fome common creature. But I'm prepared to hear the worst.

Pap. Have you no mercy?

Y. Wild. I'll step to your relief, Sir. Pap. O Lord, a happy deliverance.

Y. Wild. Though it is almost death for me to speak, yet it would be infamous to let the reputation of the lady suffer by my silence. She is, Sir, of an ancient house and unblemish d character.

O. Wild. That is fomething.

Y. Wild. And though her fortune may not be equal to the warm wishes of a fond father, yet—

O. Wild. He. name?

Y. IVild. Miss Lydia Sybthorp.

O. Wild. Sybthorp—I never heard of the

name.—But proceed.

Y. Wild. The latter end of last long vacation, I went with Sir James Elliot to pass a few days at a new purchase of his near Abingdon. There, at an affembly, it was my chance to meet and dance with this lady.

O. Wild. Is the handfome?

Y. Wild. Oh, Sir, more beautiful-

O. Wild. Nay, no raptures; but go on. Y. Wild. But to her beauty she adds politeness, affability, and discretion; unless she forseited that character by fixing her affection on me.

O. Wild. Modestly observed.

Y. Wild. I was deterr'd from a public declaration of my passion, dreading the scantiness of her fortune would prove an objection to you. Some private interviews she permitted.

O. Wild. Was that so decent?—But love

and prudence, madness and reason.

Y. Wild. One fatal evening, the twentieth of September, if I mistake not, we were in a retired room innocently exchanging mutual vows, when her father, whom we expected to fup abroad, came fuddenly upon us. had just time to conceal myself in a closet.

O. Wild. What, unobserved by him? Y. Wild. Entirely. But, as my ill stars would have it, a cat, of whom my wife is vafily fond, had a few days before lodged a litter of kittens in the fame place: I unhappily trod upon one of the brood; which fo provoked the implacable mother, that she flew at me with the fury of a tiger.

O. Wild.

O. Wild. I have observed those creatures very fierce in defence of their young.

Pap. I shall hate a cat as long as I live.

Y. Wild. The noise roused the old gentleman's attention: he open'd the door, and there discovered your son.

Pap. Unlucky.

Y. Wild. I rush'd to the door; but fatally my foot slipt at the top of the stairs, and down I came tumbling to the bottom. The pistol in my hand went off by accident: this alarmed her three brothers in the parlour, who, with all their fervants, rush'd with united force upon me.

O. Wild. And so surprized you!

Y. Wild. No, Sir; with my fword I for some time made a gallant defence, and should have inevitably escaped; but a raw-boned, over-grown clumfy cook-wench struck at my fword with a kitchen-poker, broke it in two, and compell'd me to furrender at discretion; the consequence of which is obvious enough.

O. Wild. Natural. The lady's reputation, your condition, her beauty, your love, all combined to make marriage an unavoidable mea-

fure.

Y. Wild. May I hope, then, you rather think me unfortunate than culpable?

O. Wild. Why, your situation is a sufficient excuse: all I blame you for is, your keeping it a fecret from me. With Miss Grantham I shall make an aukward figure; but the best apology is the truth: I'll hasten and explain it to her all—Oh, Jack, Jack, this is a mortifying business!

Y. Wild.

Y. IVild. Most melancholy.

Exit Old Wilding.

Pap. I am amazed, Sir, that you have fo carefully conceal'd this transaction from me.

Y. Wild. Heyday! what, do you believe it

too?

Pap. Believe it! why, is not the story of the marriage true?

Y. Wild. Not a fyllable.

Pap. And the cat, and the pistol, and the poker?

Y. Wild. All invention.—And were you

really taken in!

Pap. Lord, Sir, how was it possible to avoid it?—Mercy on us! what a collection of circumstances have you crowded together!

Y. Wild. Genius; the mere effects of ge-

nius, Papillion. But to deceive you, who fo thoroughly know me!

Pap. But to prevent that for the future, could you not just give your humble servant a hint when you are bent upon bouncing? Besides, Sir, if you recollect your fixt resolution to reform-

Y. Wild. Ay, as to matter of fancy, the mere fport and frolic of invention: but in case of necessity-why, Miss Godfrey was at stake, and I was forced to use all my finesse.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. I wo letters, Sir. [Evit. Pap. There are two things in my conscience

my master will never want;-a prompt lie, and a ready excuse for telling of it.

Y. Wild. Hum! business begins to thicken upon us: a challenge from Sir James Elliot,

and

and a rendezvous from the pretty Miss Godfrey They shall both be observed, but in their order; therefore the lady first. Let me see—I have not been twenty hours in town, and I have already got a challenge, a mistress, and a wise: now, if I can get engaged in a chancery suit, I shall have my hands pretty full of employment. Come, Papillion, we have no time to be idle. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE—An Apartment in Miss Godfrey's House.

Miss Grantham and Miss Godfrey.

Miss Godfrey.

UPON my word, Miss Grantham, this is but an idle piece of curiosity: you know the man is already disposed of, and therefore—

M. Gr. That is true, my dear; but there is in this affair fome mystery that I must and will

have explain'd.

M. God. Come, come, I know the grievance.—You can't brook that this spark, though even a married man, should throw off his allegiance to you, and enter a volunteer in my fervice.

M. Gr. And so you take the fact for granted?

M. God. Have I not his letter?

M. Gr. Conceited creature!—I fancy, Miss, by your vast affection for this letter, it is the first of the kind you have ever received.

M. God.

M. God. Nay, my dear, why should you be piqued at me? the fault is none of mine. I dropt no handkerchief; I threw out no lure: the bird came willingly to hand, you know.

M. Gr. Metaphorical too! What, you are fetting up for a wit as well as a belle! Why, really, Madam, to do you justice, you have full as fine pretentions to one as the other.

M. God. I fancy, Madam, the world will not form their judgment of either from the re-

port of a disappointed rival.

M. Gr. Rival!—admirably rallied! But let me tell you, Madam, this fort of behaviour, Madam, at your own house, whatever may be your beauty, is no great proof of your breeding, Madam.

M. God. As to that, Ma'am, I hope I shall always show a proper refentment to any infult that is offer'd me, let it be in whose house it will. The affignation, Ma'am, both time and place, was of your own contriving.

M. Gr. Mighty well, Ma'am!

M. God. But if, dreading a mortification, you think proper to alter your plan, your chair, I believe, is in waiting.

M. Gr. It is, Madam !—then let it wait.— Oh, what that was your scheme! but it won't take, Miss: the contrivance is a little too shallow.

M. God. I don't understand you.

M. Gr. Cunning creature! So all this infolence was concerted, it feems; a plot to drive me out of the house, that you might have the fellow all to yourfelf: but I have a regard for your character, though you neglect it .-Fie.

Fie, Miss; a passion for a married man! I

really blush for you.

M. God. And I most fincerely pity you.—But curb your choler a little: the inquiry you are about to make requires rather a cooler disposition of mind; and by this time the hero is at hand.

M. Gr. Mighty well; I am prepared. But, Miss Godfrey, if you really wish to be acquitted of all artificial underhand dealings in this affair, suffer me in your name to manage the interview.

M. God. Most willingly: but he will recol-

lect your voice.

M. Gr. Oh, that is easily alter'd. [Enter a maid, who whispers Miss Grantham, and exit.]—It is he; but hide yourself, Miss, if you please.

M. God. Your hood a little forwarder, Miss; you may be known, and then we shall have the language of politeness inflam'd to proofs

of a violent passion.

M. Gr. You are prodigiously cautious.

SCENE—The Street. Enter Young Wilding.

Y. Wild. This rendezvous is fomething in the Spanish taste, imported, I suppose, with the guitar. At present, I presume the custom is confined to the great: but it will descend; and in a couple of months I shall not be surprized to hear an attorney's hackney clerk rousing at midnight a milliner's prentice, with an Ally, Ally Croker. But that, if I mistake not, is the temple; and see my goddess herself. Miss Godfrey!

[Miss Grantham appears at the balcony.

M. Gr. Hush!

Y. Wild. Am I right, Miss?

M. Gr. Softly. You received my letter I fee, Sir.

Y. Wild. And flew to the appointment with

more—

M. Gr. No raptures, I beg. But you must not suppose this meeting meant to encourage your hopes.

Y. Wild. How, Madam?

M. Gr. Oh, by no means, Sir, for though I own your figure is pleafing, and your converfation—

M. God. Hold, Miss; when did I ever con-

verse with him? [from within.]

M. Gr. Why, did not you fee him in the

park?

M. God. True, Madam; but the conversa-

tion was with you.

M. Gr. Bless me! you are very difficult. I fay, Sir, though your person may be unexceptionable, yet your character—

Y. Wild. My character!

M. Gr. Come, come, you are better known than you imagine.

Y. Wild. I hope not.

M. Gr. Your name is Wilding.

Y. Wild. How the deuce came she by that!

—True, Madam.

M. Gr. Pray, have you never heard of a Miss Grantham?

Y. Wild. Frequently.

M. Gr. You have. And had you never any favourable thoughts of that lady? Now mind, Miss.

Y. Wild. If you mean as a lover, never.

The

The lady did me the honour to have a small design upon me.

M. God. I hear every word, Miss.

M. Gr. But you need not lean fo heavy upon me; he speaks loud enough to be heard.

—I have been told, Sir, that—

Y. Wild. Yes, Ma'am, and very likely by

the lady herself.

M. Gr. Sir!

Y. Wild. Oh, Madam, I have another obligation in my pocket to Miss Grantham, which must be discharg'd in the morning.

M. Gr. Of what kind?

Y. Wild. Why, the lady, finding an old humble fervant of hers a little lethargic, has thought fit to administer me in a jealous draught, in order to quicken his passion.

M. Gr. Sir, let me tell you-

- M. God. Have a care; you will be tray your-felf.
- Y. Wild. Oh, the whole flory will afford you infinite diversion; such a farrage of fights and feasts. But, upon my honour, the girl has a fertile invention.
- M. God. So! what, that story was yours; was it?
- Y. Wild. Pray, Madam, don't I hear another voice?
- M. Gr. A diftant relation of mine.—Every fyllable false.—But, Sir, we have another charge against you. Do you know any thing of a lady at Abingdon?

Y. Wild. Miss Grantham again. Yes, Madam, I have some knowledge of that lady.

M. Gr. You have? Well, Sir, and that being the case, how could you have the affurance—

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. A moment's patience, Ma'am.—That lady, that Berkshire lady, will, I can affure you, prove no bar to my hopes.

M. Gr. How, Sir; no bar!

Y. Wild. Not in the least, Ma'am; for that lady exists in idea only.

M. Gr. No fuch person!

Y. Wild. A mere creature of the imagination.

M. Gr. Indeed!

Y. Wild. The attacks of Miss Grantham were so powerfully enforced, too, by paternal authority, that I had no method of avoiding the blow, but by the sheltering myself under the conjugal shield.

M. Gr. You are not married, then?—But what credit can I give to the professions of a man, who in an article of such importance, and

to a person of such respect-

Y. Wild. Nay, Madam, surely Miss Godfrey should not accuse me of a crime her own charms have occasion'd. Could any other motive, but the sear of losing her, prevail on me to trisle with a father; or compel me to infringe those laws which I have hitherto so inviolably observed?

M. Gr. What laws, Sir?

Y. Wild. The facred laws of truth, Ma'am.

M. Gr. There, indeed, you did yourself an infinite violence. But, when the whole of the affair is discover'd, will it be so easy to get rid of Miss Grantham? The violence of her passion, and the old gentleman's obstinacy—

Y. Wild. Are nothing to a mind resolved.

M. Gr. Poor Miss Grantham!

Y. Wild. Do you know her, Madam?

M. Gr.

M. Gr. I have heard of her; but you, Sir, I suppose, have been long on an intimate sooting?

Y. Wild. Bred up together from children.

M. Gr. Brave!—Is the handfoine?

Y. Wild. Her paint comes from Paris, and her femme de chambre is an excellent artist.

M. Gr. Very well!—Her shape?

Y. Wild. Pray, Madam, is not Curzon effeemed the best stay-maker for people inclined to be crooked?

M. Gr. But as to the qualities of her mind; for inflance, her understanding?

Y. Wild. Uncultivated.

M. Gr. Her wit?

Y. Wild. Borrowed.

M. Gr. Her taste?

Y. Wild. Trifling.

M. Gr. And her temper?

Y. Wild. Intolerable.

M. Gr. A finish'd picture. But come, these are not your real thoughts: this is a sa-crifice you think due to the vanity of our sex.

Y. Wild. My honest sentiments: and, to convince you how thoroughly indifferent I am to that lady, I would, upon my veracity, as soon take a wife from the Grand Signior's seraglio.—Now, Madam, I hope you are satisfied.

M. Gr. And you would not feruple to acknowledge this before the lady's face?

Y. Wild. The first opportunity.

M. Gr. That I will take care to provide you. Dare you meet me at her house?

Y. Wild. When?

M. Gr. In half an hour.

Y. Wild. But won't a declaration of this

fort appear odd at-a-

M. Gr. Come, no evasion; your conduct and character seem to me a little equivocal, and I must insist on this proof at least of——

Y. Wild. You shall have it.

M. Gr. In half an hour?

Y. Wild. This instant. M. Gr. Be punctual.

Y. Wild. Or may I forfeit your favour.

M. Gr. Very well; till then, Sir, adieu.—Now I think I have my spark in the toil; and if the fellow has any feeling, if I don't make him smart for every article—Come, my dear, I shall stand in need of your aid. [Exit.

Y. Wild. So I am now, I think, arrived at a critical period. If I can but weather this point—But why should I doubt it? it is in the day of distress only that a great man displays his abilities. But I shall want Papillion? where can the puppy be?

Enter Papillion.

Y. Wild. So, Sir, where have you been rambling?

Pap. I did not suppose you would want-

Y. Wild. Want! — you are always out of the way. Here have I been forced to tell forty lies upon my own credit, and not a fingle foul to youch for the truth of them.

Pap. Lord, Sir, you know----

Y. Wild. Don't plague me with your apologies; but it is lucky for you that I want your affifiance. Come with me to Miss Grantham's.

Pap. On what occasion?

Y. IVild.

Y. Wild. An important one: but I'll prepare you as we walk.

Pap. Sir, I am really—I could wish you

would be fo good as to-

Y. Wild. What, defert your friend in the heat of battle! Oh, you poltroon!

Pap. Sir, I would do any thing, but you

know I have not talents.

Y. Wild. I do; and for my own fake shall not task them too high.

Pap. Now I suppose the hour is come

when we shall pay for all.

Y. IVild. Why, what a dastardly, hen-hearted—But come, Papillion, this shall be your last campaign. Don't droop, man; confide in your leader, and remember, Sub auspice Teucro nil desperandum. [Exeunt.

SCENE—An Apartment in Miss Grantham's House.

Enter a Servant, conducting in Old Wilding.

Ser. My lady, Sir, will be at home immediately: Sir James Elliot is in the next room

waiting her return.

O. Wild. Pray, honest friend, will you tell Sir James that I beg the favour of a word with him? [Exit Ser.] This unthinking boy! Half the purpose of my life has been to plan this scheme for his happiness, and in one heedless hour has he mangled all.

Enter Sir James Elliot.

Sir, I ask your pardon; but upon so interesting a subject, I know you will excuse my intrusion. Pray, Sir, of what credit is the samily of the Sybthorps in Berkshire?

Sir Ja. Sir!

O. Wild. I don't mean as to property; that I am not so solicitous about; but as to their character: Do they live in reputation? Are they respected in the neighbourhood?

Sir Ja. The family of the Sybthorps!

O. Wild. Of the Sybthorps.

Sir Ja. Really I don't know, Sir. O. Wild. Not know!

Sir Ja. No; it is the very first time I ever

heard of the name.

O. Wild. How steadily he denies it! Well done, Baronet! I find Jack's account was a just one. [Aside.] Pray, Sir James, recollect yourself.

Sir Ja. It will be to no purpose.

O. Wild. Come, Sir, your motive for this affected ignorance is a generous but unnecessary proof of your friendship for my son: but I know the whole affair.

Sir Ja. What affair?

O. Wild. Jack's marriage.

Sir Ja. What Jack?

O. Wild. My fon Jack. Sir Ja. Is he married?

O. Wild. Is he married! why, you know he is.

Sir Ja. Not I, upon my honour.

O. Wild. Nay, that is going a little too far: but to remove all your fcrupies at once, he has own'd it himself.

Sir Ja. He has!

O. Wild. Ay, ay, to me. Every circumflance: going to your new purchase at Abingdon-meeting Lydia Sybthorp at the affembly -their private interviews-furprifed by the father-pistol-poker-and marriage; in short, every particular. Sir Ja.

Sir Ja. And this account you had from your fon?

O. Wild. From Jack; not two hours ago.

Sir Ja. I wish you joy, Sir.

O. Wild. Not much of that, I believe.

Sir Ja. Why, Sir, does the marriage displease you?

O. Wild. Doubtless.

Sir Ja. Then I fancy you may make yourself easy.

O. Wild. Why fo?

Sir Ja. You have got, Sir, the most prudent daughter-in-law in the British dominions.

O. Wild. I am happy to hear it.

Sir Ja. For tho' she mayn't have brought you much, I'm sure she'll not cost you a farthing.

O. Wild. Ay; exactly Jack's account.

Sir Ja. She'll be eafily jointured.

O. Wild. Justice shall be done her.

Sir Ja. No provision necessary for younger children.

O. Wild. No, Sir! why not?—I can tell you, if she answers your account, not the daughter of a duke——

Sir Ja. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

O. Wild. You are merry, Sir.

Sir Ja. What an unaccountable fellow!

O. Wild. Sir!

Sir Ja. I beg your pardon, Sir. But with regard to this marriage—

O. Wild. Well, Sir!

Sir Ja. I take the whole history to be neither more nor less than an absolute fable.

O. Wild. How, Sir?

Sir Ja. Even fo.

O. Wild. Why, Sir, do you think my fon would dare to impose upon me? Sir Ja.

Sir Ja. Sir, he would dare to impose upon any body. Don't I know him?

O. Wild. What do you know?

Sir Ja. I know, Sir, that his narratives gain him more applause than credit; and that, whether from constitution or habit, there is no believing a syllable he says.

O. Wild. Oh, mighty well, Sir!—He wants to turn the tables upon Jack.—But it won't do; you are forestall'd; your novels won't pass

upon me.

Sir Ja. Sir!

O. Wild. Nor is the character of my fon to be blasted with the breath of a bouncer.

Sir Ja. What is this?

O. Wild. No, no, Mr. Mandeville, it won't do; you are as well known here as in your own county of Hereford.

Sir Ja. Mr. Wilding, but that I am fure this extravagant behaviour owes its rife to fome impudent impositions of your fon, your age

would scarce prove your protection.

O. Wild. Nor, Sir, but that I know my boy equal to the defence of his own honour, should he want a protector in this arm, wither'd and impotent as you may think it.

Enter Miss Grantham.

M. Gr. Bless me, gentlemen, what is the

meaning of this?

Sir Ja. No more at prefent, Sir: I have another demand upon your fon; we'll fettle the whole together.

O. Wild. I am fure he will do you justice.

M. Cr. How, Sir James Elliot! I flatter'd myself that you had finish'd your visits here, Sir.

Sir. Must I be the eternal object of your outrage? not only insulted in my own person, but in that of my friends! Pray, Sir, what right—

O. Wild. Madam, I ask your pardon; a difagreeable occasion brought me here: I come, Madam, to renounce all hopes of being nearer allied to you, my fon unfortunately being married already.

M. Gr. Married!

Sir Ja. Yes, Madam, to a lady in the clouds: and because I have refused to acknowledge her family, this old gentleman has behaved in a manner very inconsistent with his usual politeness.

O. Wild. Sir, I thought this affair was to be referved for another occasion; but you, it

feems-

M. Gr. Oh, is that the business!—Why, I begin to be afraid that we are here a little in the wrong, Mr. Wilding.

O. Wild. Madam!

M. Gr. Your fon has just confirm'd Sir James Elliot's opinion, at a conference under Miss Godfrey's window.

O. Wild. Is it possible?

M. Gr. Most true; and assign'd two most whimsical motives for the unaccountable tale.

O. Wild. What can they be?

M. Gr. An aversion for me, whom he has seen but once; and an affection for Miss Godfrey, whom I am almost sure he never saw in his life.

O. Wild. You amaze me.

M. Gr. Indeed, Mr. Wilding, your fon is a most extraordinary youth; he has finely perplex'd

plex'd us all. I think, Sir James, you have a finall obligation to nim.

Sir Ja. Which I shall take care to acknow-

ledge the first opportunity.

O. Wild. You have my confent. An abandon'd profligate! Was his father a proper subject for his—But I discard him.

M. Gr. Nay, now, gentlemen, you are rather too warm: I can't think Mr. Wilding had-hearted at the bottom. This is a levity.—

O. Wild. How, Madam, a levity!

M. Gr. Take my word for it, no more; inflamed into habit by the approbation of his juvenile friends. Will you submit his punishment to me? I think I have the means in my hands, both to fatisfy your resentments, and accomplish his cure into the bargain.

Sir Ja. I have no quarrel to him, but for

the ill offices he has done me with you.

M. Gr. D'ye hear, Mr. Wilding? I am afraid my opinion with Sir James must cement the general peace.

O. Wild. Madam, I submit to any—

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mr. Wilding to wait upon you, Madam. Exit.

M. Gr. He is punctual, I find. Come, good folks, you all act under my direction. You, Sir, will get from your fon, by what means you think fit, the real truth of the Abingdon business. You must likewise seemingly confent to his marriage with Miss Godfrey, whom I shrewdly suspect he has, by some odd accident, mistaken for me; the lady herself shall appear at your call. Come, Sir James, you

will withdraw. I intend to produce another performer, who will want a little instruction. ---Kitty?

Enter Kitty.

Let John show Mr. Wilding in to his father; then come to my dreffing-room: I have a short fcene to give you in study. [Exit Kitty.]-The girl is lively, and, I warrant, will do her character justice. Come, Sir James. Nay, no ceremony; we must be as busy as bees.

Exit Miss Grantham and Sir James.

O. Wild. This strange boy!—But I must

command my temper.

Y. Wild. (speaking as he enters.)—People to speak with me! See what they want, Papillion.-My father here!-that's unlucky enough.

O. Wild. Ha, Jack, what brings you here?

Y. Wild. Why, I thought it my duty to wait upon Miss Grantham, in order to make her fome apology for the late unfortunate—=

O. Wild. Well, now, that is prudently as

well as politely done.

Y. Wild. I am happy to meet, Sir, with

your approbation.

O. Wild. I have been thinking, Jack, about my daughter-in-law: as the affair is public, it is not decent to let her continue longer at her father's.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. Would it not be right to fend for her home?

Y. Wild. Doubtless, Sir. O. Wild. I think so. Why, then, to-morrow my chariot shall fetch her.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. The devil it shall! [Afide.]—Not

quite so soon, if you please, Sir.

O. Wild. No! Why not?

Y. Wild. The journey may be dangerous in her prefent condition.

O. Wild. What's the matter with her?
Y. Wild. She is big with child, Sir.
O. Wild. An audacious—Big with child! -that is fortunate. But, however, an easy carriage and fhort stages can't hurt her.

Y. Wild. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not trust

her: she is fix months gone.

- O. Wild. Nay, then, there may be danger indeed. But should not I write to her father, just to let him know that you have discover'd the fecret?
- Y. Wild. By all means, Sir; it will make him extremely happy.

O. Wild. Why, then, I will instantly about

it. Pray, how do you direct to him?

Y. Wild. Abingdon, Berkshire. O. Wild. True; but his address?

Y. Wild. You need not trouble yourfelf, Sir: I shall write by this post to my wife, and will fend your letter inclosed.

O. Wild. Ay, ay, that will do.

Y. Wild. So, I have parried that thrust.

O. Wild. Though, upon fecond thoughts, Jack, that will rather look too familiar for an introductory letter.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. And these country gentlemen are full of punctilios-No, I'll fend him a letter apart; fo give me his direction.

Y. Wild. You have it, Sir.

O. Wild. Ay, but his name: I have been fo hurried that I have entirely forgot it.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. I am fure so have I. [Aside.]—His name—his name, Sir—Hopkins.

O. Wild. Hopkins! Y. Wild. Yes, Sir.

O. Wild. That is not the fame name that you gave me before: that, if I recollect, was

either Sypthorp or Sybthorp.

Y. Wild. You are right, Sir; that is his paternal appellation: but the name of Hopkins he took for an estate of his mother's: so he is indiscriminately called Hopkins or Sybthorp: and now I recollect I have his letter in my pocket—he signs himself Sybthorp Hopkins.

ftep him at once. Hark ye, Sir; I think you

are call'd my fon?

Y. Wild. I hope, Sir, you have no reason to

doubt it.

O. Wild. And look upon yourfelf as a gentleman?

Y. Wild. In having the honour of descending from you.

O. Wild. And that you think a fufficient

pretention?

Y. Wild. Sir—pray, Sir—

O. Wild. And by what means do you imagine your ancestors obtain'd that distinguishing title? By their pre-eminence in virtue, I suppose.

Y. Wild. Doubtless, Sir.

O. Wild. And has it never occurr'd to you, that what was gain'd by honour might be lost by infamy?

Y. Wild. Perfectly, Sir.

O. Wild. Are you to learn what redress even the imputation of a sie demands; and that

that nothing less than the life of the adversary can extinguish the affront?

Y. Wild. Doubtless, Sir.

O. Wild. Then, how dare you call yourself a gentleman? you, whose life has been one continued scene of fraud and falsity! And would nothing content you but making me a partner in your infamy? Not satisfied with violating that great band of society, mutual considence, the most facred rights of nature must be invaded, and your father made the innocent instrument to circulate your abominable impositions.

Y. Wild. But, Sir!

O. Wild. Within this hour my life was nearly facrificed in defence of your fame: but perhaps that was your intention; and the flory of your marriage merely calculated to fend me out of the world, as a grateful return for my bringing you into it.

Y. Wild. For heaven's fake, Sir!

O. Wild. What other motive?

Y. Wild. Hear me, I intreat you, Sir.

O. Wild. To be again imposed on! No, Jack; my eyes are open'd at last.

Y. Wild. By all that's facred, Sir-

O. Wild. I am now deaf to your delufions.

Y. Wild. But hear me, Sir. I own the Abingdon business—

O. Wild. An absolute fiction.

Y. Wild. I do.

O. Wild. And how dare you-

Y. Wild. I crave but a moment's audience.

O. Wild. Go on.

O. Wild. So!—what, here's another marriage trump'd out? but that is a stale device. And, pray, Sir, what place does this lady inhabit? Come, come, go on; you have a fertile invention, and this is a fine opportunity. Well, Sir, and this charming lady, residing, I suppose, in nubibus—

Y. Wild. No, Sir; in London.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Y. Wild. Nay, more, and at this instant in his house.

O. Wild. And her name-

Y. Wild. Godfrey.
O. Wild. The friend of Miss Grantham?
Y. Wild. The very same, Sir.

O. Wild. Have you spoke to her?

Y. Wild. Parted from her not ten minutes ago; nay, am here by her appointment.

O. Wild. Has she favoured your address? Y. Wild. Time, Sir, and your approbation,

will, I hope.

- O. Wild. Look ye, Sir, as there is some little probability in this ftory, I shall think it worth farther inquiry. To be plain with you, I know Miss Godfrey; am intimate with her family: and though you deferve but little from me, I will endeavour to aid your intention. But if, in the progress of this affair, you practise any of your usual arts; if I discover the least falsehood, the least duplicity, remember you have lost a father.
 - Y. Wild. I shall submit without a murmur. Exit Old Wilding.

Enter Papillion.

Y. Wild. Well, Papillion.

Pap. Sir, here has been the devil to pay within.

Y. Wild. What's the matter?

Pap. A whole legion of cooks, confectioners, musicians, waiters, and watermen.

Y. Witd. What do they want?

Pap. You, Sir. Y. Wild. Me!

Pap. Yes, Sir; they have brought in their bills.

Y. Wild. Bills! for what?

Pap. For the entertainment you gave last night upon the water.

Y. Wild. That I gave?

Pap. Yes, Sir; you remember the bill of fare: I am fure the very mention of it makes my mouth water.

Y. Wild. Prythee, are you mad? There

must be some mistake; you know that I-

Pap. They have been vastly puzzled to find out your lodgings; but Mr. Robinson meeting by accident with Sir James Elliot, he was kind enough to tell him where you lived. Here are the bills: Almack's, twelve dozen of Claret, ditto Champagne, Frontiniac, Sweetmeats, Pine-apples: the whole amount is 3721.9s. besides music and fireworks.

Y. Wild. Come, Sir, this is no time for tri-

fling.

Pap. Nay, Sir, they fay they have gone full as low as they can afford; and they were in hopes, from the great fatisfaction you expressed to Sir James Elliot, that you would throw them in an additional compliment.

Y.: Wild. Hark ye, Mr. Papillion, if you don't

don't cease your impertinence, I shall pay you a compliment that you would gladly excuse.

Pap. Upon my faith, I relate but the mere matter of fact. You know, Eir, I am but bad at invention; though this incident, I can't help thinking, is the natural fruit of your happy one.

Y. Wild. But are you ferious? is this pof-

fible?

Pap. Most certain. It was with difficulty I restrain'd their impatience; but, however, I have dispatch'd them to your lodgings, with a promise that you shall immediately meet them.

Y. Wild. Oh, there we shall soon rid our hands of the troop.—Now, Papillion, I have news for you. My father has got to the bot-

tom of the whole Abingdon business.

Pap. The deuce!

Y. Wild. We parted this moment. Such a fcene!

Pap. And what was the iffue?

Y. Wild. Happy beyond my hopes. Not only an act of oblivion, but a promise to plead my cause with the fair.

Pap. With Miss Godfrey!

Y. Wild. Who else?—He is now with her in another room.

Pap. And there is no—you understand me—in all this?

Y. Wild. No, no; that is all over now—my reformation is fixt.

Pap. As a weather-cock.

Y. Wild. Here comes my father.

Enter Old Wilding.

Y. Wild. Well, Sir, I find in this last article you have condescended to tell me the truth:

the young lady is not averfe to your union; but, in order to fix fo mutable a mind, I have drawn up a flight contract, which you are both to fign.

Y. Wild. With transport.

O. Wild. I will introduce Miss Godfrey. Exic

Y. Wild. Did not I tell you, Papillion?

Pap. This is amazing, indeed!

Y. Wild. Am not I a happy fortunate?— But they come.

Enter Old Wilding and Miss Godfrey.

O. Wild. If, Madam, he has not the highest fense of the great honour you do him, I shall cease to regard him. There, Sir, make your own acknowledgments to that lady.

Y. Wild. Sir !

O. Wild. This is more than you merit; but let your future behaviour testify your gratitude,

Y. Wild. Papillion! Madam! Sir!

O. Wild. What, is the puppy petrified!— Why don't you go up to the lady?

Y. Wild. Up to the lady!—That lady?
O. Wild. That lady!—To be fure. What other lady?—To Mifs Godfrey.

Y. Wild. That lady Miss Godfrey?

O. Wild. What is all this?—Hark ye, Sir; I fee what you are at: but no trifling; I'll be no more the dupe of your double detestable-Recollect my last resolution: This instant your hand to the contract, or tremble at the confequence.

Y. Wild. Sir, that, I hope, is—might not I

-to be fure-

O. Wild. No further evalions! There, Sir.

Y. Wild. Heigh ho! [Signs it.]

O. Wild.

O. Wild. Very well. Now, Madam, your name if you please.

Y. Wild. Papillion, do you know who she is?

Pap. That's a question indeed! Don't you, Sir?

Y. Wild. Not I, as I hope to be faved.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A young lady begs to speak with Mr. Wilding.

Y. Wild. With me?

M. God. A young lady with Mr. Wilding! Ser. Seems diffrest, Madam, and extreme-

ly pressing for admittance.

M. God. Indeed! There may be formething in this. You must permit me, Sir, to pause a little: who knows but a prior claim may prevent---

O. Wild. How, Sir, who is this lady?

Y. Wild. It is impossible for me to divine, Sir.

O. Wild. You know nothing of her?

Y. Wild. How should I?

O. Wild. You hear, Madam.

M. God. I prefume your fon can have no objection to the lady's appearance.

Y. Wild. Not in the least, Madam.

M. God. Show her in, John. [Exit Ser.

O. Wild. No, Madam, I don't think there is the least room for suspecting him: he can't be fo abandon'd as to—But she is here. Upon my word, a fightly woman.

Enter Kitty as Miss Sybthorp.

Kit. Where is he?—Oh, let me throw my arms—my life—my—

Y. Wild. Heyday!

Kit. And could you leave me? and for fo long a space? Think how the tedious time has lagg'd along.

Y. Wild. Madam!

Kit. But we are met at last, and now will part no more.

Y. Wild. The deuce we won't!

Kit. What, not one kind look! no tender word to hail our fecond meeting!

Y. Wild. What the devil is all this?

Kit. Are all your oaths, your protestations, come to this? Have I deserved such treatment? Quitted my father's house, left all my friends, and wander'd here alone in search of thee, thou first, last, only object of my love!

O. Wild. To what can all this tend? Hark

ye, Sir; unriddle this mystery.

Y. Wild. Davus, non Edipus sum. It is beyond me, I confess. Some lunatic escaped from her keeper, I suppose.

Kit. Am I disown'd then, contemn'd, slight-

ed?

O. Wild. Hold!—let me inquire into this matter a little. Pray, Madam—You feem to be pretty familiar here.—Do you know this gentleman?

Kit. Too well.

O. Wild. His name?

Kit. Wilding.

O. Wild. So far she is right. Now yours, if you please.

Kit. Wilding. Omnes. Wilding!

O. Wild. And how came you by that name,

pray?

Kit. Most lawfully, Sir: by the facred band, the holy tie that made us one. O. Wild.

O. Wild What, married to him?

Kit. Most true.

Omres. How!

Y. Wild. Sir, may I never-

O. Wild. Peace, monster!—One question more: your maiden name?

Kit. Sybthorp.

O. Wild. Lydia, from Abingdon, in the county of Berks?

Kit. The fame.

O. Wild. As I suspected. So then the whole story is true, and the monster is married at last.

Y. Wild. Me, Sir! By all that's—

O. Wild. Eternal dumbness seize thee, meafureless lyar!

Y. Wild. If not me, hear this gentleman—

Marquis—

Pap. Not I; I'll be drawn into none of your fcrapes: it is a pit of your own digging; and fo get out as well as you can. Mean time I'll shift for myself.

[Exit.

O. Wild. What evalion now, monster?

M. God. Deceiver!
O. Wild. Lyar!

M. God. Impostor!

Y. Wild. Why, this is a general combination to diffract me; but I will be heard. Sir, you are grossly imposed upon: the low contriver of this woman's shallow artifice I shall soon find means to discover; and as to you, Madam, with whom I have been suddenly surprised into a contract, I most solemnly declare this is the first time I ever set eyes on you.

O. Wild. Amazing confidence! Did not I

bring her at your own request?

Y. Wild. No.

M. God. Is not this your own letter?

Y. Wild. No.

Kit. Am not I your wife?

Y. Wild. No.

O. Wild. Did not you own it to me? Y. Wild. Yes—that is—no, no.

Kit. Hear me.

Y. Wild. No.

M. God. Answer me.

Y. Wild. No.

O. Wild. Have not I-

Y. Wild. No, no, no. Zounds! you are all mad; and if I stay, I shall catch the infection.

Enter Sir James Elliot and Miss Grantham.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

M. Gr. Finely perform'd.

O. Wild. You have kept your promise, and I thank you, Madam.

M. Gr. My medicine was somewhat rough,

Sir; but in desperate cases, you know-

O. Wild. If his cure is completed, he will gratefully acknowledge the cause; if not, the punishment comes far short of his crimes. It is needless to pay you any compliments, Sir James; with that lady you can't fail to be happy. I shan't venture to hint a scheme I have greatly at heart, till we have undeniable proofs of the success of our operations. To the ladies, indeed, no character is fo dangerous as that of a lyar:

> They in the fairest frames can fix a flaw, And vanquish females whom they never saw.

> > FINIS.

PATRON:

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS:

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE IN THE HAY-MARKET;

WRITTEN BY

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, No. 76, FLEET STREET.

1794.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GRANVILLE LEVESON GOWER,

EARL GOWER,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Houshold.

My Lord,

THE following little Comedy, founded on a story of M. Marmontell's, and calculated to expose the frivolity and ignorance of the pretenders to learning, with the insolence and vanity of their superficial, illiberal protectors, can be addressed to no nobleman with more propriety than to Lord Gower; whose judgment, though elegant, is void of affectation; and whose patronage, though powerful, is destitute of all fassidious parade. It is with pleasure, my Lord, that the Public sees your Lordship placed at the head of that department which is to decide, without

without appeal, on the most popular domain in the whole republic of letters; a spot that has always been distinguished with affection, and cultivated with care, by every ruler the least attentive to either chastising the morals, polishing the manners, or, what is of equal importance, rationally amusing the leisure of the people.

The Patron, my Lord, who now begs your protection, has had the good fortune to be well received by the public; and, indeed, of all the pieces that I have had the honour to offer them, this feems to me to have the fairest claim to their favour.

But the play, stripp'd of those theatrical ornaments for which it is indebted to your Lordship's indulgence, must now plead it's own cause; nor will I, my Lord, with an affected humility, echo the trite, coarse, though classical compliment, of Optimus patronus, pessions poeta: for if this be really true of the last, the first can have but small pretensions to praise; patronizing bad poets being, in my poor opinion, sull as pernicious to the progress of letters, as neglecting the good.

In humble hopes, then, my Lord, of not being thought the meanest in the Muses train, I have taken the liberty to prefix your name to this dedication, and publicly to acknowledge my obligations to your Lordship; which, let me boast too, I have had the happiness to receive, untainted by the insolence of domestics, the delays

lays of office, or the chilling fuperiority of rank; mortifications which have been too often experienced by much greater writers than myself, from much less men than your Lordship.

My Lord, I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect and gratitude,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

and most devoted,

humble servant.

West-End, June 20, 1764.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

Dramatis

Dramatis Persona.

Sir Thomas Lofty,
Sir Peter Pepperpot,

Mr. Foote.

DICK BEVER, Mr. Death.

FRANK YOUNGER, Mr. Davis

Sir Roger Dowlas, Mr. Palmer.

Mr. Rust, Mr. Weston.

Mr. Dactyl, Mr. Granger.

Mr. Puff, Mr. Hayes.

Mr. STAYTAPE, Mr. Brown.

ROBIN, Mr. Parsons.

John, Mr Lewis.

Two Blacks.

Miss Juliet, Mrs. Granger.

PATRON.

ACT I.

SCENE THE STREET,

Enter Bever and Younger.

YOUNGER.

NO, Dick, you must pardon me.

BEVER.

Nay, but to fatisfy your curiofity.

YOUNGER.

I tell you, I have not a jot.

BEVER.

Why then to gratify me.

YOUNGER.

At rather too great an expence.

BEVER.

To a fellow of your observation and turn, I should think, now, such a scene a most delicate treat.

YOUNGER.

Delicate! Palling, naufeous, to a dreadful degree. To a lover, indeed, the charms of the niece may palliate the uncle's fulfome formality.

BEVER.

The uncle! ay, but then you know he is only one of the group,

YOUNGER.

YOUNGER.

That's true; but the figures are all finish'd a-like:—a maniere, a tiresome sameness throughout.

BEVER.

There you will excuse me; I am sure there is no want of variety.

YOUNGER.

No! then let us have a detail. Come, Dick, give us a bill of the play.

BEVER.

First, you know, there's Juliet's uncle.

YOUNGER.

What, Sir Thomas Lofty! the modern Midas, or rather (as fifty dedications will tell you) the Pollio, the Atticus, the patron of genius, the protector of arts, the paragon of poets, decider on merit, chief justice of taste, and sworn appraiser to Apollo and the tuneful Nine. Ha, ha.—Oh, the tedious, insipid, insufferable coxcomb!

BEVER.

Nay, now, Frank, you are too extravagant. He is univerfally allow'd to have taste; sharp-judging Adriel, and the muse's friend, himself a muse.

YOUNGER.

Taste! by who? underling bards, that he feeds; and broken booksellers, that he bribes. Look ye, Dick, what raptures you please, when Miss Losty is your theme; but expect no quarter for the rest of the family. I tell thee, once for all, Losty is a rank impostor, the buso of an illiberal, mercenary tribe; he has neither genius to create, judgment to distinguish, or generosity to reward; his wealth has gain'd him flattery from the indigent

digent, and the haughty insolence of his pretence, admiration from the ignorant. Voilà le portrait de votre oncle. Now on to the next.

BEVER.

The ingenious and erudite Mr. Ruft.

YOUNGER.

What, old Martin, the medal-monger?

BEVER.

The same, and my rival in Juliet.

YOUNGER.

Rival! what, Rust? why she's too modern for him by a couple of centuries. Martin! why he likes no heads but upon coins. Married! the mummy! Why 'tis not above a fortnight ago that I saw him making love to the figure without a nose in Somerset-Gardens: I caught him stroaking the marble plaits of her gown, and asked him if he was not ashamed to take such liberties with ladies in public.

BEVER.

What an inconstant old scoundrel it is!

YOUNGER.

Oh, a Dorimant. But how came this about? what could occasion the change? was it in the power of flesh and blood to seduce this adorer of virtù from his marble and porphyry?

BEVER.

Juliet has done it; and, what will furprize you, his taste was a bawd to the business.

YOUNGER.

Pr'ythee explain.

BEVER.

Juliet met him last week at her uncle's: he was a little pleased with the Greek of her profile; but,

on a closer enquiry, he found the turn-up of her nose to exactly resemble the bust of the princess Popæa.

YOUNGER.

The chaste moiety of the amiable Nero.

BEVER.

The fame.

YOUNGER.

Oh, the deuce! then your business was done in an instant.

BEVER.

Immediately. In favour of the tip, he offered carte blanche for the rest of the figure, which (as you may suppose) was instantly caught at.

YOUNGER.

Doubtless. But who have we here?

BEVER.

This is one of Lofty's companions, a West-Indian of an over-grown fortune. He saves me the trouble of a portrait. This is Sir Peter Pepperpot.

Enter Sir Peter Pepperpot and two blacks.

Sir PETER.

Careless scoundrels! harkee, rascals! I'll banish you home, you dogs! you shall back, and broil in the sun. Mr. Bever, your humble; Sir, I am your entirely devoted.

BEVER.

You feem moved; what has been the matter, Sir Peter?

Sir PETER.

Matter! why, I am invited to dinner on a barbicu, and the villains have forgot my bottle of cayenne.

YOUNGER.

YOUNGER.

Unpardonable.

Sir PETER.

Ay, this country has fpoil'd them; this fame christening will ruin the colonies.——Well, dear Bever, rare news? boy; our fleet is arrived from the West.

BEVER.

It is?

Sir PETER.

Ay, lad; and a glorious cargo of turtle. It was lucky I went to Brighthelmstone; I nicked the time to a hair; thin as a lath, and a stomach as sharp as a shark's: never was in finer condition for feeding.

BEVER.

Have you a large importation, Sir Peter?

Sir PETER.

Nine; but feven in excellent order: the captain affures me they greatly gain'd ground on the voyage.

BEVER.

·How do you dispose of them?

Sir PETER.

Four to Cornhill, three to Almack's, and the two fickly ones I shall fend to my borough in Yorkshire.

YOUNGER.

Ay! what, have the provincials a relish for turtle?

Sir PETER.

Sir, it is amazing how this country improves in turtle and turnpikes; to which (gives me leave to say) we, from our part of the world, have not a little contributed. Why, formerly, Sir, a brace of bucks on the mayor's annual day was thought a pretty moderate blessing. But we, Sir, have polish'd

their palates. Why, Sir, not the meanest member of my corporation but can distinguish the pash from the pec.

YOUNGER.

Indeed!

Sir PETER.

Ay, and fever the green from the shell with the skill of the ablest anatomist.

YOUNGER.

And they are fond of it?

Sir PETER.

Oh, that the confumption will tell you. The flated allowance is fix pounds to an alderman, and five to each of their wives.

BEVER.

A plentiful provision.

Sir PETER.

But there was never known any waste: the mayor, recorder, and rector, are permitted to eat as much as they please.

YOUNGER.

The entertainment is pretty expensive.

Sir PETER.

Land-carriage and all. But I contrived to fmuggle the last that I fent them.

BEVER.

Smuggle! I don't understand you.

Sir PETER.

Why, Sir, the rafcally coachman had always charged me five pounds for the carriage. Damn'd dear! Now my cook going at the fame time into the country, I made him clap a capuchin upon the turtle, and for thirty shillings put him an inside passenger in the Doncaster Fly.

YOUNGER.

A happy expedient.

BEVER.

BEVER.

Oh, Sir Peter has infinite humour.

Sir PETER.

Yes, but the frolick had like to have proved fatal.

YOUNGER,

How fo?

Sir PETER.

The maid at the Rummer, at Hatfield, popp'd her head into the coach, to know if the company would have any breakfast: Ecod, the turtle, Sir, laid hold of her nose, and slapp'd her face with his fins till the poor devil sell into a sit. Ha, ha, ha.

YOUNGER,

Oh, an absolute Rabelais.

BEVER.

What, I reckon, Sir Peter, you are going to the Square?

Sir PETER.

Yes; I extremely admire Sir Thomas. You know this is his day of affembly; I suppose you will be there: I can tell you, you are a wonderful favourite.

BEVER.

Am I?

Sir PETER.

He fays, your natural genius is fine; and when polish'd by his cultivation, will furprize and assonish the world.

BEVER.

I hope, Sir, I shall have your voice with the public.

Sir PETER.

Mine! O fie, Mr. Bever.

BEVER.

Come, come, you are no inconsiderable patron.

Sir PETER.

Sir PETER.

He, he, he. Can't say but I love to encourage the arts.

BEVER.

And have contributed largely yourself.

YOUNGER.

What, is Sir Peter an author?

Sir PETER.

O fie! what me? a mere dabbler; have blotted my fingers, 'tis true:—fome fonnets, that have not been thought wanting in falt.

BEVER.

And your epigrams.

Sir PETER.

Not entirely without point.

BEVER.

But come, Sir Peter, the love of the arts is not the fole cause of your visits to the house you are going to.

Sir PETER.

I don't understand you.

BEVER.

Miss Juliet, the niece.

Sir PETER.

O fie! what chance have I there? Indeed, if Lady Pepperpot should happen to pop off—

BEVER.

I don't know that. You are, Sir Peter, a dangerous man; and, were I a father, or uncle, I should not be a little shy of your visits.

Sir PETER.

Psha! dear Bever, you banter.

BEVER.

And (unless I am extremely out in my guess) that lady—

Sir PETER.

Sir PETER.

Hey! what, what, dear Bever?

But if you should betray me— Sir PETER.

May I never eat a bit of green fat, if I do!

BEVER.

Hints have been dropp'd.
Sir PETER.

The devil! come a little this way.

BEVER.

Well made; not robust and gigantic, 'tis true, but extremely genteel.

Sir PETER.

Indeed!

BEVER.

Features, not entirely regular; but marking, with an air now, fuperior; greatly above the —you understand me?

Sir PETER.

Perfectly. Something noble; expressive of-

BEVER.

Right.

Sir PETER.

Yes, I have been frequently told fo.

BEVER.

Not an absolute wit; but something infinitely better: an *enjouement*, a spirit, a—

Sir PETER.

Gaiety. I was ever fo, from a child.

BEVER.

In short, your dress, address, with a thousand other particulars that at present I can't recollect.

Sir PETER.

Why, dear Bever, to tell thee the truth, I have always admired Miss Juliet, and a delicate creature creature she is: fweet as a sugar-cane, strait as a bamboo, and her teeth as white as a negro's.

BEVER.

Poetic, but true. Now only conceive, Sir Peter, such a plantation of perfections to be devoured by that caterpillar Rust.

Sir PETER.

A liquorish grub! Are pine-apples for such muckworms as he? I'll send him a jar of citrons and ginger, and poison the pipkin.

BEVER.

No, no.

Sir PETER.

Or invite him to dinner, and mix rat's-bane along with his curry.

BEVER.

Not so precipitate; I think we may defeat him without any danger.

Sir PETER.

How, how?

BEVER.

I have a thought—but we must settle the plan with the lady. Could not you give her the hint, that I should be glad to see her a moment.

Sir PETER.

I'll do it directly.

BEVER.

But don't let Sir Thomas perceive you.

Sir PETER.

Never fear. You'll follow?

BEVER.

The inflant I have fettled matters with her; but fix the old fellow fo that fhe may not be mis'd.

Sir PETER.

Sir PETER.

I'll nail him, I warrant; I have his opinion to beg on this manuscript.

BEVER.

Your own?

Sir PETER.

No.

BEVER.

Oh ho! what fomething new from the doctor, your chaplain?

Sir PETER.

He! no, no. O Lord, he's eloped.

How?

Sir PETER.

Gone. You know he was to dedicate his volume of fables to me: fo I gave him thirty pounds to get my arms engraved, to prefix (by way of print) to the frontispiece; and, O grief of griefs! the doctor has moved off with the money. I'll send you Miss Juliet.

[Exit.

BEVER.

There, now, is a special protector! The arts, I think, can't but flourish under such a Mecænas.

YOUNGER.

Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool.

BEVER.

True; but then, to justify the dispensation,

From hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed. Fortunes to bookfellers, to authors bread.

YOUNGER.

The distribution is, I own, a little unequal: and here comes a most melancholy instance; poor Dick Dactyl, and his publisher Puff.

Enter

Enter Daciyl and Puff.

PUFF.

Why, then, Mr. Dactyl, carry them to fomebody else; there are people enough in the trade: but I wonder you would meddle with poetry; you know it rarely pays for the paper.

DACTYL.

And how can one help it, Mr. Puff? Genius impels, and when a man is once listed in the fervice of the Muses—

PUFF.

Why let him give them warning as foon as he can. A pretty fort of fervice, indeed! where there are neither wages nor vails. The Muses! And what, I suppose, this is the livery they give. Gadzooks, I had rather be a waiter at Ranelagh.

BEVER.

The poet and publisher at variance! What is the matter, Mr. Dactyl?

DACTYL.

As Gad shall judge me, Mr. Bever, as pretty a poem, and so polite; not a mortal can take any offence; all full of panegyric and praise.

PUFF.

A fine character he gives of his works. No offence! the greatest in the world, Mr. Dactyl. Panegyric and praise! and what will that do with the public? Why, who the devil will give money to be told that Mr. Such-a-one is a wifer or better man than himself? No, no; 'tis quite and clean out of nature. A good sousing satire, now, well powder'd with personal pepper, and seasoned with the spirit of party; that demolishes a conspicuous character, and sinks him below

our

our own level; there, there, we are pleased; there we chuckle, and grin, and toss the half-crowns on the counter.

DACTYL.

Yes, and so get cropp'd for a libel.

PUFF.

Cropp'd! ay, and the luckiest thing that can happen to you. Why, I would not give two pence for an author that is asraid of his ears. Writing, writing is, (as I may say,) Mr. Dactyl, a sort of warsare, where none can be victor that is the least asraid of a scar. Why, zooks, Sir, I never got salt to my potridge till I mounted at the Royal Exchange.

BEVER.

Indeed!

PUFF.

No, no; that was the making of me. Then my name made a noise in the world. Talk of forked hills, and of Helicon! romantic and sabulous stuff. The true Castalian stream is a shower of eggs, and a pillory the poet's Parnassus.

DACTYL.

Ay, to you indeed it may answer; but what do we get for our pains?

PUFF.

Why, what the deuce would you get? food, fire, and fame. Why you would not grow fat! a corpulent poet is a monster, a prodigy! No, no; spare diet is a spur to the fancy; high feeding would but sounder your Pegasus.

DACTYL.

Why, you impudent, illiterate rascal! who is it you dare treat in this manner?

PUFF.

Heyday! what is the matter now?

DACTYL.

And is this the return for all the obligations you owe me? But no matter? the world, the world shall know what you are, and how you have used me.

PUFF.

Do your worst; I despise you.

DACTYL.

They shall be told from what a dunghill you sprang. Gentlemen, if there be faith in a sinner, that fellow owes every shilling to me.

PUFF.

To thee!

DACTYL.

Ay, Sirrah, to me. In what kind of way did I find you? then where and what was your state? Gentlemen, his shop was a shed in Moorfields; his kitchen a broken pipkin of charcoal; and his bed-chamber, under the counter.

PUFF.

I never was fond of expence; I ever minded my trade.

DACTYL.

Your trade! and pray with what stock did you trade? I can give you the catalogue; I believe it won't overburthen my memory. Two odd volumes of Swist; the Life of MolI Flanders, with cuts; the Five Senses, printed and coloured by Overton; a few classics, thumb'd and blotted by the boys of the Charterhouse; with the Trial of Dr. Sacheverel.

PUFF.

Malice!

DACTYL.

DACTYL.

Then, Sirrah, I gave you my Canning: it was she first set you afloat.

PUFF.

A grub.

DACTYL.

And it is not only my writings: you know, Sirrah, what you owe to my physic.

BEVER.

How! a physician?

DACTYL.

Yes, Mr. Bever; physic and poetry. Apollo is the patron of both: Opiferque per orbem dicor.

PUFF.

His physic!

DACTYL.

My physic! ay, my physic: why, dare you deny it, you rascal! What, have you forgot my powders for flatulent crudities?

PUFF,

No.

DACTYL.

My cosmetic lozenge, and sugar plumbs?

PUFF.

No.

DACTYL.

My coral for cutting of teeth, my potions, my lotions, my pregnancy drops, with my paste for superfluous hairs?

PUFF.

No, no; have you done?

DACTYL.

No, no, no; but I believe this will suffice for for the present.

PUFF.

Now would not any mortal believe that Iowed my all to this fellow.

BEVER.

Why, indeed, Mr. Puff, the balance does feem in his favour.

PUFF.

In his favour! why you don't give any credit to him: a reptile, a bug, that owes his very being to me.

DACTYL.

I, I, I!

PUFF.

You, you! What, I suppose, you forget your garret in Wine-office-court, when you surnish'd paragraphs for the Farthing-post at twelve-pence a dozen.

DACTYL.

Fiction.

PUFF.

Then, did not I get you made collector of cafualties to the Whitehall and St. James's? but that post your laziness lost you. Gentlemen, he never brought them a robbery till the highwayman was going to be hang'd; a birth till the christening was over; nor a death till the hatchment was up.

DACTYL.

Mighty well!

PUFF.

And now, because the fellow has got a little in flesh, by being puss to the play-house this winter, (to which, by the bye, I got him appointed,) he is as proud and as vain as Voltaire. But I shall soon have him under; the vacation will come.

DACTYL.

Let it.

Then I shall have him sneaking and cringing, hanging about me, and begging a bit of translation.

DACTYL.

I beg, I, for translation!
PUFF.

No, no, not a line; not if you would do it for two-pence a sheet. No boil'd beef and carrot at mornings; no more cold pudding and porter. You may take your leave of my shop.

DACTYL.

Your shop! then at parting I will leave you a legacy.

BEVER.

O fie, Mr. Dactyl!

PUFF.

Let him alone.

DACTYL.

Pray, gentlemen, let me do myself justice.

BEVER.

Younger, restrain the publisher's fire.

YOUNGER.

Fie, gentlemen, fuch an illiberal combat—it is a fcandal to the republic of letters.

BEVER,

Mr. Dactyl, an old man, a mechanic, beneath—DACTYL.

Sir, I am calm; that thought has restored me. To your insignificancy you are indebted for safety. But what my generosity has saved, my pen shall destroy.

PUFF.

Then you must get somebody to mend it.

DACTYL.

Adieu!

Farewel!

[Dastyl and Puff exeunt severally.

BEVER.

Ha, ha, ha! come, let us along to the square.

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor, But dunce with dunce is barb'rous civil war.

[Exeunt.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE CONTINUES.

Enter Bever and Younger.

YOUNGER.

POOR Dactyl! and dwells fuch mighty rage in little men? I hope there is no danger of blood-fhed.

BEVER.

Oh, not in the least: the gens vatum, the nation of poets, though an irritable, are yet a placable people. Their mutual interests will soon bring them together again.

YOUNGER.

But shall not we be late? The critical fenate is by this time affembled.

BEVER.

I warrant you, frequent and full; where

Stately Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill, Sits, like Apollo, on his forked hill.

But you know I must wait for Miss Losty; I am now totally directed by her. She gives me the key to all Sir Thomas's foibles, and prescribes the most proper method to feed them; but what good purpose that will produce—

YOUNGER.

YOUNGER.

Is she clever, adroit?

BEVER.

Doubtless. I like your asking the question of me.

YOUNGER.

Then pay an implicit obedience: the ladies, in these cases, generally know what they are about. The door opens.

BEVER.

It is Juliet, and with her old Rust. Enter, Frank: you know the knight, so no intruduction is wanted. [Exit Younger.] I should be glad to hear this reverend piece of lumber make love; the courtship must certainly be curious. Goodmanners, stand by; by your leave I will listen a little. [Bever retires.]

Enter Juliet and Rust.

JULIET.

And your collection is large?

RUST.

Most curious and capital. When, Madam, will you give me leave to add your charms to my catalogue?

JULIET.
O dear! Mr. Rust, I shall but disgrace it.
Besides, Sir, when I marry, I am resolv'd to have
my husband all to myself: now, for the possession
of your heart I shall have too many competitors.

RUST,

How, Madam! were Prometheus alive, and would animate the Helen that stands in my hall, she should not cost me a sigh.

JULIET.

Ay, Sir, there lies my greatest missortune. Had I only those who are alive to contend with, by assiduity, affection, cares, and caresses, I might secure my conquest: though that would be difficult; for I am convinced, were you, Mr. Rust, put up by Christie to auction, the Apollo Belvidere would not draw a greater number of bidders.

RUST.

Would that were the case, Madam, so I might be thought a proper companion to the Venus de Medicis.

JULIET.

The flower of rhetoric, and pink of politeness. But my fears are not confined to the living; for every nation and age, even painters and statuaries, conspire against me. Nay, when the Pantheon itself, the very goddesses rise up as my rivals, what chance has a mortal like me.——I shall certainly laugh in his face. [Aside.]

RUST.

She is a delicate subject.—Goddesses, Madam! zooks, had you been on Mount Ida when Paris decided the contest, the Cyprian queen had pleaded for the pippin in vain.

JULIET.

Extravagant gallantry.

RUST.

In you, Madam, are concentered all the beauties of the Heathen mythology: the open front of Diana; the lustre of Pallas's eyes,—

JULIET,

Oh, Sir!

RUST.

The chromatic music of Clio, the blooming graces of Hebè, the empereal port of queen Juno, with the delicate dimples of Venus.

JULIET.

I fee, Sir, antiquity has not engross'd all your attention: you are no novice in the nature of women. Incense, I own, is grateful to most of my sex; but there are times when adoration may be dispensed with.

RUST.

Ma'am!

JULIET.

I fay, Sir, when we women willingly wave our rank in the skies, and wish to be treated as mortals.

RUST.

Doubtless, Madam: and are you wanting in materials for that? No, Madam; as in dignity you surpass the Heathen divinities, so in the charms of attraction you beggar the queens of the earth. The whole world, at different periods, has contributed it's several beauties to form you.

JULIET.
The deuce it has! [Afide.]

RUST.

See, there, the ripe Asiatic perfection, join'd to the delicate softness of Europe! In you, Madam, I burn to posses Cleopatra's alluring glances, the Greek profile of queen Clytemnestra, the Roman nose of the empress Popæa—

JULIET.

With the majestic march of queen Bess. Mercy on me, what a wonderful creature am I!

RUST

In short, Madam, not a feature you have, but recals to my mind some trait in a medal or bust.

JULIET.

Indeed! Why, by your account, I must be an absolute olio, a perfect salamongundy of charms.

RUST.

Oh, Madam, how can you demean, as I may fay, undervalue—

JULIET.

Value! there is the thing; and to tell you the truth, Mr. Rust, in that word Value lies my greatest objection.

RUST.

I don't understand you.

JULIET.

Why then I will explain myself. It has been said, and I believe with some shadow of truth, that no man is a hero to his valet de chambre: now, I am asraid, when you and I grow a little more intimate, which I suppose must be the case if you proceed on your plan, you will be horribly disappointed in your high expectations, and soon discover this Juno, this Cleopatra, and princess Popæa, to be as arrant a mortal as madam your mother.

RUST.

Madam, I, I, I-

Your patience a moment. Being therefore desirous to preserve your devotion, I beg, for the suture, you would please to adore at a distance.

RUST.

To Endymion, Madam, Luna once listened.

JULIET.

Ay, but he was another kind of a mortal: you may do very well as a votary; but for a husband—mercy upon me!

RUST.

Madam, you are not in earnest, not serious!

JULIET.

Not ferious! Why have you the impudence to think of marrying a goddess?

RUST.

I should hope—

JULIET.

And what should you hope? I find your devotion resembles that of the world: when the power of sinning is over, and the sprightly firstrunnings of life are rack'd off, you offer the vapid dregs to your deity. No, no; you may, if you please, turn monk in my service. One vow, I believe, you will observe better than most of them, chastity.

RUST.

Permit me-

JULIET.

Or, if you must marry, take your Julia, your Portia, or Flora, your Fum-sam from China, or your Egyptian Osiris. You have long paid your addresses to them.

RUST.

RUST.

Marry! what, marble?

JULIET.

The properest wives in the world; you can't choose amis; they will supply you with all that you want.

RUST.

Your uncle has, Madam, confented.

JULIET.

That is more than ever his niece will. Confented! and to what? to be fwath'd to a mouldering mummy; or be lock'd up, like your medals, to canker and rust in a cabinet! No, no; I was made for the world, and the world shall not be robb'd of it's right.

BEVER.

[Afide.

Bravo, Juliet! Gad, she's a fine spirited girl. JULIET.

My profile, indeed! No, Sir, when I marry, I must have a man that will meet my full sace.

RUST.

Might I be heard for a moment?

JULIET.

To what end? You say, you have Sir Thomas Losty's consent; I tell you, you can never have mine. You may screen me from, or expose me to, my uncle's resentment; the choice is your own: if you lay the fault at my door, you will, doubtless, greatly distress me; but take the blame on yourself, and I shall own myself extremely obliged to you.

RUST.

How! confess myself in the fault?

JULIET.

Ay; for the best thing that a man can do, when he finds he can't be beloved, is to take care he is not heartily hated. There is no other alternative.

RUST.

Madam, I sha'n't break my word with Sir Thomas.

JULIET.

Nor I with myself. So there's an end of our conference. Sir, your very obedient.

RUST.

Madam, I, I, don't—that is, let me—But no matter. Your fervant. $\int E_{xit}$.

JULIET.

Ha, ha, ha!

Enter Bever from behind.

BEVER.

Ha, ha, ha! Incomparable Juliet! How the old dotard trembled and tottered; he could not have been more inflam'd, had he been robb'd of his Otho.

JULIET.

Ay; was ever goddess so samiliarly used? In my conscience, I began to be asraid that he would treat me as the Indians do their dirty divinities; whenever they are deaf to their prayers, they beat and abuse them.

BEVER.

But, after all, we are in an aukward fituation.

JULIET.

How fo?

BEVER.

I have my fears.

JULIET.

So have not I.

BEVER.

Your uncle has resolved that you should be married to Rust.

JULIET.

Ay, he may decree; but it is I that must execute.

BEVER.

But suppose he has given his word.

Why then let him recal it again.

BEVER.

But are you fure you shall have courage enough—

JULIET.

To fay No? That requires much resolution, indeed.

BEVER.

Then I am at the height of my hopes.

JULIET.

Your hopes! Your hopes and your fears are ill-founded alike.

BEVER.

Why, you are determined not to be his.

JULIET.

Well, and what then?

BEVER.

What then! why then you will be mine. JULIET.

Indeed! and is that the natural consequence? Whoever won't be his, must be your's. Is that the logic of Oxford?

PEVER.

Madam, I did flatter myself-

Then you did very wrong, indeed, Mr. Bever: you should ever guard against flattering yoursels; for of all dangerous parasites, self is the worst.

BEVER.

I am aftonish'd!

JULIET.

Aftonish'd! your are mad, I believe! Why, I have not known you a month. It is true, my uncle says your father is his friend; your fortune, in time, will be easy; your figure is not remarkably faulty; and as to your understanding, passable enough for a young fellow who has not seen much of the world: but when one talks of a husband—Lord, it's quite another fort of a—Ha, ha, ha! Poor Bever, how he stares! he stands like a statue!

BEVER.

Statue, indeed, Madam; I am very near petrified.

JULIET.

Even then you will make as good a husband as Rust. But go, run, and join the assembly within: be attentive to every word, motion, and look of my uncle's; be dumb when he speaks, admire all he says, laugh when he smirks, bow when he sneezes; in short, sawn, flatter, and cringe; don't be assaid of over-loading his stomach, for the knight has a noble digestion, and you will find some there who will keep you in countenance.

BEVER.

I fly. So then, Juliet, your intention was only to try—

JULIET.

Don't plague me with impertinent questions:
march! obey my directions. We must leave the
issue

issue to Chance; a greater friend to mankind than they are willing to own. Oh, if any thing new should occur, you may come into the drawing room for further instructions. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE,

A ROOM IN SIR THOMAS LOFTY'S HOUSE.

Sir Thomas, Rust, Puff, Dastyl, and others, discovered sitting.

Sir THOMAS.

Nothing new to-day from Parnassus?

Not that I hear.

Sir THOMAS.

Nothing critical, philosophical, or political?

PUFF.

Nothing.

Sir THOMAS.

Then in this difette, this dearth of invention, give me leave, gentlemen, to distribute my stores. I have here in my hand a little, smart, satyrical epigram; new, and prettily pointed: in short, a production that Martial himself would not have blush'd to acknowledge.

RUST.

Your own, Sir Thomas?

Sir THOMAS.

O fie! no; fent me this morning, anonymous

DACTYL.

Pray, Sir Thomas, let us have it.

ALL.

By all means; by all means.

Sir THOMAS.

To Phillis.

Think'st thou, fond Phillis, Strephon told thee true, Angels are painted fair to look like you: Another story all the town will tell; Phillis paints fair—to look like an an-gel.

ALL.

Fine! fine! very fine!

DACTYL.

Such an ease and simplicity.

PUFF.

The turn fo unexpected and quick.

RUST.

The fatire so poignant.

Sir THOMAS.

Yes; I think it possesses, in an eminent degree, the three great epigrammatical requisites; brevity, familiarity, and severity.

Phillis paints fair—to look like an an-gel.

DACTYL.

Happy! Is the Phillis, the subject, a secret?

Sir THOMAS.

Oh, dear me! nothing personal; no; an impromptu; a mere jeu d'esprit.

PUFF.

Then, Sir Thomas, the fecret is out; it is your own.

DACTYL.

That was obvious enough.

PUFF.

Who is there else could have written it?

RUST.

True, true.

Sir THOMAS.

The name of the author is needless. So it is an acquisition to the republic of letters, any gentleman may claim the merit that will.

PUFF.

What a noble contempt!

DACTYL.

What greatness of mind!

RUST.

Scipio and Lælius were the Roman Loftys. Why, I dare believe Sir Thomas has been the making of half the authors in town: he is, as I may fay, the greatest manufacturer; the other poets are but pedlars, that live by retailing his wares.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha! well observ'd, Mr. Rust.

Sir THOMAS.

Ha, ha, ha! Molle atque facetum. Why, to pursue the metaphor, if Sir Thomas Losty was to call in his poetical debts, I believe there would be a good many bankrupts in the Muse's Gazette.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha!

Sir THOMAS.

But, à propos, gentlemen; with regard to the eclipse: you found my calculation exact?

DACTYL.

To a digit.

Sir THOMAS.

Total darkness, indeed! and birds going to roost! Those philomaths, those almanack-makers, are the most ignorant rascals—

PUFF.

It is amazing where Sir Thomas Lofty stores all his knowledge.

DACTYL.

It is wonderful how the mind of man can contain it.

Sir THOMAS.

Why, to tell you the truth, that circumstance has a good deal engaged my attention; and I believe you will admit my method of solving the phenomenon philosophical and ingenious enough.

PUFF.

Without question.

ALL.

Doubtless.

Sir THOMAS.

I suppose, gentlemen, my memory, or mind, to be a chest of drawers, a kind of bureau; where, in separate cellules, my different knowledge on different subjects is stored.

RUST.

A prodigious discovery!

ALL.

Amazing!

Sir THOMAS.

To this cabinet volition, or will, has a key; fo, when an arduous fubject occurs, I unlock my bureau, pull out the particular drawer, and am fupply'd with what I want in an instant.

DACTYL.

A Malebranch!

PUFF.

A Boyle!

ALL.

A Locke!

Enter

Enter Servant. SERVANT.

Mr. Bever.

[Exit.

Sir THOMAS.

A young gentleman from Oxford, recommended to my care by his father. The university has given him a good folid Doric foundation; and when he has received from you a few Tuscan touches, the Ionic and Corinthian graces, I make no doubt but he will prove a composite pillar to the republic of letters. [Enter Bever.] This, Sir, is the school from whence so many capital masters have issued; the river that enriches the regions of science.

DACTYL.

Of which river, Sir Thomas, you are the fource: here we quaff; et purpureo bibimus ore nectar.

Sir THOMAS.

Purpures! Delicate, indeed! Mr. Dactyl. Do you hear, Mr. Bever? Bibimus ore nectar. You, young gentleman, must be instructed to quote; nothing gives a period more spirit than a happy Latin quotation, nor has indeed a finer effect at the head of an essay. Poor Dick Steel! I have obliged him with many a motto for his sugitive pieces.

PUFF.

Ay, and with the contents too; or Sir Richard is foully belied.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Sir Roger Dowlas.

Sir THOMAS.

Pray desire him to enter. [Exit Servant.] Sir Roger, Gentlemen, is a considerable East-India pro-

proprietor; and seems desirous of collecting from this learned assembly some rhetorical slowers, which he hopes to strew, with honour to himself, and advantage to the company, in Leadenhall Street. [Enter Sir Roger Dowlas.] Sir Roger, be seated. This gentleman has, in common with the greatest orator the world ever saw, a small natural infirmity; he slutters a little: but I have prescrib'd the same remedy that Demosthenes used, and don't despair of a radical cure. Well, Sir, have you digested those general rules?

Sir ROGER.

Pr-ett-y well, I am obli-g'd to you, Sir Thomas.

Sir THOMAS.

Have you been regular in taking your tincture of fage, to give you confidence for speaking in public?

Sir ROGER.

Y—es, Sir Thomas.

Sir THOMAS.

Did you open at the last general court?

Sir ROGER.

I attem—p—ted fo—ur or fi—ve times,

Sir THOMAS.

What hindered your progress?

Sir ROGER.

The pe—b—bles.

Sir THOMAS.

Oh, the pebbles in his mouth But they are only put in to practife in private; you should take them out when you are addressing the public.

Sir ROGER.

Yes; I will for the fu-ture.

Sir thomas.

Well, Mr. Rust, you had a tête-à-tête with my niece. A propos, Mr. Bever, here offers a fine occasion for you; we shall take the liberty to trouble your Muse on their nuptials. O Love! O Hymen! here prune thy purple wings; trim thy bright torch. Hey, Mr. Bever?

BEVER.

My talents are at Sir Thomas Lofty's direction; tho' I must despair of producing any performance worthy the attention of so complete a judge of the elegant arts.

Sir THOMAS.

Too modest, good Mr. Bever. Well, Mr. Rust, any new acquisition, since our last meeting, to your matchless collection?

RUST.

Why, Sir Thomas, I have both lost and gained since I saw you.

Sir THOMAS.

Loft! I am forry for that.

RUST.

The curious farcophagus, that was fent me from Naples by Signior Belloni—

Sir THOMAS.

You mean the urn that was supposed to contain the dust of Agrippa!

Supposed! no doubt but it did.

Sir THOMAS.

I hope no finister accident to that inestimable relic of Rome.

RUST.

It's gone.

Sir THOMAS.

Gone! oh, illiberal! What, stolen, I suppose, by some connoisseur?

RUST.

Worse, worse! a prey, a martyr to ignorance: a housemaid, that I hired last week, mistook it for a broken green chamber-pot, and sent it away in the dust-cart.

Sir THOMAS.

She merits impaling. Oh, the Hun!

The Vandal!

ALL.

The Visigoth!

RUST.

But I have this day acquired a treasure that will in some measure make me amends.

Sir THOMAS.

Indeed! what can that be?

PUFF.

That must be something curious, indeed.
RUST.

It has cost me infinite trouble to get it.

DACTYL.

Great rarities are not had without pains.

RUST.

It is three months ago fince I got the first scent of it, and I have been ever since on the hunt; but all to no purpose.

Sir THOMAS.

I am quite upon thorns till I see it.

RUST.

And yesterday, when I had given it over, when all my hopes were grown desperate, it fell into my hands, by the most unexpected and wonderful accident.

Sir THOMAS.

Quod optanti divum promittere nemo Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro.

Mr. Bever, you remark my quotation?

BEVER.

BEVER.

Most happy. Oh, Sir, nothing you fay can be lost.

RUST.

I have brought it here in my pocket; I am no churl; I love to pleasure my friends.

Sir THOMAS.

You are, Mr. Rust, extremely obliging.

ALL

Very kind, very obliging, indeed.

It was not much hurt by the fire.
Sir THOMAS.

Very fortunate.

RUST.

The edges are foil'd by the link; but many of the letters are exceedingly legible.

Sir ROGER.

A li—ttle roo—m, if you p—lease.

Here it is; the precious remains of the very North-Britain that was burnt at the Royal-Exchange.

Sir THOMAS,

Number forty-five?

RUST.

The same.

BEVER.

You are a lucky man, Mr. Rust.

RUST.

I think so. But, Gentlemen, I hope I need not give you a caution: hush—silence—no words on this matter.

DACTYL.

You may depend upon us.

RUST.

For as the paper has not suffered the law, I don't know whether they may not seize it again.

Sir THOMAS.

With us you are fafe Mr. Ruft. Well, young gentleman, you fee we cultivate all branches of science.

BEVER.

Amazing, indeed! But when we confider you, Sir Thomas, as the directing, the ruling planet, our wonder subsides in an instant. Science first saw the day with Socrates in the Attic portico; her early years were spent with Tully in the Tusculan shade; but her ripe, maturer hours, she enjoys with Sir Thomas Lofty, near Cavendish-Square.

Sir THOMAS.

The most classical compliment I ever received. Gentlemen, a philosophical repast attends your acceptance within. Sir Roger, you'll lead the way. [Exeunt all but Sir Thomas and Bever.] Mr. Bever, may I beg your ear for a moment? Mr. Bever, the friendship I have for your father, secured you at first a gracious reception from me; but what I then paid to an old obligation, is now, Sir, due to your own particular merit.

I am happy, Sir Thomas, if— Sir THOMAS.

Your patience. There is in you, Mr. Bever, a fire of imagination, a quickness of apprehension, a solidity of judgment, join'd to a depth of discretion, that I never yet met with in any fubject at your time of life.

BEVER.

I hope I shall never forfeit— Sir THOMAS.

I am fure you never will; and to give you a convincing proof that I think fo, I am now going to trust you with the most important secret of my whole life.

BEVER.

BEVER.

Your confidence does me great honour.

Sir THOMAS.

But this must be on a certain condition.

BEVER.

Name it.

Sir THOMAS.

That you give me your folemn promise to comply with one request I shall make you.

BEVER.

There is nothing Sir Thomas Lofty can ask, that I shall not chearfully grant.

Sir THOMAS.

Nay, in fact, it will be serving yourself.

BEVER.

I want no fuch inducement.

Sir THOMAS.

Enough. But we can't be too private. [Shuts the door.] Sit you down. Your Christian name, I think, is—

BEVER.

Richard.

Sir THOMAS.

True; the same as your father's. Come, let us be familiar. It is, I think, dear Dick, acknowledged, that the English have reached the highest pitch of persection in every department of writing but one—the dramatic.

BEVER.

Why the French critics are a little fevere.

Sir THOMAS.

And with reason. Now, to rescue our credit, and at the same time give my country a model, [shews a manuscript] see here.

BEVER.

A play?

Sir THOMAS.

A chef d'oeuvre.

BEVER.

Your own?

Sir THOMAS.

Speak lower. I am the author.

BEVER.

Nay, then there can be no doubt of it's merit.

Sir THOMAS.

I think not. You will be charm'd with the subject.

BEVER.

What is it, Sir Thomas?

Sir THOMAS.

I shall surprize you. The story of Robinson Crusoe. Are not you struck?

BEVER.

Most prodigiously.

Sir THOMAS.

Yes; I knew the very title would hit you. You will find the whole fable is finely conducted, and the character of Friday, qualis ab incepto, nobly fupported throughout.

BEVER.

A pretty difficult task.

Sir THOMAS.

True; that was not a bow for a boy. The piece has long been in rehearfal at Drury-lane play-house, this night is to make its appearance.

BEVER.

To-night?

Sir THOMAS.

This night.

BEVER.

I will attend, and engage all my friends to support it.

Sir THOMAS.

That is not my purpose; the piece will want no such assistance.

BEVER.

BEVER.

I beg pardon.

Sir THOMAS.

The manager of that house (who you know is a writer himself), finding all the anonymous things he produced (indeed some of them wretched enough, and very unworthy of him) placed to his account by the public, is determined to exhibit no more without knowing the name of the author.

BEVER.

A reasonable caution.

Sir THOMAS.

Now, upon my promise (for I appear to patronize the play) to announce the author before the curtain draws up, Robinson Crusoe is advertised for this evening.

BEVER.

Oh, then, you will acknowledge the piece to be your's?

Sir THOMAS.

No.

BEVER.

How then?

Sir THOMAS.

My defign is to give it to you.

BEVER.

To me!

Sir THOMAS.

To you.

BEVER.

What, me the author of Robinson Crusoe!

Ay.

BEVER.

Lord, Sir Thomas, it will never gain credit: fo compleat a production the work of a stripling! Besides, Sir, as the merit is your's, why rob yourfelf of the glory?

Sir THOMAS.

I am entirely indifferent to that.

BEVER.

Then why take the trouble?
Sir THOMAS.

My fondness for letters, and love of my country. Besides, dear Dick, though the pauci & selecti, the chosen sew, know the full value of a performance like this, yet the ignorant, the profane, (by much the majority,) will be apt to think it an occupation ill-suited to my time of life.

BEVER.

Their censure is praise.

Sir THOMAS.

Doubtless. But, indeed, my principal motive is my friendship for you. You are now a candidate for literary honours, and I am determin'd to fix your fame on an immoveable basis.

BEVER.

You are most excessively kind; but there is fomething so disingenuous in stealing reputation from another man—

Sir · THOMAS.

Idle punctilio!

BEVER.

It puts me fo in mind of the daw in the fable— Sir THOMAS.

Come, come, dear Dick, I won't suffer your modesty to murder your same. But the company will suspect something; we will join them, and proclaim you the author. There, keep the copy; to you I confign it for ever; it shall be a secret to latest posterity. You will be smother'd with praise by our friends; they shall all in their bark to the playhouse, and there

Attendant fail, Purfue the triumph, and partake the gale.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE CONTINUES.

Enter Bever Reading.

SO ends the first act. Come, now for the second. " Act the second, shewing"—the coxcomb has prefaced every act with an argument too, in humble imitation, I warrant, of Monf, Diderot— " shewing the fatal effects of disobedience to parents;" with, I suppose, the diverting scene of a gibbet; an entertaining subject for comedy. And the blockhead is as prolix—every scene as long as a homily. Let's fee; how does this end? " Exit Crusoe, and enter some savages, dancing a faraband." There's no bearing this abominable trash. [Enter Juliet.] So, Madam; thanks to your advice and direction, I am got into a fine situation.

What is the matter now, Mr Bever?

The Robinson Crusoe.

JULIET.

Oh, the play that is to be acted to-night. How fecret you were? Who in the world would have guess'd you was the author?

BEVER.

Me, Madam!

JULIET.

Your title is odd; but to a genius every subject is good.

BEVER.

You are inclined to be pleafant.

JULIET.

Within they have been all prodigious loud in the praise of your piece; but I think my uncle rather more eager than any.

BEVER.

He has reason; for fatherly fondness goes far. IULIET.

I don't understand you.

BEVER.

You don't!

JULIET.

No.

BEVER.

Nay, Juliet, this is too much; you know it is none of my play.

JULIET.

Whose then?

BEVER.

Your uncle's.

JULIET.

My uncle's! then how, in the name of wonder, came you to adopt it?

BEVER.

At his earnest request. I may be a fool; but remember, Madam, you are the cause.

JULIET.

This is strange; but I can't conceive what his motive could be.

BEVER.

His motive is obvious enough; to screen himfelf from the infamy of being the author.

JULIET.

What, is it bad, then?

BEVER.

Bad! most infernal!

JULIET.

And you have consented to own it?

BEVER.

Why, what could I do? he in a manner compell'd me.

JULIET.

I am extremely glad of it.

BEVER.

BEVER.

Glad of it! why, I tell you, 'tis the most dull, tedious, melancholy—

JULIET.

So much the better.

BEVER.

The most flat piece of frippery that ever Grub-street produced.

JULIET.

So much the better.

BEVER.

It will be damn'd before the third act.

JULIET.

So much the better.

BEVER.

And I shall be hooted and pointed at whereever I go.

JULIET.

So much the better.

BEVER.

So much the better! zounds! fo, I suppose, you would say if I was going to be hang'd. Do you call this a mark of you friendship?

JULIET.

Ah, Bever, Bever! you are a miserable politician. Do you know, now, that this is the luckiest incident that ever occurr'd?

BEVER.

Indeed!

JULIET.

It could not have been better laid, had we planned it ourselves.

BEVER.

You will pardon my want of conception: but these are riddles—

JULIET.

That at present I have not time to explain. But what makes you loit'ring here? Past six o'clock, as I live! Why, your play is begun; run,

run,

run, to the house. Was ever author so little anxious for the fate of his piece?

My piece!

JULIET.

Sir Thomas! I know by his walk. Fly, and pray all the way for the fall of your play. And, do you hear, if you find the audience too indulgent, inclined to be milky, rather than fail, squeeze in a little acid yourfelf. Oh, Mr. Bever, at your return let me see you, before you go to my uncle; that is, if you have the good luck to be damn'd.

BEVER.

You need not doubt that.

Exit.

Enter Sir Thomas Lofty.

Sir THOMAS.

So, Juliet; was not that Mr. Bever? JULIET.

Yes, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

He is rather tardy; by this time his cause is come on. And how is the young gentleman affected? for this is a trying occasion.

JULIET.

He seems pretty certain, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

Indeed, I think he has very little reason to fear: I confess I admire the piece; and feel as much for it's fate as if the work was my own.

JULIET.

That I most fincerely believe. I wonder, Sir, you did not choose to be present.

Sir THOMAS.

Better not. My affections are strong, Juliet, and my nerves but tenderly strung; however, intelligent people are planted, who will bring me every act a faithful account of the process.

JULIET.

That will answer your purpose as well.
Sir THOMAS.

Indeed, I am passionately fond of the arts, and therefore can't help-did not fomebody knock? no. My good girl, will you step, and take care that when any body comes the fervants may not be out of the way. [Exit Juliet.] Five and thirty minutes past six; by this time the first act must be over: John will be prefently here. I think it can't fail; yet there is fo much whim and caprice in the public opinion, that-This young man is unknown; they'll give him no credit. I had better have own'd it myself: Reputation goes a great way in these matters: people are afraid to find fault; they are cautious in censuring the works of a man who-hush! that's he: no; 'tis only the shutters. After all, I think I have chose the best way: for, if it fucceeds to the degree I expect, it will be easy to circulate the real name of the author; if it falls, I am concealed, my fame fuffers no— There he is. [Loud knocking.] I can't conceive what kept him fo long. [Enter John.] So, John; well; and-but you have been a monstrous while.

iohn.

Sir, I was wedged fo close in the pit that I could scarcely get out.

Sir THOMAS. The house was full then?

JOHN.

As an egg, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

That's right. Well John, and did matters go swimmingly? hey?

JOHN.

Exceedingly well, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

Exceedingly well. I don't doubtit. What, vast clapping and roars of applause, I suppose.

JOHN.

JOHN.

Very well, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

Very well, Sir! You are damn'd costive, Ithink. But did not the pit and boxes thunder again? JOHN.

I can't fay there was over much thunder. Sir THOMAS.

No! Oh, attentive, I reckon. Ay, attention! that is the true, folid, substantial applause. All else may be purchased; hands move as they are bid: but when the audience is hushed still, afraid of losing a word, then-

Yes, they were very quiet indeed, Sir. Sir THOMAS.

I like them the better, John; a strong mark of their great fensibility. Did you see Robin?

Yes, Sir; he'll be here in a trice; I left him list'ning at the back of the boxes, and charged him to make all the haste home that he could.

Sir THOMAS.

That's right, John; very well; your account pleases me much, honest John. [Exit John.] No, I did not expect the first act would produce any prodigious effect. And, after all, the first act is but a mere introduction; just opens the business, the plot, and gives a little infight into the characters: so that if you but engage and interest the house, it is as much as the best writer can flatt---[knocking without] Gadso! what, Robin already! why the fellow has the feet of a Mercury. [Enter Robin.] Well, Robin, and what news do you bring? ROBIN.

Stop, Robin, and recover your breath. Now, Robin.

ROBIN.

There has been a woundy uproar below.

Sir THOMAS.

An uproar! what, at the playhouse? ROBIN.

Ay.

Sir THOMAS.

At what?

ROBIN.

I don't know: belike at the words the play-folk were talking.

Sir THOMAS.

At the players! how can that be? Oh, now I begin to conceive. Poor fellow, he knows but little of plays. What, Robin, I suppose, hallowing, and clapping, and knocking of sticks?

ROBIN.

Hallowing! ay, and hooting too.
Sir THOMAS.

And hooting!

ROBIN.

Ay, and hissing to boot.

Sir THOMAS.

Hissing! you must be mistaken.

By the mass, but I am not.

Sir THOMAS.

Impossible! Oh, most likely some drunken, disorderly fellows, that were disturbing the house and interrupting the play; too common a case; the people were right: they deserved a rebuke. Did not you hear them cry, Out, out, out?

ROBIN.

Noa; that was not the cry; 'twas Off, off! Sir THOMAS.

That was a whimfical noise. Zounds! that must be the players. Did you observe nothing else?

ROBIN.

ROBIN.

Belike the quarrel first began between the gentry and a black-a-moor man.

Sir THOMAS.

With Friday! The public taste is debauched; honest nature is too plain and simple for their vitiated palates! [Enter Juliet.] Juliet, Robin brings me the strangest account; some little disturbance; but I suppose it was soon settled again. Oh, but here comes Mr. Staytape, my taylor; he is a rational being; we shall be able to make something of him. [Enter Staytape.] So, Staytape; what, is the third act over already?

STAYTAPE.

Over, Sir! no; nor never will be. Sir THOMAS.

What do you mean?

STAYTAPE.

Cut short.

Sir THOMAS.

I don't comprehend you. STAYTAPE.

Why, Sir, the poet has made a 'mistake in measuring the taste of the town; the goods, it feems, did not fit; so they returned them upon the gentleman's hands.

Sir THOMAS,

Rot your affectation and quaintness, you puppy! tpeaksplain.

STAYTAPE.

Why, then Sir, Robinfon Crufoe is dead.

Dead!

STAYTAPE.

Ay; and, what is worse, will never rise any more. You will soon have all the particulars; for there were four or five of your friends close at my heels.

Sir thomas.

Staytape, Juliet, run and stop them; say I am gone out; I am sick; I am engaged: but, whatever you do, be sure you don't let Bever come in. Secure of the victory, I invited them to the celebr—

STAYTAPE.

Sir, they are here.

Sir THOMAS.

Confound-

Enter Puff, Daetyl, and Rust. RUST.

A, truly, Mr. Puff, this is but a bitter beginning; then the young man must turn himself to some other trade.

PUFF.

Servant, Sir Thomas; I suppose you have heard the news of—

Sir THOMAS.

Yes, yes; I have been told it before.

DACTYL.

I confess, I did not suspect it; but there is no knowing what effect these things will have till they come on the stage.

ŔUST.

For my part, I don't know much of these matters; but a couple of gentlemen near me, who seem'd sagacious enough too, declared that it was the vilest stuff they ever had heard, and wondered the players would act it.

DACTYL.

Yes; I don't remember to have feen a more general dislike.

PUFF.

I was thinking to ask you, Sir Thomas, for your interest with Mr. Bever about buying the copy: but now no mortal would read it. Lord, Sir, it would not pay for paper and print.

RUST.

RUST.

I remember Kennet, in his Roman Antiquities, mentions a play of Terence's, Mr. Dactyl, that was terribly treated; but that he attributes to the people's fondness for certain funambuli, or ropedancers; but I have not lately heard of any famous tumblers in town: Sir Thomas, have you? Sir THOMAS.

How should I; do you suppose I trouble my head about tumblers?

RUST.

Nay, I did not-

BEVER, Speaking without.

Not to be spoke with! Don't tell me, Sir; he must, he shall.

Sir THOMAS.

Mr. Bever's voice. If he is admitted in his present disposition, the whole secret will certainly out. Gentlemen, some affairs of a most interesting nature makes it impossible for me to have the honour of your company to-night; therefore I beg you would be so good as to-

ŘUST.

Affairs! no bad news? I hope Miss Julèis well. Sir THOMAS.

Very well; but I am most exceedingly-

I shall only just stay to see Mr. Bever. Poor lad! he will be most horribly down in the mouth: a little comfort won't come amiss.

Sir THOMAS.

Mr. Bever, Sir! you won't fee him here. RUST.

Not here! why I thought I heard his voice but just now. Sir THOMAS.

You are mistaken Mr. Rust: but-

RUST.

RUST.

May be so; then we will go. Sir Thomas, my compliments of condolence, if you please, to the poet.

Sir THOMAS.

Ay, ay.

DACTYL.

And mine; for I suppose we sha'n't see him soon.

PUFF.

Poor gentleman! I warrant he won't shew his head for these six months.

RUST.

Ay, ay: indeed, I am very forry for him; fo tell him, Sir.

DACTYL and PUFF.

So are we.

RUST.

Sir Thomas, your fervant. Come, Gentlemen. By all this confusion in Sir Thomas, there must be something more in the wind than I know; but I will watch, I am resolved.

Exeunt.

BEVER, without.

Rascals, stand by! I must, I will see him.

Enter BEVER.

So, Sir; this is delicate treatment, after all I have fuffered.

Sir THOMAS.

Mr. Bever, I hope you don't—that is—

BEVER.

Well, Sir Thomas Lofty, what think you now of your Robinson Crusoe? a pretty performance!

Sir THOMAS.

Think, Mr. Bever! I think the public are blockheads; a tasteless, a stupid, ignorant tribe; and a man of genious deserves to be damn'd who writes any thing for them. But courage, dear Dick! the principals will give you what the peo-

ple refuse; the closet will do you that justice the stage has denied: print your play.

BEVER.

My play! zounds, Sir, 'tis your own.

Sir THOMAS.

Speak lower, dear Dick; be moderate, my good, dear lad!

BEVER.

Oh, Sir Thomas, you may be easy enough; you are safe and secure, removed far from that precipice that has dashed me to pieces.

Sir THOMAS.

Dear Dick, don't believe it will hurt you. The critics, the real judges, will discover in that piece such excellent talents—

BEVER.

No, Sir Thomas, no. I shall neither flatter you nor myself; I have acquired a right to speak what I think. Your play, Sir, is a wretched performance; and in this opinion all mankind are united.

Sir THOMAS.

May be not.

BEVER.

If your piece had been greatly received, I would have declared Sir Thomas Lofty the author; if coldly, I would have owned it myfelf: but fuch difgraceful, fuch contemptible treatment! I own, the burthen is too heavy for me; so, Sir, you must bear it yourself.

Sir THÓMAS.

Me, dear Dick! what to become ridiculous in the decline of my life; to destroy in one hour the fame that forty years has been building! that was the prop, the support of my age! Can you be cruel enough to desire it?

BEVER.

Zounds! Sir, and why must I be your crutch? Would you have me become a volun-

tary victim? No, Sir, this cause does not merit a martyrdom.

Sir THOMAS.

I own myfelf greatly oblig'd; but persevere, dear Dick, persevere; you have time to recover your fame: I beg it with tears in my eyes. Another play will-

BEVER.

No, Sir Thomas; I have done with the stage: the Muses and I meet no more.

Sir THOMAS.

Nay, there are various roads open in life.

Not one, where your piece won't pursue me. If I go to the bar, the ghost of this cursed comedy will follow, and hunt me in Westminster-hall: nay, when I die, it will flick to my memory, and I shall be handed down to posterity with the author of Love in a Hollow Tree.

Sir THOMAS.

Then marry: you are a pretty fmart figure; and your poetical talents-

BEVER.

And what fair would admit of my fuit, or family wish to receive me? Make the case your own, Sir Thomas; would you?

Sir THOMAS.

With infinite pleasure.

BEVER.

Then give me your niece; her hand shall seal up my lips.

Sir THOMAS. What, Juliet? willingly But are you ferious, do you really admire the girl?

Beyond what words can express. It was by her advice I consented to father your play.

Sir thomas,

What, is Juliet appriz'd? Here, Robin, John, run and call my niece hither this moment. That giddy baggage will blab all in an instant.

BEVER.

You are mistaken; she is wifer than you are aware of.

Enter Juliet.

Sir THOMAS.

Oh, Juliet! you know what has happen'd. JULIET.

I do, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

Have you reveal'd this unfortunate fecret. IULIET.

To no mortal, Sir Thomas.

Sir THOMAS.

Come, give me your hand. Mr. Bever, child, for my sake, has renounced the stage, and the whole republic of letters; in return I owe him your hand.

JULIET.

My hand! what, to a poet hooted, hiffed, and exploded! You must pardon me, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

Juliet, a trifle: the most they can say of him, is, that he is a little wanting in wit; and he has so many brother writers to keep him in countenance, that now-a-days that is no reslection at all.

Then, Sir, your engagement to Mr. Rust.

Sir THOMAS.

I have found out the rascal; he has been more impertinently severe on my play, than all the rest

put together; so that I am determined he shall be none of the man.

Enter

Enter Rust.

Are you so, Sir? what, then, I am to be facrificed, in order to preserve the secret that you are a blockhead? But you are out in your politics; before night it shall be known in all the coffeehouses in town.

Sir THOMAS.

For Heaven's fake, Mr. Rust!

And to-morrow I will paragraph you in every news-paper; you shall no longer impose on the world; I will unmask you; the lion's skin shall hide you no longer.

Sir THOMAS.

Juliet! Mr. Bever! what can I do? BEVER.

Sir Thomas, let me manage this matter. Harkee, old gentleman, a word in your ear: you remember what you have in your pocket?

RUST.

Hey! how! what?

BEVER.

The curiofity that has cost you so much pains.
RUST.

What, my Æneas! my precious relict of Troy!

You must give up that, or the lady.

JULIET.

How, Mr. Bever!

BEVER.

Never fear; I am fure of my man. RUST.

Let me confider—As to the girl, girls are plenty enough; I can marry whenever I will: but my paper, my phœnix, that springs fresh from the flames, that can never be match'd.—Take her.

BEVER.

And, as you love your own secret, be careful of ours.

RUST.

I am dumb.

Sir THOMAS.

Now, Juliet.

JULIET.

You join me, Sir, to an unfortunate bard; but, to procure your peace—

Sir THOMAS.

You oblige me for ever. Now the secret dies with us four. My fault. I owe him much:

Be it your care to shew it; And bless the man, tho' I have damn'd the poet.

Exeunt Onnes.















